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DISORDERS OF THE INSTINCTS AND THE EMOTIONS

The Parapathiac Disorders

BY

WILHELM STEKEL

PECULIARITIES OF BEHAVIOR

Two Volumes—Vol. 1.

PECULIARITIES OF BEHAVIOR

Wandering Mania, Dipsomania, Cleptomania, Pyromania and Allied Impulsive Acts

BY
WILHELM STEKEL

Authorized English Version
by
JAMES S. VAN TESLAAR

Volume One

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PECULIARITIES OF BEHAVIOR

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Dr. Wilhelm Stekel's studies in peculiarities of behavior from which this English version is now offered are based on the newer knowledge of psychology. In these studies the human instincts and emotions are examined for the first time in the light of their developmental history. Dr. Wilhelm Stekel is one of the pioneers in the field. Reaching greater depths than was possible heretofore these studies throw light upon the most varied aspects of mental activity so that students of any problems in which human nature plays a rôle cannot fail to be interested in these far-reaching investigations into the depths of the human soul.

The present work covers the peculiarities of behavior known as impulsive acts. Cleptomania, gambling, pyromania and allied impulses are subjected to the most thorough scrutiny which they have thus far received in the history of psychology. The significance of many of these mental manifestations is revealed herein for the first time. Such varied conduct disorders as cleptomania, bargain hunting, greed, and spendthriftiness are shown to have certain common roots in the instincts and emotions of mankind. One of the most encouraging features of the work is the proof it furnishes that many peculiarities of conduct which have heretofore baffled sociologists, physicians, legislators, criminologists and others interested in human welfare are amenable to psychotherapeutic re-education.

This is the more gratifying since the study of the human instincts and emotions has remained until recently an obscure and pathetically meager subdivision of theoretical psychology. Discussions of such generalities as nomenclature, methods of approach, or classification of instincts fail to disclose any fundamental principles which shall serve as a basis for fruitful inquiry. As a rule, speculation yields but little light in proportion to the amount of heat it generates. Meanwhile investigators engaged in the allied field of abnormal psychology have been more fortunate. The study of so-called functional nervous disorders has revealed some of the most important laws which govern our mental processes, both during health and disease. Repression, emotional transference and resistance, psychosexual infantilism, symbolism

and the unconscious are a few of the fundamental concepts which psychology owes to psychopathology.

It is interesting to note that this development has its parallel upon the allied fields of physiology and pathology. The study of the internal glandular secretions, to quote a conspicuous illustration, belongs legitimately to physiology, the internal secretions of glands being a part of the normal bodily functions. Nevertheless we are indebted to the researches of pathologists and the observations of clinicians rather than to physiologists for most of our knowledge concerning the operation of endocrines, as the internal glandular secretions are called. The function of endocrines was barely suspected by physiologists and endocrinology was unknown until pathologists and internists turned their attention to the rôle which the glands play under certain abnormal conditions.

The comparison holds true in many other respects. Without the far-reaching discoveries in so-called abnormal psychology our knowledge of normal mental functions and processes would be as incomplete and unsatisfactory as our knowledge of glandular functions was until pathologic research disclosed the realm of endocrines. The gap which has heretofore arbitrarily separated mental pathology from psychology has been abolished. Our mental processes stand revealed as being regulated by the same laws during health and disease.

Claude Bernard, the eminent French physiologist, has stated that the time will come when the philosopher, the poet and the scientist will speak the same language so that they will understand one another. Psychology seems particularly well suited to serve as such a common vehicle of expression; and Dr. Stekel seems to possess the loftiness of the philosopher and the intuitive insight of the artist along with the rigorous technique of the scientist. Here and there his writings display the sort of understanding which seems intuitive rather than empirically derived. Nevertheless the careful reader will not fail to discern that it is always the scientist who speaks—a scientist whose soul has not undergone that atrophy of the artistic sense which is perhaps the penalty of narrow overspecialization.

Many of the clinical histories in this work show that at times truth does sound stranger than fiction. Long ago William James was impressed by this fact. Referring to Janet's clinical histories (which are similar, but rather superficial by comparison) he stated that "they read like romances." In this as well as in many other respects the autobiographic account of a woman's delusional state, recorded in Chapter III, is certainly unique.

The wide range of subjects treated in this work and the still wider range of the deductions and conclusions which flow out of the author's detailed analyses may seem unusual. The variety of the subjects touched upon is due to the manifold character of mental operations, all of which, however, are reducible to the same basic instincts and emotions. Thus, in spite of the diversity of the themes covered by Dr. Stekel, there is an underlying unity to his conclusions and deductions, inasmuch as the laws which regulate our mental processes operate alike throughout the whole range of our mental life.

Because of their wide range, practical utility and thoroughness Dr. Stekel's studies stand out as the most important interpretation of the mind and its manifestations which we owe to the latest phase of psychologic research.

Dr. Wilhelm Stekel was born March 18, 1868 (in Bukowina, an Austrian province annexed to Roumania since the war) and has studied at the University of Vienna. During the last few years he has gradually withdrawn his interest from popular writings, devoting himself exclusively to the pursuit of his clinical researches. For a number of years he was engaged in general practice. He was one of the first practitioners to become interested in Freud; at a time when Freud worked under almost complete isolation and neglect Stekel proposed that the few men interested in psychoanalysis meet weekly. That was the nucleus of the first psychoanalytic society. Stekel was also the editor of the first psychoanalytic periodical, the ZENTRALBLATT, which he conducted with Freud and Adler. In later years he and Freud disagreed on matters of psychoanalytic theory and they separated, just as Adler and Jung separated from Freud.

Among Dr. Stekel's larger scientific studies (in addition to his monumental DISORDERS OF THE INSTINCTS AND EMOTIONS SERIES) are POETRY AND NEUROSIS, THE DREAMS OF ARTISTS, and THE LANGUAGE OF DREAMS—the latter a massive documentation of the symbolism and meaning of dreams.

JAMES S. VAN TESLAAR.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME ONE

Chapter I

INSTINCT, AFFECT AND IMPULSE

PAGE

Instinct Drive—Freud's Definition—Nutritional Instinct—Hunger—Instinct is Life: An Organic Function Representing Individual's Latent Life Energy—Characteristics of Instinct—Relation of Affects to Instincts—Internal Conflict—Affect is Intellectual Elaboration of Instinct—No Affect Without Instinct—Feelings are the Intellectual Perception of Instinct Drive—Affect Preparedness—The Life Urge—Craving for Well-Being—Bipolarity of Affects: the Most Important Law of Psychology—Anxiety the Manometer of the Life Urge—Will to Live vs. the Will to Die—Sexual Instinct serves the Life Energy—Hunger and Love the most important Expressions of the Life Urge—Will to Power is derived from the Life Urge—I Act, therefore I Am—Persistent Craving for Well-Being—The Dictates of the Social Group is called Morality—Immoral Acts often Impulsive—Immorality a Relative Concept Depending on Time, Custom, Locality, Circumstance—Impulsive Acts arise through annulment of Conscious Inhibitions—Dreamy States—Loss of Differentiation between Reality and Dream in Parapathy—Repetitive Urge Characteristic of all Parapathiac Impulsive Acts—Past Infantile Pleasure the Driving Force—Conflict Between Primordial cravings and Dictates of Group Welfare—Will to Power the most important Primordial Reaction: It is the Will to Appropriate or have Dominion over what is Foreign—Man's Primordial Reaction always Egoistic—The Egoistic Reflex—The Sexual Primordial Reaction—The Instinct of Imitation—The Instinct of Self-Reliance—All Primordial Reactions are Bipolar—Conflict between Social Urge and Individual Cravings—Impulse represents Supremacy of Egoistic Reflex—Normal and Morbid Impulse—Nietzsche's "Eternal Recurrence"—The Attack—All Attacks are Inhibited Impulsive Acts—Anxiety a Protective Cloak against Asocial Tendencies—Character of Exhibitionism . 1

Chapter II

THE IMPULSE TO WANDER

PAGE

Neophilia and Neophobia—Unrest—Compulsive Talking and Swearing—Case 1: A woman who talks incessantly for one or two hours every morning—Impulse to touch every male on the genitalia—Affect transposition—Case 2: Bulimia and Dipsomania—Case 3: Compulsive wandering—Oniomania—Folie de Toucher—The attempt to flee from self—Morbid travel mania—Tramping—Case 4: A psychotic tramp—Dromomania, Poriomania and Fugues—Janet's classification—Epileptic wanderers—Author's classification: centrifugal wandering (Fugue)—Centripetal wandering (Dromomania proper)—Circular wandering (Poriomania)—Persistent (wander) impulse—Case 5 (Morel): An American wandering towards the east in search of a permanent abode (Paradise)—Meaning of the symbolism—Case 7: Paralogiac flight with centrifugal tendency (Meader)—Interpretation of the symbolism—Rôle of the father complex—The Electra complex—All centrifugal wanderings represent flight from self—Impulsive acts during Sleep—Dreams—Criminal tendencies—Case 8: A mother throws her child out of the window during stuporous sleep in a dream—Case 9: Patricide during sleep—Case 10: Uxoricide during sleep—Incestuous acts during somnambulism—"Moonstruck" Wanderers—Relationship between Criminality and sleep walking—Symbolic acts during Somnambulism—Case 11 (Krafft-Ebing): A Monk who during sleep walking goes through the motion of stabbing the prior—The Sleep walking scene in Macbeth—The Repetitive urge—Sadger's conclusions regarding Sleep walking—The Incest wish hypothesis one-sided—Case 12: A Sleep wanderer who reverses his Conscious attitude towards his Love objective—Sleep walking, a form of symbolic wandering—Alleged influence of the Moon—Psychology of Noctambulism—Psychic Traumata during Sleep—Nocturnal "relations"—Case 13: Sexual impotence relieved after disclosure of a nocturnal incestuous relationship—Case 14: Sleep walking fantasy of a woman—Depression; Suicidal thought; the patient's account of her Experience and Mental state—Wandering mania, noctabulism, restlessness—Oniomania, Bulimia, uncontrollable Daytime pollutions—Fixation on the Younger brother—Disclosures of Incestuous relationship during hypnoidal state—Repetitive urge of the traumatic scene—The mother complex—Case 15: Repetitive tendency during Sleep walking (Janet)—Transvaluation of impulses—Case 16: An impotent Pædophiliac who protects himself against crime by running away from home—Case 17: Physician, Catholic, emotionally fixated on his sister-in-law, saves his moral self by run-

PAGE

ing away—Hatred as a cover for the incest wish—Janet's explanation of fugues—Transposition of love into Hatred—Attitude of parents towards children—Jealousy—Case 18: A Young Man's flight from home to avoid Shooting his future Brother-in-law—Rationalization of the Flight impulse—Case 19: A Father, through unconscious Jealousy, absents himself from his Daughter's wedding—Case 20 (Hilda Milko): A girl runs away to escape incestuous fixation on the father—Dromomania and Nostalgia—Jaspers' emphasis of Morbid longing for home and its Relation to Arson—Fixation on the family and on infantile impressions—Embryonal impulses—Belated reaction—Leonhard Frank's illustrative novel—Cancelling humiliations of childhood—Vengeance of Sons against Fathers—Patricide, the most common crime in fantasy; Freud's Œdipus Complex—Mania for mountain climbing—Case 21 (Emil Gutheil): Symbolic significance of sport—Its oracular value—Transposition of Hatred into Regret after Death of the Father—Case 22: Substitutive Impulse after death in the family—Case 23 (Janet): Nostalgia—Psychology of the Deserter—Viktor Tausk's classification of army Deserters—Conclusions 18

Chapter III

FLIGHT INTO PARAPATHIAC DELIRIUM

Autobiography of Dora: a woman who fled "home" during a "brain storm," to escape the evil influence of a lover—Her first love disappointment—"Spite" marriage—Impotent, hypochondriac husband—Three lovers; illicit relations with first sweetheart—The "monster"—The army officer, "Melanie"—Extra-Uterine Pregnancy—Laparatomy—Disappointment—Fourth lover, husband's orthopedist—The Love Alphabet—The artist at the cure resort—Telepathy and hypnotism—Voyeurism—First excursion—Laughter on being kissed—The promise—Discussion of perversions—"Awakening the senses"—Attempt at control through suggestion—Confessions—Awakening her conscience—Pleasure without guilt—Artist's sadistic attitude—Dora's jealousy—The "Hero's" cowardice—First news from ailing mother and brother—The "Nora" suggestion—The hero's fear of the little dog—Awakening of remorse—The hand kiss—The husband's helpless jealousy—The artist adroitly sharpens Dora's inner conflict—Unconscious irony—Her recognition of the artist's abnormality—Conversion of her troubled conscience into gastric pains—Sexual anæsthesia—Regret over the occurrence—Artist's narcissism—Ibsen's Nora—Artist's fear of women—He protects himself

PAGE

against reproaches—The symbolism of crossing the border—Death wishes—Nora Identification—Symbolic loss of the dog chain—Growing resistance—Dora's interest in prostitution—Artist vs. mother—Bladder sexuality—Symbolic protest against sexual humiliation—Self-deception—Symbolic cleansing on returning to the hotel—Jealousy—Bath—First hallucination—Onset of the "Brain Storm"—Symbolic scalding of the ring finger—Rationalization in delirium—Artist's attempt to increase Dora's jealousy—Her resistance grows—Loss of appetite as expression of moral nausea—Conversion symptom—Onset of Menstruation—Self-reproaches on account of neglect of her mother—Voice of conscience grows louder—Jealousy—Artist's pose as cynic—Dora begins to find her own will—Dawn of moral reaction—Forgetting the door key—Self-depreciation—Searching for mother—Somatization—Expatiation acts—Money as symbol of love—Alleged request to tell the husband everything—Confession—Symbolic representation of the adventure—The Nora rôle—Hallucinations on the street—The blue ribbon—Husband's pathetic helplessness—Self-accusations—Sudden resolution to go to the mother—Longing for a strong leader—White and black don't mix!—Parting from lover and from husband—On train—Attitude of self-depreciation—Inner unrest—Exteriorization of mental contents—Hallucinatory vision—Symbolism of orderly—Hesitation to go to Vienna—Visualization of inner conflict—Hesitation to ask questions—Hallucinatory vision of the artist—Complete loss of awareness—Resistance to suggestion—The trip to the hospital—Symbolic annulment of excursion—Purification symbolism—Eye, symbol of female genital—Fear of Insanity—Anesthesia of finger tips—The physician's visits—End of constipation, symbolic solution of the conflict—Interest in the new environment—"Penitent" in a combination of Nunnery, Insane hospital and Jail—Husband's promise to call for her—Gradual recovery of sense of orientation—Paramnesia—Arrival of the husband—The conflict—Gradual resolution—Dream disclosing fixation on the brother—The real objective and motive of her flight—Concluding remarks 92

Chapter IV

NARCOTOMANIA (DRUG ADDICTION)

All narcotic drug addicts victims of asocial impulses which they try to repress—Morbid dread—Types of drinkers: habitual and periodic—Habitual Drinker usually a Parapathiac—Feeling of loneliness—Bleuler's description of Chronic Alcoholism—The

PAGE

conclusions of Preisig and Amadau—Injured pride—Criminal impulses—Double thinking—Drink impulse and depression—Poe, Fritz Reuter—Psychogenic determinants of delirium tremens—Epileptoid attacks and delirium—Kraepelin's observations—Polar tension between primordial cravings and social desires—Vengeance—Master Leukhardt's testimony—Combination of Impulses—The Spendthrift—Sexuality and alcoholism—Ferenczi's views—Case 26 (Strasser)—Case 27 (Stekel): The will to be well—Masturbation and alcoholism—Case 28: Patient's secret calendar—Case 29: Morphine addicts are parapathiacs—Periodicity—Case 30 (Kirschbaum): Morphine addiction serving an antisexual tendency—Strength of first impressions—Psychoanalysis, the only rational therapy for drink and drug addictions—All narcotomaniacs flee from some truth 206

Chapter V

STEALING (THEFT)

Fluctuation of Sense of property—Cheating at games—Petty stealing—Theft and Superstition—Folklore—Literary and artistic plagiarism—Illustrations—Unconscious Imitation—Cryptomnesia—Jung's observations—Sense of Ownership—Theft, a Psycho-sexual infantilism—Wagner-Jauregg's description of infantile root of the tendency to steal—Gottfried Keller's description of the act—Hermann Hesse's account—Wrestling as a form of Erotic pleasure—Conclusions 231

Chapter VI

THE SEXUAL ROOTS OF CLEPTOMANIA

Cleptomaniac steals for the sake of stealing—The forbidden act, not the stolen article, furnishes the lure—Emotional intoxication—Cleptomaniac is infantile—Laqueur's conclusions regarding store thiefs—Case 32 (Duboisson): Transposition of Impulses and Symbolization of real life in dreamy states—Leppmann's observations—Author's first contribution revealing sexual roots of Cleptomania—Case 33: Cleptomania in manic-depressive insanity—The gist of Cleptomania: taking hold of something forbidden—Symbolism of the act of Stealing—The Conclusions of Gross—Krafft-Ebing's observations—Case 34: Depression, menstruation and Cleptomania—Depression, the reaction of unfulfillable Sexual desire—Knowledge of Sexual sym-

activity of a negative character sets in: there arises a distinct aversion against additional food consumption. The instinct itself is still present; but it manifests itself in another form. Hunger, however, is not an instinct, just as love is not an instinct. Freud, for instance, refers to sadism and masochism, to hunger and love, as instincts. Schiller's famous verses wherein he depicts hunger and love as the mainsprings of all striving are frequently quoted. But that which may be permitted to a poet, who must have recourse to metaphors and symbolism, has no place in the rarified atmosphere of science. Hunger is merely the expression of a need, an instinctive drive, as Freud maintains. The instinct, according to Freud, never operates like a momentary impact force, it is always a constant energy. The instinctive drive, necessity, impels us to seek gratification upon the path determined by the instinct.

But what is hunger if not an instinct? It is the expression of a need. The feeling of hunger is generated by the gastric chemism in a biologic-physical manner. The chemism acts as a light inciter (appetite); it swells into hunger and may induce strong unpleasant sensations. We know that there are persons without appetite who take their meals at regular hours, merely to avoid the unpleasant sensations produced by keen hunger. Others wait for these unpleasant sensations to set in before eating because stilling them by the taking of food, they find, increases their pleasures of the table. But these processes are no longer purely instinctive, they are complicated by a psychic elaboration.

There lies the crux of the whole matter. In order to understand instinct we must turn to the lowest forms of life, to the protozoa. The smallest speck of a "living creature" differs from inorganic matter by the fact that it responds to external stimuli. Every cell reacts to external excitation with an appropriate response. If the stimulus is increased it leads to paralysis (*Max Verworn*). Excitation and paralysis are the most archaic expressions of life. May we ascribe instinct to the infusoria? Certainly! The power which impels these animalcules to throw out and draw in pseudopodia, or feelers, for the purpose of securing a speck of food, is an instinct.

But the instinct is bound up with the speck of living protoplasm; it is immanent in its physical structure.

Instinct is the sign of life; indeed, it is life.

Instinct is that life energy, latent and constant, of whose ultimate nature we are ignorant, and which asserts itself whenever life is endangered. The greatest danger is hunger,—perishing from lack of nourishment; for life is a continual cycle of building up and tearing down protoplasmic material.

Instinct is a property of protoplasm; it is an integral characteristic of living matter. The protozoon does not feel hunger. The living protoplasm builds up and tears down in the interest of life without the intervention of a directing factor. With the appearance of tracts (nerves) for the transmission of sensations and of a central apparatus for the reception and elaboration of stimuli from the external world (spinal cord and brain), the problem of action, which theretofore was a matter of direct instinct-response, becomes infinitely more complicated. Response grows more elaborate, being gradually modified under the influence of experience and reflection; lastly, the hereditary transmission of experience (instinct) also becomes a factor, etc. I must not lose myself in biologic problems. Let me turn directly to the important conclusion:

Instinct is a purely organic function. It is the biologic guardian of the physical life.

Hunger therefore is not an instinct. Hunger is but the expression of an instinctive urge. There may be a nutritional instinct which manifests itself as hunger, precisely as love is the expression of a sexual instinct; but love is not the sexual instinct itself, although Freud always calls it the libido, the sexual instinct—it is the longing which arises when the sexual instinct remains ungratified.

This is the reason why psychology can never penetrate into the nature of instinct. Instinct is psychologically beyond grasp: being organically bound up with the physical structure, it is an expression of the physical body. *Instinct is the latent life energy of the individual.*

The instinct, therefore, cannot change; it cannot alter its

nature. Freud speaks of the transformations of the instincts (*Triebschicksale*). The instinct may become transformed into an opposite trend, it may assume a direction opposed to the subject's own interests, it may be repressed or, lastly, it may be sublimated. In a certain sense all that is true, if we take into account the intellectual elaboration of the instinct. But in reality the instinct proper changes in no essential particular. Whether I transform my sexual urge into disgust (a negative feeling-attitude towards sex), or repress it so as to indulge in the illusion of being asexual, or perhaps sublimate it into a desire for scientific knowledge, one thing is obvious: the instinct itself has not changed. The instinct proper remains the same as ever. I have changed merely the relation of the individual to his instinct. Therefore, in a strict sense, we cannot speak of transformations of instincts, but only of reactions roused within the organism by the instinct, and of feeling-attitudes towards the environment assumed by the individual with regard to his cravings (and those of others).

Instinct therefore is an invariable quantum, which liberates or supplies continuously a varying amount of energy so that the instinct seems alternately weaker and again stronger. We speak of the sexual instinct as stronger or weaker; this is incorrect; but it has become a part of current terminology. Unfortunately we possess no better term by which to make ourselves clear when we mean to state that the instinct manifestations are sometimes stronger and sometimes weaker. Of course, the instinct itself may vary in different individuals.

What relationship do the affects bear to the instincts? We have seen that the more highly organized living creatures develop an intermediary stage between instinct and activity. Among the simpler forms this intermediary function is taken up by the spinal cord and stands entirely in the service of the instinct. The more complexly the living creature is organized, the better developed also is its brain as a center for regulating the responses to the environment and the expressions of instinct. I have once called the parapathias a struggle between brain and spinal cord. By this I mean that what we call nervousness expresses an *inner conflict* inaugurated, however, by external influences. The brain is not

only the guardian of the instinct with its ramifications (hence we speak of "instincts")—it is also the center for the intellectual elaboration of instinct. The brain either serves the instinct or sets itself up against it. This gives rise to various internal excitations we call affects.

The affect represents, so to speak, the intellectual elaboration of the instinct. We may picture the process to ourselves as follows: A certain excitation, which is part of the instinct, is transmitted to the brain. The reaction of the brain to that instinct-excitation, its intellectual transformation into a wish, longing, or dislike, we call an affect. *Therefore, there is no affect which does not feed upon instinct.* Affects, then, like the instincts, are an expression of life. Without affects existence would be flat, the sense of living would be lacking. The instinct must express itself; the interplay of craving and gratification, the damming up and release of energies make life worth while—they are life. The absence of natural affects, *i.e.,* affects emanating from instinct, leads to a hunger for affect, a forced release of energy, lacking, however, the satisfying character of normal affect release. Just as the unicellular organism goes through all the stages of heightened vitality between excitation and paralysis down to apparent death, so the more highly complex organisms also require stimuli and a cumulation of stimuli until excess leads them into a state of paralysis.

The intellectual (cerebral) elaboration of the instinct excitations generates our emotions. Thus we may conceive love as the intellectual superstructure of the sexual instinct, *i.e.,* an affect distinguishable from the state of being in love, which may be called an emotional intoxication. A loving person is conscious of his love only at certain times. He may have an interest, *i.e.,* bear an increased affectivity (Bleuler) for other matters as well. The person in love is entirely dominated by his longing, all his affects are engaged in the service of his sexual instinct. If he is of a distrustful character he is inclined to jealousy. He then suffers from the fear of losing his sexual objective. But jealousy in itself is not an affect; it is a peculiarity which expresses an *Affektbereitschaft,* an emotional readiness.

It is a common error to confuse *emotional qualities, i.e., emotional states of readiness,* with the affect proper. Greed, for instance, is not an affect, it is a quality which expresses an emotional readiness. The greedy person confronted with the necessity of spending money experiences a more or less pronounced feeling of unpleasantness. The reason may vary. At the moment of either spending or receiving money he is under an affect. He feels displeasure in spending money, pleasure on receiving money, at the same time he may experience envy, anger, doubt. Therefore we must always distinguish between affect preparedness and affect proper. Anxiety is an affect, fear an emotion. Sadism and masochism are neither instincts nor affects, they are emotions, *i.e.,* emotional states of readiness. The sadist experiences pleasure in the carrying out of his cruelties; he is, therefore, always inclined to cruelty as a preparedness for indulging in his pleasurable feelings.

What I have given thus far is not much but may serve as a beginning. We see that Möbius [2] has rightly called the study of instincts the darkest chapter in modern psychology. The notion that the instincts prompt from within like diminutive creatures is ridiculous.

How many instincts are there? What is their reciprocal relationship?

In order to achieve clarity we must begin from a fixed point, with a single fundamental instinct, from which all other instincts germinate. That fundamental instinct is the life instinct, also called by many investigators the instinct of self-preservation. But the instinct of self-preservation is only a component part of the life instinct. It insures the individual's life, it makes for the avoidance of life perils, it protects life, whereas the life instinct primordially is a pleasure-instinct. Even in common speech to live means to enjoy. A *Lebemann,* man of the world, is a man who knows how to enjoy life, and when one says of himself that he has not lived, though his instinct of self-preservation may have enabled him to reach a hundred years of age, he may not have felt his life as real living.

The life instinct is the instinct for gratification, expressing

itself in every human being as an innate craving for happiness. Happiness is an enhanced sense of living generated by pleasurable feelings (or following release from unpleasurable feelings).

The law of bipolarity, perhaps the most important law of mental life, requires that a negative instinct correspond to the positive, the two combining in an indissoluble unity (Adler's instinct fusion, *Triebverschränkung*). The life instinct is paired off by the death instinct. The life and death instincts together make up the psychic unity of life. At first glance this assumption seems contradictory. But it meets the test of facts. Anxiety, or fear, is life's manometer (the sounder of the life instinct). But all fear is also the fear of death; it represents our aversion to death. Freud, too, in one of his latter contributions, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* adopts the concept of a death instinct. The goal of life, he points out, is death. He has thus arrived at the point of view which I had expressed already in 1908, in the first edition of my *Anxiety States.* There I stated: "The stronger the life instinct, the more is the individual in question subject to the emotions of fear. Its repression along with repression of the life instinct as expressed in sex leads to anxiety. Morbid dread, therefore, is the reaction against the outbreak of the death instinct, fostered by the repression of the sexual instinct."

In this generalization the sex instinct practically stands for the life instinct. It is the expression of the will to live, the will to enjoy, and serves the eternal struggle for survival.

The two most important *manifestations* of the life instinct are: Hunger and Love. Hunger serves current life, love takes care of future life. Sexual instinct and nutritional instinct are the two basic components of the life urge.

The nutritional instinct cares for the individual, the sexual instinct serves the interests of the race by fostering reproduction.[3]

All other instincts are reducible to these two fundamental instincts.[4] Let us take that very vital instinct, the instinct of self-assertion (*Beherrschungstrieb*) which Nietzsche has called the Will to Power. It appears often isolated and apart from the sexual instinct so that we are almost ready to con-

sider it a separate instinct. And yet, if we investigate further, we find that it is subject to the craving for euphoria, a craving which we have already identified as the life instinct. He who has power can secure for himself any gratification (and that makes for happiness). He has the best food, the prettiest woman.

Perhaps we could establish also the existence of an instinct for activity. To the primitive man every manifestation of life was a source of pleasure, and this is still so to the child. *Cogito ergo sum.* I think, therefore I am. I act, therefore I live. The instinct for activity becomes burdensome only when it means work which must be carried out for the gratification of others. The will to power means driving others to do one's mental and physical work. It makes for pleasure through the avoidance of the unpleasure linked with every effort which does not serve the pleasure principle directly.

Thus life must be perceived as a continual craving for euphoria. This craving conflicts with reality. (Freud's most important discovery: the pleasure principle and the reality principle.)

Every instinct is primordially a pleasure urge; we adopt the hypothesis of a period when life was a continual pleasure stream. The notion of such a state is preserved in the myth about paradise; it is also used as a future promise and is thus made to serve important cultural ends. Eternal euphoria is shifted to the other world, to be attained only by adjusting one's self to the most severe requirements of society at the cost of innumerable unpleasurable feelings, for which, as over-compensation, this promise is held out of eternal bliss in heaven. The rich are said not to enter within the kingdom of heaven. They have enjoyed this life too much. Only the disinherited shall be compensated adequately for the loss of euphoria in this life.

The primordial man's consciousness was directed solely towards securing his individual share of life's bounty. Through the advancement of culture the life instinct becomes socialized, *i.e.*, it stands, at least in part if not wholly, in the service of the social group. *The imperative of the social group is called morality, ethics, or law.* Thus we have come to dis-

tinguish between moral and immoral conduct, which might be called as well social and unsocial conduct, respectively. For no action is in itself immoral. It becomes so only in relation to time, custom, country and environment.

The so-called immoral deeds are very frequently impulsive. The criminal acts with foresight; he puts himself beyond current morality. The parapathiac pleads his impulse. "It" has overwhelmed him. "It" was stronger than his will power. What is really an impulsive act? What is that mysterious "it" which is thus capable of turning the modern man of culture into a beast in a few seconds?

In order to make this matter plain I must bring out another point. Our acts are usually carried out under the control of our consciousness. I feel the need of going out for exercise. Consciousness may repress this desire. Reason decrees: "You must stay at home and finish your work!" We give in to the voice of reason. Another time intellect loses. We expect a patient. We have an important letter to write. But an inexplicable urge drives us, impelling us to wander.

An act committed while our reason is overwhelmed by an affect we call impulsive. Back of every affect there stands the instinct. Impulses are acts which follow the sudden eclipsing of consciousness (reason). But this definition does not exhaust the meaning of impulse. A drunkard beats his wife, a deed of which he is never guilty when sober. He yields to his impulse, because the alcoholic intoxication has abolished his inhibitions. A sleeping man gets up at night and kills his wife and four children with an ax. On awakening he gives himself up to the authorities, remorsefully declaring that he did not know when or why he committed the deeds. In both cases the affect of hatred is what generated the deed. In both cases the inhibitions of consciousness were suspended at the time.

We are now in a position to complete our definition: Impulsive acts are carried out while the inhibitions of ordinary consciousness are suspended.

It is very interesting that many impulsive acts are carried out in a half-dreamy, or so-called hypnoidal,[5] state of con-

sciousness. This will be shown in our discussion of cleptomania.

Parapathy (neurosis) is a mental state during which the distinction between reality and fantasy is temporarily lost. The patient hovers between reality and dream. Many neurotic manifestations take place in a sort of trance, *i.e.*, a dream state. The most common hypnotic impulse is sleep walking, a theme to which we shall pay proper attention later. These impulsive acts carried out in trance states are characteristic of the parapathiac who has not the courage to know himself.

The man aware of his affect acts differently. He permits himself to be overwhelmed by the affects. He gives in to them gladly, in fact he often deliberately rouses them to a high pitch.

The simpler impulsive deeds committed through anger, jealousy, greed, revenge, sentiment, etc., are conceivable without any special explanation. Psychologically their motives, as a rule, are superficial.

More difficult to understand are the permanent impulses. These are impulses which act like a motor, ceaselessly impelling the subject to commit some deed.

The impulsive acts are among the most interesting manifestations within the whole realm of clinical psychopathology. For a long time most of the impulsive acts proved baffling. We saw them without being able to trace their psychological roots. Human beings are suddenly seized by a desire to wander, to steal some particular article, to set fire to a place, to wander at night, to run after some fetich, to expose themselves naked, to impersonate another, etc. Now our understanding of the unconscious processes, as revealed by Freud and Janet, has thrown a flood of light on the nature of these impulsive acts. The subjects are victims of a split personality. All these subjects have in common the desire to change their situation and to get away. The simplest form of impulsive behaviour is seen in the conduct of those parapathiacs who are driven by a sense of inner restlessness merely to change places. Movement is the symbolic expression of inner unrest.

Psychopathic inferiority displays this insatiable craving for

change. Among individuals of this type we find the most typical illustrations of fugues (temporary mental "blanks"), tramping, and morbid wandering. But the restless craving to do something may dominate the clinical picture in the more serious psychoses, becoming the chief symptom. *It is a characteristic common to all parapathic impulses that they represent a "craving for repetition." The subjects run after an infantile impression, an infantile pleasure. Apparently going ahead, in reality they are going back. Their driving motive belongs to the past,—it is the infantile euphoria, or state of well-being.*

Human beings cling to their first euphoria. Euphoria means gratification. Everybody seeks everlasting gratification. The suckling perceives his state as one uninterrupted stream of gratification until hunger or some other unpleasant stimulus impells him to cry out. Sucking, sleeping, moving his limbs, urinating, passing the fæces—everything is for him a source of gratification.

Primordial man must have found himself in a similar state. To him reality meant striving for gratification. There was but one law for him: the attainment of gratification. There were as yet no social inhibitions against any form of gratification, no right inherent in the community, *i.e.*, no limitation to individual pleasure seeking was imposed by the community in the interests of all.

Being social means giving up gratification which may cause unpleasure, or dysphoria, to the other members of the social group.

But the primitive man was wholly indifferent to his neighbor's unpleasure. There was but one right, the right of the individual. The pleasure principle was coextensive with the reality principle. Reality meant gratification, or else had to be made to yield that. The primitive man was egoistic. All education consists of accepting something from without as against our own inclination (Otto Gross). The man of civilized society adopts himself to that which extends outside himself by learning the laws and accepting them as his own. Aboriginally, social sanction is something foreign. It becomes our own when we accept it not merely in appearance,

with gnashing teeth, resistingly, under compulsion, but joyfully and with conviction. The law outside ourselves then becomes the law of our heart.

But we can understand the man of civilized society only if we try to trace his conduct back to the primal reactions of primitive man. These *primal reactions* require a little closer attention.

The most important primal reaction is the instinct of self-assertion (*Bemächtigungstrieb,* the Will to Power). The whole world belongs to man. The child shows very plainly this instinct of self-assertion. He does not yet recognize the distinction between *mine* and *thine.* Everything is his. The primordial man was also a child. The world belonged exclusively to him; his disposition was to claim everything for his own. We find very often the same attitude in parapathiacs. Many parapathiacs contemplate a world catastrophe which should leave them the lone survivors. Everything belongs to them. They want to possess all the women, own all the treasures, etc. The ecstasy of love often embodies a similar feeling-attitude. ("Kiss me and the world is mine!" —is the refrain of a popular song.) The lover feels he could embrace the world; the whole world is his. Many paralogiacs, too, conceive themselves the world's masters.

We understand, therefore, that the primordial man could have no conception of property rights. Another's property was his, if he was the stronger. He could reach out and take anything he wanted, whatever appealed to his fancy.

The Will to Power is the will to make another's possessions one's own: To be the only one, or, what meant more, master over the lives and property of others.

This craving for mastery expresses itself through the instinct of self-assertion: to take what one wants. The thief acts like a primordial being. He takes what, in a certain archaic sense, is his. His will and his pleasure are for him the supreme law.

Man's primordial reaction is always egoistic. In all situations he asks himself: "What is there in it for me?" This primordial reaction is the one most hidden, but also the easiest to prove in any man of culture when we learn to interpret

the forms under which the unconscious stimuli express themselves. The first reaction to the misfortune of others is one of hidden joy, *Schadenfreude.* (Dostoievsky has described this in a masterly manner.) A milder form of the same reaction is expressed, approximately, as follows: "Thank God that this misfortune has not struck me." This primordial reaction I call the *"egoistic reflex."* It is a spontaneous reaction to one's environment.

The primordial nature of the most primitive human beings manifested itself first in their relations to one another. When one crossed another's path in any obstructing way he was struck down promptly, if he was the weaker. (The destructive trend due to inhibition of interference with euphoria.)

It is interesting that, at the first glance, these primordial reactions appear in the man belonging to civilized society only in a rudimentary form, specifically as a sort of instinct. When we are introduced to a person or meet a stranger, involuntarily we appraise him, asking ourselves: "Who is the stronger one? Who would win in a contest?"

The sexual primordial reaction is even more important. The primitive man appraised any creature he encountered with reference to the latter's sexual worth: What sexual pleasure can you yield me? Approximately like the dogs that sniff at one another when they meet for the first time. A certain Greek author records a Greek peasant's statement, which represents, however, an ancient "master's right": "If a strange woman crosses my land I must impregnate her, a strange boy must offer me his anus, a strange man must yield me some other form of pleasure." I quote from memory.

The primordial man watched and appraised any stranger he met, particularly if the stranger was a woman, taking her by force if she appealed to him. He probably first tore the victim's clothes to investigate the beauty of the genitalia and their odour.

Even the first glance of the man of culture shows this primitive reaction. Consciously or unconsciously we disrobe every stranger with whom we become acquainted and form an image of the stranger's genitalia. In most cases we appraise the degree of pleasure which a possible sexual inter-

course would eventually yield. Women often betray this primal reaction in a negative form with the expression: "I could never kiss this man." Seldom does a woman—no matter how frank she may be—acknowledge: "This man I should gladly kiss!" But she betrays herself unconsciously and shows that she thinks of it by passing the tip of the tongue over her lips, to moisten the organ of kissing.[6] The glance at the genitalia and at the secondary sexual characteristic is a look intended to appraise the qualities of the possible partner. Men are much more candid in this respect and think of it without any particular inhibitions. Many a girl is thus appraised as lovely enough to bite or chew up. Among the common people the primordial reactions crop out more boldly because they are not covered up so much. Breasts and nates are looked at approvingly and frankly appraised as to their pleasure yielding possibilities.

This primitive sexual reaction is sometimes fused with the instinct of aggression or with the contact craving, the latter being but a milder form of aggression.

The instinct to imitate also belongs to the primal reactions. Whatever is foreign is thus made one's own. The child learns everything through imitation. The psychic mass epidemics show the tremendous range and influence of the craving to imitate, which is the bipolar contrast to the so-called craving for "self-reliance,"—the urge to maintain one's own in the face of everything.

All primordial reactions appear in pairs. They are bipolarly arranged. The will to power, or instinct for self-assertion, pairs itself with the instinct for self-abasement, the acquisitive urge with the craving to give away one's possessions, the creative urge with the craving to destroy, etc.[7]

(Therefore it is not antithetical that the instinct to imitate creates fashions, while the differentiation urge impels every human being to strive to be unlike the others.)

Civilization makes use of all these primordial reactions. Real culture is possible only when men accept as their own that which lies outside themselves. Social law is often stronger than instinct and instinct must yield. Law prevails against the will of the individual. That leads to para-

pathy. Every parapathiac symptom is a moral reaction against the egoistic reflex which combines all primordial cravings and reactions. The egoistic reflex clings to every stimulus and leads it on until it is displaced for the most part by socialized stimuli (for the egoistic reflex is always asocial). The stranger and everything that does not belong to self are always inimical. The State first makes of a group of "others" part of ourselves. National feeling is the egoistic reflex of a group of people who share something in common (language, home, customs, etc.). The State mediates an identification of the individual with the group, *i.e.*, its endeavour is to bring about such a result; it assumes that the individual is prepared to meet the requirement, an ideal which remains unfulfilled inasmuch as complete identification can never take place (ideal of the socialistic State). Communism socializes property, anarchism proposes to abolish it, socialism intends to dedicate it to the use of all.

These explanations should enable us to understand a little more clearly the nature of impulse.

Impulse is the impact of self against that which is perceived as not self; it stands for the supremacy of the egoistic reflex. For the gist of the impulse, like that of every primordial reaction, is always the attainment of gratification. Whether I knock down my opponent, steal something, or carry out impulsively a charitable act (for instance, give a beggar a large sum of money), the sense of my action is always the same: the action is intended to yield me a feeling of pleasure, or gratification. The impulse seeks to attain gratification by the most direct route,—it disregards the inhibitions imposed by culture as well as one's own inhibitions. Between action and pleasure, there stands, then, no outside imperative. The imperative of pleasure alone stands supreme.

Every one carries out impulsive acts. But there is a considerable difference between the impulses of the average man and the parapathiac's impulses. The average man's impulsive acts have an onward trend. The trend of the parapathiac's impulses, as shown in this work, is directed backwards. The normal man's impulse combines reality with fantasy; for the time, while the impulse lasts, conscious and unconscious tend-

encies fuse together. The parapathiac's impulse always shows the tendency to symbolization and amounts to a pose; it serves a fiction, it stands in sharp contrast to reality. The impulsive acts of such persons truly represent an endeavour to achieve what Nietzsche calls the *"Wiederkehr des Gleichen,"* "the return of sameness." Parapathiac impulses are offshoots into the past; they represent symbolic attempts at solving an impossible problem.

The most important form of parapathiac impulse, *i.e.,* the most commonly observed manner in which the primordial reactions break through the whole personality, is the so-called sudden *"spell," "attack,"* or *"seizure."*

All spells represent impulsive acts. The most common form is the attack of morbid dread (*cp.* my work, *Nervous Anxiety States,* authorized English version of 3rd German edition, tr., Chapter V). With his dread the parapathiac protects himself against his asocial tendencies. Instead of an action we witness a highly emotional state. Meanwhile the sufferer fears the possible outbreak of his impulses and repressed thoughts. The integrated personality flees from the recognition of its instinctive trends. That leads to the "spells" during which the consciousness is more or less beclouded: dreamy states, hysterical attack, attack of epilepsy (*ibid.,* Chapter XXIII: *The Psychic Treatment of Epilepsy*).

How is this state of narcosis brought about? What does the dream state accomplish? We must assume that the crisis stands for a tremendous release of dammed-up affect, an explosion of heaped-up combustible material. This leads to a sort of ecstasy. Ecstasy means a shrinking of consciousness induced by a powerful affect. The affect induces narcosis or a sleep-like stupor.

The impulsive acts of which we treat in the following chapters also occur during spells. In most cases they give the impression of being periodic disorders.

Typical "spells" are shown particularly by the exhibitionists, as described extensively in Vol. V. (*Psycho-Sexual Infantilism,* trsl., Van Teslaar, Chapter XIX: *Exhibitionism.*) Exhibitionism is an impulse overtly sexual, whereas the impulses described in this work, cleptomania and dromomania,

pyromania and dypsomania, etc., hide their sexual character. The most common manifestations of sexual impulses, the sadistic acts, will be described systematically in a forthcoming volume of this Series of Studies, entitled, *Sadism and Masochism.*

The present work, therefore, is devoted to the study of those sexual impulses which are masked under various other forbidden acts.

Incidentally we shall prove that these varied clinical pictures have a common basis: like exhibitionism, they are so many manifestations of psycho-sexual infantilism.

For that reason this work links itself very closely to my Study of *Psycho-Sexual Infantilism.* It is practically a continuation of that work, constituting a necessary completion thereof.

II

THE IMPULSE TO WANDER

> Very gently a divinity speaks in our breast. Gently, but distinctly, pointing out what we should aim for, what we should avoid.
>
> GOETHE.

Two opposite forces govern the human life: the wish for change (craving for excitement, neophilia, the desire for something new) and the longing to hold on to, or go through again, the old experiences (conservatism, neophobia, the tendency to keep everything *in status quo ante*).[1] The wandering instinct serves both tendencies. It stands not only for the gratification implied in activity, it represents also the seeking of newer sources of gratification. The wandering instinct sets in always when our everyday life is no longer satisfactory. Unfulfilled wishes, unsatisfied longings, puzzling excitations, repressed impulses, strive for expression. Every impulse tends to express itself motorially, *i.e.*, in some form of muscular activity. Muscular motion is the most primitive of all impulsive expressions. Every stimulus from within tends to express itself in movement, *i.e.*, in some form of muscular action. The affect linked with the impulse requires motor release.

Any one who treats parapathiacs knows that these patients complain of a torturing restlessness which they themselves are unable to explain. Many of these sufferers pace to and fro, restlessly, in their rooms, or run out on the streets, as if looking for something, then hurry back to their home. Often they roam for hours. The impulse presses for activity. It is then often a question of incidental circumstance how the sufferer happens to find the relief he seeks. He drinks, takes opium or bromides, he steals, sets places afire, or he may merely run off and roam around aimlessly. The simplest

form of this reaction is the compulsive talking and scolding, or swearing, the uncontrollable and insatiable need of getting things off one's breast by talking them out.

Case 1. Mrs. W. C., a 49-year-old mother of five children, is seized every morning by a torturing restlessness which impels her to talk without pause for an hour or two at a time. The flow of her talk is incessant. As her husband did not want to hear her out and she was afraid of appearing ridiculous in her servants' eyes, a relation of her housekeeper's, a young woman, was engaged for the sole purpose of serving as a lightning rod conductor for these daily morning storms. Regularly at half past eight in the morning she rushes into the girl's room and begins to storm about her household troubles, her cares on account of the children, about her husband, the bad times, and keeps this up until she tires herself out in a two hours' harangue. Once she was ill with laryngitis and her physician forbade her to talk. She was compelled to run out of the house and roam for a couple of hours. Then she came home very much calmed. When the war affected adversely their financial condition, she agreed with her husband that the girl ought to be dismissed. At the prospect of having no one to listen to her mornings the woman was disconsolate. Finally she prevailed upon her husband to have the girl retained after all. It is interesting that the daughter, too, got into this bad habit and tried to compel her mother to listen to her. The reason for the daughter's parapathy was her jealousy of the girl.

The patient suffered also from a compulsive thought, which was really a compulsive deed and the surrogate for an impulse. She could not help glancing at every man's genital region (a significant primal reaction), and thought that the men noticed her looking at that part and were amused over it. Therefore she avoided all social intercourse, becoming "man shy" in particular. As the analysis showed, that look was the forerunner of another impulse displayed by some women,—the impulse to seize the man at the genitals. (Women's aggressive tendency combined with powerful homosexual determinants.) In the morning she was in the habit of drowsing a little in bed, *i.e.*, she was hanging on to her fantasies. Always ungratified, her fantasies revolved around the thought

of finding gratification by means of an adequately potent phallus. This impulse she turned into a talk impulse, which was meant for a confession, though revolving around matters which were apparently irrelevant. Here and there a bit of confession broke in. But the impulse drove her on and on; she spoke uninterruptedly, incessantly, without reflecting, as does a person suffering from flights of ideas. At my suggestion she transferred her talk on paper; she thus covered many pages with thoughts, doubts, confessions,—or else ran out of the house to walk off her fantasies.

Every physician is acquainted with the type of patient who comes into the office with a never-ending avalanche of talk. The analyst knows that the plethora of words serves to cover a specific secret. The real impulse is unknown to these sufferers. The need of expressing themselves, the urge to give shape to some wish, some pressing experience, some painful thought, breaks out in the form of talking apparently for the mere sake of talking. It is a case of affect transference. (These patients are never satisfied, they complain that the consultant does not give them enough time and they have no chance to tell him everything.)

Such a transposition of impulses is often observed. Sexual desire expresses itself as hunger, or unquenchable thirst, or breaks out as impulsive restlessness. Bulimia (insatiable hunger) and dipsomania (drink habit) are transposed sexual impulses, often combined with wanderlust.

Case 2. Ms., 35 years of age, suffers from crises of insatiable hunger (bulimia) which cease suddenly, changing into dromomania (Regis's term for the wanderlust). He wanders and roams without stopping. "I know very well that I shall have to take a 46-kilometer walk on the road, before I improve; then I feel well and become like a new being." (Janet, *Obsessions et Psychasthenie,* Vol. I.)

Case 3. Hc., 51 years of age, takes very long hikes; once he walked from Paris to Lille. These hikes, he relates, "always have the same beginning. I feel a hidden sorrow, a deadly tediousness, an unknown dread . . . everything oppresses me, everything makes me uneasy, everything seems flat, the whole world seems not worth anything and I in it, of less account. . . .

[Feelings of inferiority and depression.] Then I feel the need of moving, of rousing myself. I feel the foolish, irrepressible urge of doing something to make me get well so as to shake off this oppressive and unbearable dreariness. . . . I must take precautions against myself and to prevent myself from running away, I lock the doors from the inside and throw the key out of the window. But it is useless. I break open the door and run out without knowing it, as I do not remember the first day of my spells. I only know that when I come to myself I am already on the road. I am full of enthusiasm, the night is wonderful, the landscape majestic, everything seems excellent in this best of all worlds and I want to be doing something because I feel certain that I should accomplish something worth while. I do not dare break off such an inspiring outing and I keep on the road for days, but with the satisfying certainty of getting better day by day." (Janet, *Médications Psychologiques,* Vol. III.)

Occasionally the wanderer's impulse is linked with an overt sexual impulse and with the drink craving. We shall record a number of such cases. First, there appears a gnawing restlessness. The patient feels the need of moving about. He goes from place to place, from inn to inn, drinks, pays, and runs off. Finally, after hours of wandering, he begins to accost women on the street, staring at them and appraising their charms. This he keeps up for many hours. Every woman, he finds, lacks something. She disappoints him. She is not what he is seeking. Finally, towards morning, being thoroughly exhausted, he falls in with the first prostitute he meets and without looking at her lets himself be dragged to her room. After intercourse with her (usually without orgasm) he returns home disgusted and dead tired, sleeps heavily till morning, and for a time is quiet; then the cycle begins anew.

Very interesting are the cases of dromomania which appear in combination with compulsive buying and bargain hunting. There are persons who run from store to store buying all sorts of trifles and asking all sorts of foolish questions, at times running into debt in order to satisfy their buying mania; then they take the things to the pawnshop, redeem them and begin over again. Often this condition is combined also

with the *folie de toucher* (compulsive handling or touching of objects). In that state the subjects touch everything within their reach; they examine every article, unable to decide, then finally buy something entirely superfluous. Or else,—a common variant,—they run from store to store to find something they "want"; or perhaps they wander around in search of a store where they may buy at the lowest possible price the article they want. They thus rationalize their craving, not realizing that running around and searching for something is their chief objective.

During the pre-analytic period all such impulsive acts presented a puzzling riddle. Since we have learned to appreciate that many persons of this type run either after their own past or after some unattainable ideal, and having learned how to ferret out the motives which lurk beyond the realm of consciousness, these cases have lost their character of unmotivated puzzles.

The normal person exhibits similar states. There is no morbid condition which does not arise out of the normal and which does not have its prototype in the normal state. Everybody knows through personal experience that inner unrest which leads to wandering; every one is familiar with the feverish unrest which leads more or less suddenly to the decision of taking a journey. It is interesting also to note how much a person changes during a journey. In a little essay, *Why We Travel,*[2] I have expressed this as follows: "Every journey is a journey into the realm of youth and into the unknown."

Through the biographies of writers we are acquainted with the sudden decision to make a change, to undertake a journey, which may bring on a renewal of adolescence. I need refer only to Goethe's first Italian journey. He came to the decision with the suddenness of an overwhelming impulse. Thomas Mann, in his majestic story, *Death in Venice,* describes how a cryptic homosexual longing impels a journey which leads to a remarkable experience. Lenau's journey to America, Tolstoy's last flight and Hauptmann's drama, *Gabriel Schilling's Flight,* may also be mentioned.

The wish to run away from self may become transposed

into dromomania. But in such a case we fly to a second self, which is the infantile, or else we run away from that infantile self to another, which represents our integrating, adult selfhood. Many a person has found himself only after a journey.

Analytic experience shows that morbid dromomania arises when the self is split and the conscious personality unable to meet the demands of the instinct-self. He who cannot rest in one place harbors in his breast a craving for some form of gratification which he is unable to find in his respective locality or situation. Or else such a person cannot adjust himself to the requirements of the society in which he finds himself, he is an emotional anarchist, bent on expressing his primordial reactions. The most pronounced split is found in certain paralogies, especially in schizophrenia. Therefore among the paralogiacs we find the clearest instances of dromomania. Wilmanns, in his masterly study, *The Psychopathology of the Tramp*,[8] has examined clinically 52 tramps who have come repeatedly into conflict with the law and he has found symptoms of dementia præcox in every one. The first group comprises 14 cases ending in high-grade stupor with catatonic symptoms; the second, 25 cases which ended in various other serious mental disorders; and the third group of 12 showed lighter mental defects at the terminal stage. I quote one illustration from his wealth of clinical data:

Case 4. A vagabond, 46 years of age, J. M., who ran away from his parents at the age of 19. At the age of 20 he stole from his father, who entered a complaint, was jailed and sentenced to the work house. After that he committed theft after theft. He wandered into France and Algiers and was interned at various institutions for the insane. He shows distinct traces of identification with the Christ (*Jésus Christ c'est moi*); he is Mohammed; he comes from one of the noblest families (his mother is from Anjou). After a period of stupor (with intermittent catatonic agitation) complete recovery.

We shall gain a better insight into these cases after studying similar parapathies. I quote the case here merely to show

that the dromomania is a paralogic symptom of greatest importance. Deserters have often been treated unfairly during the war. Very many of them were mentally deranged, as a number of clinical investigations have shown.

The parapathies show also a pronounced dromomania by way of impulse. This impulse arises suddenly and may lead to the most remarkable clinical manifestations such as have been described as dromomania, poriomania and fugues (temporary "absences").

Janet, who has paid close attention to dromomania, distinguishes three important forms: 1. Dromomania during the epileptic attacks with subsequent amnesia; 2. dromomania of hystericals, also followed by amnesia, and 3. the dromomania of psychasthenics, without impairment of the consciousness.[4]

Concerning epilepsy as a morbid impulse and the significance of the change of the criminal impulse into an "attack," or epileptic "seizure," I have already made some significant observations in the first volume of the Series.[5] I shall treat this subject more fully in Vol. X. For the present we shall pay attention chiefly to the dromomania of parapathiacs. The two forms: 1. dromomania with preservation of the consciousness and full awareness of the occurrences during the episode of wandering; 2. dromomania during the hypnoidal states (sleep, dream, drowsiness, emotional sprees, etc.), as we shall see, are often fused together.

I find that Janet has overlooked two important facts. There is a flight away from home as well as a flight back. Lastly, the two trends may be combined. One may flee from the home and at the same time seek it in symbolic form. Therefore we must distinguish:

1. A centrifugal dromomania (wanderlust), which I call "fugue," or "flight from home" (running away from one's parents, marriage, country or from one's past life).

2. A centripetal dromomania (wanderlust), the dromomania proper, or "flight back home" (nostalgia, longing for the parents, running away from marriage, desertion, flight back to one's own past life).

3. A circular wanderlust, or "poriomania," which apparently impels the victim to leave home, though what he really

seeks in symbolic form by his wanderings is the land of his youth, *i.e.*, he longs for home.

The third form is the most difficult to understand and becomes perfectly clear only after analysis and in the light of our understanding of psycho-sexual infantilism. The wanderers seek the paradise of childhood. Their wanderings are carried on mostly in dreamy states. But this behaviour yields the first insight into the psychology of the other types of wanderlust. All these subjects run after an infantile experience. They seek an impossible ideal: their own rebirth and the return of their former life.

I begin therefore with an account of the last type, illustrating an urge which I call "persevering impulse." This persevering impulse may be best illustrated by the following highly interesting account of a case which we owe to Ferdinand Morel:[6]

Case 5. A 44-year-old American, married since his 24th year, father of a boy, financially in comfortable circumstances, abandons his family and his position, travels by train through the length of the Continent to the Coast, wanders afoot through a great part of Europe and is arrested in Geneva as a tramp. He himself indicates the objective of his wandering: he seeks paradise, a garden of eternal spring, where man is immortal, where every man has a wife whom he truly loves, without begetting children. He goes about barefoot, often throws off his clothes to get close to the earth and to be bathed by the sun. He says that his mother bestowed more love and attention on him than was necessary. (Both parents are living.) His sexuality is at present markedly inhibited. He loved his wife as a sister; he had intercourse with her at first, but afterwards sexual acts only repelled and disgusted him. At 30 years of age he turned his affection to a six-year-old orphan, whom he loved as a little sister. The child died at 12. He lost in her his best friend.

He now hates work, like all men who are swayed by their daydreams. God said to Adam: "Work is evil." He began his wanderings after the death of his little friend. Gradually he became intraverted and developed signs of a Christ neurosis. He became abstinent; voices called to him: "You are Christ!" Five years ago a voice warned him: "Get ready and come!"

In his wanderings he drifts continually towards the east, to

get home, *i.e.*, to paradise. America is the land of wild beasts. "The earth is like a fish: one side of it is turned to the sun, that is the side fit for human habitation. The other side, fit for the beasts, is in darkness." America belongs to the side which is in darkness. The paradise lies somewhere in Europe. He came by boat to Spain, then he tramped afoot through France and Switzerland. He has wandered for the past two years, without any means, restlessly pursuing his aim. Neither the war nor the lack of credentials, neither the watchmen at the frontiers nor the police could stop him. Morel observes very properly: "This long wandering from one hemisphere to the other represents the passing from extraversion to intraversion. He abandons the real world to seek an imaginary world which dwells in his breast." He tramps not only during the daytime. He wanders also in his dreams—more rapidly, without any hindrance or encumbrance. The moment he wakes up his feet are in motion. He feels he can reach his wishes with his feet rather than with his head—best of all, naked. "Like a balloon without ballast reaching the heights, I throw away my clothes, to get ahead faster and be bound by nothing in the world." He pursues his dreams. But in paradise he will find peace. There his dream will be fulfilled. He surmises vaguely the great disappointment at the end of his journey. "In paradise every one will find his own paradise, you yours, I mine." "Even in paradise I shall keep going towards the east: one must always go forwards, never backwards. Forwards is always more satisfying." At 65 years of age, after having traversed 10,000 kilometers, he will attain his aim. He does not wander alone. He is not old. In his fantasy he is but 20 years of age and his little sister accompanies him. In paradise he will be drawn first to Venus, then nearer and nearer to the sun, his real objective; and he will never return to earth.

Here we have a splendid illustration showing how impulsive restlessness leads to a lifetime of wandering. Does this man go onwards? Not at all. The remarkable feature of this case is that the man goes backwards; he seeks to get back to the paradise of his childhood, back to his mother (Venus), and into her body (paradise), perhaps back into his father's body (the sun). He apparently proceeds onwards in his wanderings, but as a matter of fact he runs back after his past childhood life. He longs to get back

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to his childhood paradise. He wants to start a new life. He abandons the "new world," to go back to the "old world." He drifts towards the orient, in the direction of the sunrise, the cradle of life. *Ex oriente lux.*

He abandons his parents and his family and drifts across half of Europe in search of paradise. Like the maniac, he is dominated by a fixed impulse;[7] his mental state is a continuous emotional daze from which there is perhaps no awakening.

Medical literature records many cases showing that persons in this state drift or take long journeys, awakening in some distant place. I have not had such cases under my personal observation, but the books of mystics and spiritists, who assume the existence of a second self, are filled with the records of them. Our daily newspapers are keen to exploit such sensational occurrences as news when they are current. Here is a case which I have clipped from an English newspaper.

Case 6. A young man clad in rags is brought before the Court at St. Paul, Minnesota, for vagrancy. He is unable to tell anything about himself. He seems dazed and gives monosyllabic, indefinite answers to the questions he is asked.

No proof could be adduced that he had committed any offence or that he had begged for alms. His sole offence was that he was penniless and a stranger in the locality.

The judge discharged him. An officer touched him on the arm. The prisoner turned around and shuffled to the door leading into the hall.

At that moment the door opened and Mr. O. R. D., a wealthy Montana farmer, entered the Court room. He had just come to pay the fine imposed upon one of his cattle drivers who on reaching the City with a load of cattle started to paint the place red and had run into conflict with the law.

Mr. D. bumped into the ex-prisoner, nearly knocking him down by the impact. Suddenly he broke off his excuses and embraced the man:

"Frank!" he shouted, "where have you been?"

The ragged stranger was completely dazed. But when his brother embraced him so warmly, his demeanor changed.

"I haven't the least notion, Oliver," he answered.

The judge now found out that the tramp, whose real name

was F. D., belonged to a prominent Boston family. He returned from the war a sufferer from shell shock and disappeared suddenly from his home four years ago. Since then he has wandered through the country, a victim of amnesia. He did not know who he was nor whence he came. His parents and his brother had spent hundreds of dollars seaching for him without discovering a clue.

A. Maeder [8] records an interesting paralogiac flight (centrifugal type), as follows:

Case 7. "Martha, a young girl, runs away from home, under the impulsion of a terrible dread; she has the insane notion that her father intends to kill her. She had been restless and uneasy for some time; could not endure the home life; felt lonely, in sharp contrast to her environment. The persecution idea arose in her mind quite suddenly, though her father had not done anything to warrant the suspicion. The conscious situation was as follows: Martha was interested in a young man with whom she maintained an inspiring friendship. There was no conscious erotic attraction. Martha went out of town on a visit for a short time, just before her illness, and she wrote to the young man inviting him to accompany her to a concert in that other City. Her letter remained unanswered. Martha became uneasy, fearing that she had perhaps been a little too forward with the young man. She returned home. Then, quite suddenly, the thought occurred to her that her father must have spoken to the young man and asked him to keep away from her. The restlessness increased, everything apparently centering around her father. Suddenly there comes to her, first in dreams, then in the waking state, the thought that her father is trying to poison her (she was watching in the kitchen to catch her father and prevent him from carrying out the plan). She became so panicky that she ran away. She ran to relatives who brought her to me for treatment.

The conflict arose during the rise of her love emotion. In her attitude towards the young man she was aware merely of friendship,—it was a platonic relationship. After she grew so bold as to invite him to a concert (a light bid for personal favour) and received no answer, she became aware also of

her erotic longing; she was then very much ashamed of what she had done, reacted with intense pride, and denied herself the whole relationship. This new attitude severed her conscious relations with the man,—the only relationship of the kind in her life; her consciousness thus became a void. The consequence of this was an automatic flaring up of the contents of the unconscious. Her notion that her father must have forbidden the young man to see her was pure invention. The hidden meaning of this thought was that her relation to the young man was dangerous on account of her father complex, or expressing it more simply, it endangered her inner father-imago; we shall see presently what this means.

Martha describes her father as a brutal tyrant and a cynic who wallows in the grossest materialism. She herself is an awakened, idealistic girl keenly interested in social, artistic and religious questions, but rather indifferent to sensual or worldly matters. In spite of her ambition to do something useful in a higher sense she has been thus far unable to find her mission in life and though she has tried repeatedly she has accomplished nothing. She cannot do it. It seems she is lacking something to be successful. She actually lives in a divided world, affirming only the nobler, ideal side of life, while holding aloof from the world of reality. The slight erotic adumbration of her friendship was enough to induce her to give up that relationship and to repress from consciousness everything that pertained to it. The father is to her the representative, the symbol, of the darker, hateful side of life, specifically the symbol of her own thwarted instincts, repressed sensuality and denied inner forces. She is in a terrible conflict over the contrast. Her father's supposed sudden interference in her affairs generated the first spark between the two potentially charged poles of her being. The reactivated unconscious awakened, impinging upon and threatening the supremacy of her former one-sided conscious attitude. The tension became so severe that it expressed itself symbolically through the notion of being pursued by the father with murderous intent. My immediate therapeutic endeavours ours were directed at once to disclose to Martha, by means of psychoanalysis, the symbolic rôle of her father, *i.e.*, to in-

terest her in the operations of her own unconscious, in order to help her acquire a new attitude towards her thwarted and repressed self. Through laborious efforts she was able to face the fact that that which she was fighting against so desperately, as shown by her attitude towards her father and others, was also present within herself and she learned to regard her problem as a problem pertaining to her own inner self. With the accomplishment of this task her idea of persecution vanished, and reality became the genuine focusing point; expressed *in concerto,* her father again appeared to her as what he really was, a man with his strong and his weak sides, a man of flesh and blood as we all are.

Maeder, in a footnote, admits the fragmentary character of his findings and indicates that the father played a larger rôle. I believe he ought not to have left out of consideration the sexual significance of the father complex. For the alleged jealousy of the father becomes meaningful only under the premise of love on his part. The success of the treatment does not prove that the conception was correct. The girl succeeded in the attempt of freeing herself from all her dammed-up affects. "She went through severe agitations, during which harshness, cruelty, desire for mastery, sensuality, hatred and glowing jealousy struggled for supremacy," states Maeder. She became acquainted with the sub-cellar of her idealistic soul. Her energies were tamed and directed into their proper channel.

Any one who is at all familiar with the foundations of psychoanalysis here recognizes at once the rôle of the Electra complex and understands why the girl had to flee her paternal home. That flight, like all centrifugal "fugues," was a running away from self.

These impulsive acts have been little studied in the past and thus far they had not been traced to their roots. The Maeder case stands out as an attempt at analysis. I do not believe that motives are ever single. Further analyses will show us how complicatedly every impulsive act is motivated, how the motives multiply and interlace like a complicated game of forces, until, at last, the resultant expresses itself in an action.[9]

The medico-psychoanalytic literature is relatively scant, containing no extensive observations.

Impulsive acts carried on during sleep are far better known. Krafft-Ebing, in his *Legal Psychopathology,* records a large number of cases of this type, mostly old ones. But there are also many well-authenticated cases of more recent date which prove that inhibitions may be overcome during sleep, so as to leave the path free for the commission of criminal acts, the dream pictures furnishing the necessary illusion for the carrying out of the crime. Since our familiarity with the suppressed dream inciters, this is not surprising. Freud has disclosed the suppressed sexual, and I the suppressed criminal, inciters. At any rate we note that criminal deeds are relatively rare when we take into consideration the frequency of criminal dreams. It is the function of the dream to prevent such crimes by representing them vicariously in the dream visions. The impulse must be extraordinarily powerful to lead to action during the dream state. In such cases we may actually speak of a sleep narcosis (*Schlaftrunkenheit*),—a sort of profound sleep.

Case 8. A woman dreamed that her children were shouting that the house was on fire and in her dazed sleepy state she threw her baby out of the window so as to save it from the flames. A constable, hearing her outcries: "Save my children!" rushed into the bedroom where he found her in her nightgown dazed with sleep. Everything in the room was in disorder. Two of the little children were cowering and trembling in a corner. The woman was wailing: "Where is my baby? I must have thrown him out of the window!"

Any one familiar with the inimical feeling-attitude of mothers towards their children [10] would know that the dream gave this woman the opportunity to get rid of her troublesome baby. The impulse to kill the child was too weak to break through during the daytime. But it clung slyly to her brain, expressing itself, at last, in that unfortunate act. Experienced interpreters may find a deeper motivation for her conduct.

In a similar case a woman dreamed that she was pursued by a mad dog and she tried to drive him off by throwing

stones. Scared out of her sleep by this terrible dream, in her daze she picked up the baby girl lying asleep at her side and with all her might hurled it against the wall, believing she was hurling a rock at the dog. Here, too, we must assume an unconscious hatred against the child. The impulse takes advantage of the stuporous state of sleep to stage a criminal deed which is thus turned into a misfortune for which punishment, of course, is out of the question. Even more tragic is the next case:

Case 9. B., a proprietor, young, plethoric, excitable, inclined to blood rushes, always had very vivid dreams and was considered by his family inclined to be very drowsy. As he lived alone and was justifiedly afraid of robbers, he always kept arms and a sword at his bedside. One morning his brother called to take him to a hunt. B., still in a stupor from sleepiness, jumped with drawn sword at his brother, who seized him and called him by name in time for the man to come to himself. Some time thereafter his father called under similar circumstances and the sleep-drunk son shot him to death.

This case is also plain to the psychoanalyst who understands the bipolar attitude of the son towards both, the father and the brother. A whole family may be annihilated during sleep. Several years ago I read in the *Muenchener Medizinische Zeitschrift* of a man who killed his wife and four children during the stupor of sleep. Unfortunately I have not preserved the reference.[11] The following is an older observation.

Case 10. Sleep disease. Killing of wife. B. Sch., 32 years of age, laborer, lived with his wife and two children, 7 and 8 years of age, in an open shed. Buoyed by the prospect of securing a position as gardener, Sch. and his family enjoyed their evening meal on June 30. At 8 o'clock the family retired. Towards midnight Sch. awoke suddenly from his deep slumber. He perceived a mysterious shape advancing towards him. Amazed, he cried out: "Who is there?" The terrible figure gave no reply! He thought it was sliding closer to reach out for him. Beside himself with fear he lifted the ax that was lying near him and struck at the phantastic figure with all his might. At the very first stroke he heard an outcry. The terrible thought

came to him that he must have hit his wife. At once he kneeled down and raising the fallen woman's head he saw a terrible, deep cut from which the blood was pouring. He shouted in terror: "Susan, come to!" Calling to his daughter he asked whether the mother was lying with her in bed. Then he called the grandmother and told her what had happened. He was horrified and dazed. He ran to a neighbouring village, spent the rest of the night in a hay loft and in the morning came down desolate, pale, trembling, and asked to be taken to the authorities. Sch. was terribly shaken up. His marriage was happy, his reputation good. He had never had any serious illness. Nor was he ever troubled by bad dreams. So far as he knows he had no dream on that fateful night. A few days before, Sch. had some legal trouble with the father-in-law and with the Court but it had been settled. Of course, he was considered quick-tempered. Obviously he had mistaken his wife for a ghastly figure.

Such cases are not exceptional; they show that, in spite of all the moral inhibitions, the hidden impulse, even though it be ever so far removed from the field of consciousness, may, after all, break through.

Sexual impulses are expressed in dreams even more frequently than the criminal tendencies. Professional experience during the last few years has repeatedly shown me how completely persons may abandon themselves to their sexual propensities during sleep and dreams. I have gathered a mass of observations showing that mothers play with the genitalia of their children with whom they share the bed without having next morning any suspicion of what they had done during the night. I know also of fathers who have done likewise with their daughters and with their sons during sleep. Occasionally the objectives are sought during the sleep state. We are then justified to speak of somnambulism. The question whether incestuous deeds may be carried out during the somnambulic state must be answered in the affirmative. An interesting case will be reported later in this work. It is often very difficult to decide whether the somnambulic state was real or feigned, since "drunk with sleep" suggests itself as a ready excuse. Often only one of the persons concerned was in a

somnambulic state; the other either knows it and permits the intimacy or does not even know that the partner is carrying out his part of the adventure while asleep.

This brings us to the interesting theme,—sleep walking, which has always appealed to the imagination of mankind.

How strangely my imagination was stirred during childhood when I heard about "moon struck" persons who leave their beds and without fear climb adroitly upon roofs, no matter how high. I imagined that the moon must exert some particular influence which attracts not only objects but human beings as well, drawing them to itself. Therefore the soft shine of the full moon inspired me with a weird sense of the supernatural. It was a long time before personal observation of sleep walkers, or moon wanderers, taught me that the peculiar phenomenon of sleep walking at night had nothing to do with the moon. The full moon facilitates orientation at night; the sleep walker sees better and is more readily seen in turn. Although sleep walkers are but dreamers with their eyes open, they require light in order to follow the paths which bring them nearer to the objectives unknown to their consciousness.

This statement explains the whole riddle of sleep walking. The subjects are persons fighting with temptations repellent to the consciousness. In the daytime their various moral and religious inhibitions are effective. During sleep some of these inhibitions are removed and then the unconscious prompts them to commit some deed which, at last, becomes expressed in some form of motor activity. I have treated a man who every night approached a relative's bed while asleep and had to be led back. In the morning he knew nothing about it. I found out that, because he was impatiently awaiting his share of the inheritance, he wanted to kill his aunt. During the daytime he was a most considerate and solicitous nephew. But at night his dark, murderous thoughts found an opportunity of impelling him to carry out a sort of symptomatic act. In his sleep walking he always approached her bed; there he stopped, carrying out a sawing motion in the air, a motion which obviously represented the act of striking her with a dagger.

I have dwelt so extensively on the criminal impulses breaking out in dreams and during dream states because the Freudian school always dwells only on the sexual, neglecting the criminal impulses. But many illustrations could be given to show the close relationship between crime and noctambulism. Shakespeare, in his Lady Macbeth, has furnished us a masterly illustration, to which I shall refer again later. It shows us the power of the conscience. Various somnambulic states exhibit merely the repetitive urge of some impulse, other somnambulic states enact symbolically some specific deed. Persons wake up at night, go to the faucet and drink a glass of water. That certainly seems harmless. But if it happens every night, with the accompaniment of a corresponding dream, and the dreamers do not know next day what they have done, we have before us a symbolic substitutive act. We are acquainted with the parapathiac ascete, the type of person who must eat at night, because with such persons eating becomes a substitute for sexual indulgence. I know a girl who wanders to the dining-room in a somnambulic state at night and eats all kinds of food. Next day she does not remember a thing about it.

We may understand the somnambulic states only if we appreciate the fact that in most cases they represent partially repressed and symbolically expressed impulses. Many dreamers tear their bedclothes, grind their teeth, get up and break a window, or throw to the floor any articles that happen to be standing around. Through the interpretation of dreams it is always possible to prove that in such cases these actions represent symbolically expressed impulses.

That is the difference which I have repeatedly emphasized herein between the primordial man and the man of culture.[12] During sleep there awakens within us the primordial self, capable of overcoming the inhibitions of training more easily than the cultured self itself does during the waking state. The criminal trends in particular form the background for sleep walking.

Case 11. Krafft-Ebing reports the following interesting case: A monk, of a gloomy temperament, was known to be a sleep

walker. One night while his prior sat at the writing desk, absorbed in thought, the sleep-walking monk glided into the room, with his eyes wide open, clutching a knife in his hand. He noticed neither the prior seated at the table nor the burning candle; stepping slowly up to the cot he stuck his knife three times into the bedclothes and then walked back to his cell, satisfied. Next morning he confessed to the astonished prior, that he dreamed the prior had killed his mother and that her blood-stained shadow appeared to him demanding revenge. He bestirred himself and knifed the prior in his dream. Shortly thereafter, he woke up, found himself lying in his cot, bathed in perspiration, and thanked God that it was only a horrible dream. The monk was astounded when the prior told him what had happened.

This case, too, is worthy of analysis. The prior, like every person in authority, represents the father. His mother urges him to kill the father. We have here a gruesome ballad theme, resembling the famous Edward ballad, in Herder's *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern,* set to music so beautifully by Lœwe. However, we must avoid in psychoanalysis one-sidedness and stifling formulæ. We should therefore abstain from introjecting our interpretation into occurrences. With a little ingenuity and pettifogging anything may be interpreted according to a given formula. Thus Sadger, in his book on *Moon and Sleep Walking,*[13] comes to the conclusion that Lady Macbeth wandered to her father's bed with the lit candle (naturally a phallic symbol). And the proof? Shakespeare himself has furnished the proof. Lady Macbeth utters the following betraying words, while listening, as her husband carries out the murder:

Had he not resembled my father, while he slept, I had done't myself . . .

Further proofs must be looked up in Sadger's study. For my part I see in Lady Macbeth's sleep walking nothing more than the promptings of a troubled conscience.

Let us now turn our attention to the impulse to go over and over the same ground, or repeat a specific act,—the

repetitive tendency,—which Freud very properly has described as an attempt at repeating a past occurrence so as to carry it out differently (*i.e.*, better). But the urge for repetition frequently stands for the desire to undo the past by annulling something which has happened. Often the repetition is gone through, *i.e.*, an act is repeated over and over, as a retribution, as a conscience punishment and stands for a persevering memento. Ahasuerus must wander, wander forever, because he denied rest to the Son of God. The meaning of this legend is that the wandering impulse arises when the Lord's commandments are broken. Therefore the holy pilgrims wander sometimes aimlessly, and sometimes on a pilgrimage to the Pope or to the Holy Sepulchre. These long pilgrimages are undertaken as a penance. The restlessness of the heart expresses itself under the form of incessant activity.

Sleep walking, therefore, represents merely the restlessness due to the pressure of some impulse. Sadger [14] arrives at very precise conclusions, based on several extensive analyses and on various quotations from literature. His conclusions are as follows:

1. Sleep-walking, with or without the influence of the moon, represents a motorial outbreak of the unconscious and, like the dream, it serves to fulfill secret, unbidden wishes, apparently pertaining to the present, but in reality harking back to the infantile life. In all cases more or less analyzed these wishes prove to be of sexual-erotic nature.

2. The non-veiled wishes are also mostly of the same character. The sleep walker's chief usual wish (either sex) is to crawl into the beloved person's bed as in childhood—a fact known to poetry and folklore. But the love objective need not necessarily be current; it may belong to early childhood.

3. Not infrequently sleep-walking brings about identification with the beloved person; occasionally that person's underwear or clothing is put on, or the love objective's demeanor is imitated.

4. Sleep-walking may also have an infantile prototype; the children sometimes go to sleep so as to be able to carry out various forbidden acts, specifically of a sexual nature,

without the danger of incurring punishment, inasmuch as they cannot be held responsible for anything they do "unconsciously, in sleep." The same motive—avoidance of responsibility—governs also the adult sleep walker who wants to gratify his sexual cravings without incurring responsibility. This psychic motivation holds true also of the noctambulism carried out in the midst of deep sleep, even though physical factors may furnish the precipitating cause.

5. The interference with sleep and rest through the motorial outbreak in sleep-walking or somnambulism is due to the fact that all sleep walkers manifest an increased muscular irritability and muscle eroticism. . . . Consequently these manifestations are particularly common in the offspring of habitual drinkers, epileptics, sadists and hysterical persons with pronounced motorial disturbances.

6. Sleep-walking, or somnambulism, in itself is symptomatic neither of hysteria nor of epilepsy. But such manifestations are frequently combined with the former condition.

The influence of the moon in lunacy is very little known, especially with regard to its psychical overdetermination. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the starlight reminds one of the candle held in hand by the beloved person in the nursery at bedtime. . . .

8. It seems possible permanently to cure sleep-walking and noctambulism by means of Freud's psychoanalytic method.

Every one of these conclusions contains some truth, except the statements relative to the moon.

Sadger regards the influence of the light as a relic from the period when the adored adult person (usually the mother) approached by candlelight the child's bed. His "moon hypothesis" is not without a comical element. A patient (woman) relates that the moon has always appealed strongly to her imagination. She expected to see human beings in the moon. She felt also that she was a different being and unlike others. This information does not satisfy Sadger; he proceeds to a sexual-symbolic interpretation.

Sadger also quotes numerous passages from literature, trying to prove that sleep walking is always due to repressed

incestuous wishes. This explanation, which is extremely one-sided, may be easily disproven.[15]

I shall not deny that incestuous wishes also play a significant rôle in sleep walking. Any forbidden craving may induce sleep walking. Thus I knew a grown-up man who wandered in his sleep and stopped at his mother's bed; also a brother whose sleep walking carried him always to one person: his sister. A woman patient told me that night after night her fifteen-year-old sister tucked the pillow under her arm and wandered to her brother's room. At the door she turned around and went back to her own room. Homosexual cravings, entirely unknown in consciousness, are even more often expressed through sleep walking. I have had under treatment a soldier who wandered in his sleep every night until he stopped at his comrade's bed. When I asked him for the reason of his sleep walking, he answered, during hypnosis: "Because I like it and because I love my comrade!" After I woke him from his hypnosis he could not answer the question. He said: "I do not know!" Asked whether he was particularly fond of his comrade, all he could say, in the waking state, was: "No! I dislike him. It is only a coincidence that I stopped at his bedside."

Case 12. A similar transposition of unconscious love into conscious dislike is shown by the next case of sleep walking which came under my personal observation. A young forester was found repeatedly standing in his nightgown at the gate of the tenant's house, after all the family had retired for the night. The hounds knew him well and did not get alarmed. But when he carried out his sleep walking and stood for a long time in front of that house one night in spite of a heavy rain he caught a serious bronchial cold. I proved later that his strong affection for the tenant's daughter was what had driven him to sleep walking. In the daytime he did not seem to be concerned about the girl at all. He avoided her and to friends he said: "I dislike her, she is too proud and stubborn, her limbs are too heavy; I do not understand how any man could like her!" He said these things to himself, because he was too proud to try to win the girl. But at night his desire for the beloved was kindled and it impelled him to risk those nocturnal wanderings which

came near to costing him his life. The affair ended in his marrying the girl and the trouble was over.

The riddle of sleep walking may therefore be readily interpreted in this sense. It amounts to a "symbolic wandering" induced by an unknown motive. The subjects are among those who have been disillusioned in life, persons in whose breast there throbs incessantly the motor of dissatisfaction, longing, desire, the craving for revenge or the feeling of pride. At night, some lever which holds the motor in check during the daytime, turns loose. The motor begins to throb, the wheels begin to revolve and the man-machine wanders up to dizzy heights, or down into abysmal depths, without the knowledge of the machinist's consciousness.

And the lovely moon? Does it exert a magical influence traceable by chemical or physical means? Of course, the moon, as the most lovely representative of the star-bedecked firmament, fascinates us. Who would not soar above all the earthly burdens, leave this old world behind to take refuge in a happier realm? During the dream state there awakens within us also a longing for the majestic heights, the abode of all the good spirits, a craving for the apex of felicity, for the divine state. The dreamer is thus impelled to reach on and on, higher and higher, farther and farther away from the ordinary paths of mankind. He then loses all fear of the abysmal depths. His vision contemplates only the majestic heights. He knows no dangers, no falling, no earthly weight binds him down, no fear, no inhibition holds him back. What is there to keep him from reaching the moon? Only the space between, a very short space, and he has already traversed the first lap thereof. For the dream knows no distance which cannot be covered, no depths which cannot be spanned. The sleeper's mind reaches towards the divine and down into the animal realm; it carries him past all earthly bounds into the enchanted region of his wish world. The dreamer's wish is what stirs his limbs and opens his blind eyes. In certain cases Sadger's "anal" interpretation may prove relevant. But I have been unable to corroborate it in my psychoanalytic work. The problem should not be treated one-sidedly.

The psychology of sleep walking may be very transparent. When children wander to their parents' bed, when the sexual aim is plainly obvious, the mere knowledge of the facts in the case is enough to enable us to trace the respective impulses back to their sources. In most instances we then find that during the daytime the sleep walkers are unaware of the motives which incite them at night. Indeed, as the case last quoted shows, the subject may be aware only of dislike or repulsion, emotional states which we analysts recognize as negatively toned sexual feelings.[16]

It is very important for the analyst to know that the most serious traumas may occur in dreams, without leaving any memory trace during the daytime. Mothers are often unaware of having played with their children's genitalia. The facts come to light incidentally, as when one of the participants happens to feign sleep. It often happens that both participants are malingering so as to cover up these unpleasant episodes and during the daytime they never refer to what is going on at night. These "nocturnal doings" during somnambulic states, or under feigned somnambulism, occur much more frequently than physicians are aware. Such episodes are particularly common among brothers and sisters. Consciously the brothers and sisters may be on unfriendly terms, perhaps over-critical of one another; yet at night they get together without ever mentioning their relationship in conversation between themselves. It is often difficult to determine to what extent this is done in the somnambulic state or whether it is a deliberate game.

The following remarkable case of impotence was easily cleared up, after the particulars of a sexual intercourse during sleep were uncovered:

Case 13. Mr. H. L., an attorney, 34 years of age, suffers for the past half year from a rare form of impotence. He has been married 3 years, and at first was able to carry out sexual intercourse without any difficulty. At the beginning of their marital relations his wife was completely anesthetic, so that during sexual intercourse she remained passive. She became pregnant and bore one child. After the birth of the child her attitude changed.

She became passionate and began to carry out the well-known reflex motions during intercourse. Thereupon his erections ceased and he was unable to bring the sexual act to a conclusion. The same experience repeated itself a number of times. Each time his erection subsided promptly. He requested his wife to remain quiet, but this she could not do. At last he gave up all attempts because they ended in failure. He came to me for treatment. After a four-week analysis, a surprising fact was brought out which he had theretofore kept from disclosing to me. Between the 16th and 18th year he wandered nearly every night to his sister's bed. Each time he resolved not to repeat this, but unexpectedly found himself again in his sister's bed. That is also the way it happened the first time. He had been drinking, and without becoming intoxicated, returned home, went to sleep, and when he woke up he was in his sister's bed. She, apparently, was fast asleep. Unable to resist the temptation, he carried out intercourse with the sleeping sister. This happened a number of times. If she stirred, he kept very quiet, interrupting his attempt at intercourse, or left her bed, because he did not want her to wake up and become cognizant of his crime.

This experience left him with the feeling-attitude which enabled him to indulge in intercourse only with sleeping persons or with persons who were so quiet during the act as to suggest being asleep. In his fantasy it was always his sister with whom he was having intercourse. Hence the strange form of his relative impotence. While having intercourse with his wife he thought of his sister. When his wife stirred, it seemed as if the sister was waking up.

Complete recovery,—after disclosure of the determinants.

Whether the sister was asleep or merely pretending sleep I was unable to ascertain. Often sleep and noctambulism are simulated so as to enable one to indulge in acts on the gratification-without-responsibility principle. That such incidents may be covered up by a complete amnesia is a fact proven by the next case, which brings out many other points of great interest from a psychological standpoint.

This case discloses also various other impulsive acts fixated by the patient and described by her with great psychologic adroitness and with wonderful discernment. Medical litera-

ture seldom discloses so exhaustive an account of an unknown impulse and of its various metamorphoses.

Case 14. Mrs. Bertha H., 28 years of age, comes for treatment on account of depressions and a strange sleep disturbance. She always wakes up at 3 o'clock in the morning to go to the toilet. Her husband observed that she did this in a somnambulic state. She often goes out without the need of doing anything, and, opening the door, which is always kept closed, usually leaves the door open. Next morning she does not have any recollection of having been out of doors and is surprised to find the outhouse door open. Since her display of this noctambulism, the woman, formerly passionate, shows herself almost completely anesthetic during sexual intercourse. She almost attains sexual acme, then her thoughts turn compulsively to various other men, though she fights off these thoughts, trying to keep the images out of her mind. This struggle naturally turns her against the consummation of the sexual act. Her husband is not to be deceived by it, inasmuch as this very passionate woman had previously copulated with very vigorous motions of the vaginal muscles, which have now more or less subsided. Moreover she is depressed. She harbors thoughts of suicide and a guilty conscience, for which she herself is unable to trace the reason. The trouble started after her husband's six months' absence from home, so that the latter began to suspect a breach of marital faithfulness and harassed her very much. He also confessed to me that on the wedding night he discovered that his wife was not *virgo intacta*. He did not reproach her at the time, for he loved her very much, and he reflected: "What do you care about the past so long as she is now faithful to you! You yourself have not entered this marriage a chaste Joseph." But afterwards he did begin to talk about her past, and wanted to know all about her previous experiences, though he gave her to understand that he would forgive everything. Being very open-hearted she had never kept any secrets from him. She swore that she had no secrets to keep from him. She told him about her compulsive thoughts. Her mind always dwelt on men with whom she had danced or who had courted her in former times. An occasional kiss was the worst she could acknowledge. Nor was she able to give any reason for the change in her attitude. Nothing had changed so far as she was concerned. Indeed, she loved her husband more dearly than ever.

I record below the patient's own words, which gave me a clear account of her condition at the beginning of the analysis.

"Only now, when I am tortured by a continual restlessness, do I know the meaning of peace. Only now do I prize that which heretofore I had taken for granted. It is months since I have known the meaning of rest. I feel all the time a driving force within me, like the whirring of a motor day and night.

"During my husband's absence I was relatively quiet; I did not feel particularly restless. To be sure, I was extremely nervous and impatient. I noticed that I was not able to concentrate on mental work as well as usual. I was sleepy and often had to force myself to carry on my work. I ascribed all that to the paralyzingly hot weather we had at the time. In the first place I thought that the enforced abstinence was responsible for this condition. Sexually I was uncommonly attached to my husband and I missed very badly our customary intercourse. I turned to day dreaming, anticipating in my mind the coming love indulgences and living over again our past love episodes. My conscious fantasies were concerned only with my husband. But gradually other men shifted into my fantasies—a fact which became clear to me only afterwards. I noticed that while walking on the streets I was extremely self-conscious. At the same time I had a lot of walking to do—I was always going on errands to the tailor, etc. Apparently I was devising errands for myself so as to keep from working. I should have preferred to stay at home, for instinctively I felt that while walking the streets I indulged in day-dreaming. Once, to my horror, while engaged with an attorney on professional matters, I had a feeling which reminded me of the sexual acme. First I felt a passing excitation, then, suddenly, a "coming through," though without any pleasurable sensation. Then for the first time I recalled having experienced similar sensations other times while walking on the streets. I never knew whence it came, nor was there any pleasurable sensation associated with it. I should have suspected nothing if a sense of gratifying tension-release had not roused me. For the longest time I thought that a slight vaginal catarrh was responsible for the wetting of my private parts. I could not understand at all why I became suddenly so restless, why I felt an excitation in the vagina, and why that terrible sense of helplessness came over me. I wanted to run fast, then walk along

very slowly or hastily sit down somewhere. Frequently in that state the street car seemed to me a harbor of refuge. I felt that it were better if I did not try to walk.

"Feeling bored, I picked persons on the street and followed them, *i.e.,* I held my eyes on them as long as possible, walking behind them until our ways parted. I thus followed children and women, as well as men. I think I was mostly attracted by the gait of the respective person.

"Shortly before my husband's expected return, I became immeasurably nervous. My loneliness was to end, and our beautiful life together to be resumed at last. Indeed, life was to be more beautiful than ever! My husband had earned a neat sum and finally our home was to be truly our own. Thus far we had not found this possible; in these hard times we had lacked the means to establish a home for ourselves. Sometimes I could hardly believe that our circumstances were actually turning for the better. I was to be comfortable—no longer worry about making ends meet with the allowance from my husband. All stumbling blocks were suddenly out of my way. Money does make one free and independent! Indeed, at first, after I found out from my husband that our material situation had so suddenly improved, my joy was not unmixed with a certain tone of regret. I was almost afraid of our new good fortune. It seemed to me I should hardly enjoy spending money without the least need of saving. To a certain extent having to save was an exciting experience. I hardly cared to be in the position of buying anything I fancied. It seemed as if all my wishes would then be fulfilled and I should have nothing to look forward to with anticipation.

"Heretofore my whole life had been one continuous struggle against obstacles. Now all that was to be at an end.

"I trembled at the thought of not attaining the happy reunion —afraid lest I meet with a fatal accident or acquire some deadly disease.

"I have a younger brother with whom I haven't kept in touch since my marriage. We never got along very well after he behaved rather unhandsomely towards my husband; it happened that he did not like my fiancé and, drawing my own conclusions, I broke with him. After that I felt impelled to think often of him. Especially while my husband was away, I often thought I saw him on the street; of course it was only an error. Only once did I actually catch a glimpse of him from a distance as

he passed by. Thinking of him distressed me because I was angry with him and I did not care to know anything about him. I considered it disloyal to my husband to indulge in these thoughts.

"There were days when I actually felt guilty towards my husband. I was much attached to my mother, but, unfortunately, our relations were rather strained. Mother lives on her modest estate, an hour's distance from Vienna. Father's early death had drawn us very closely together. I was everything to her, especially as I was the only daughter. Although we were much attached to one another, we got on each other's nerves. Why that was so I cannot tell. Although we apparently understood one another so well and we seemed to have but one heart and soul, there were times when her manner of thinking seemed entirely foreign to me. I had to restrain myself and deliberately master my extreme irritability. She 'got on my nerves,' as the popular expression has it.

"Mother always thought me very handsome and extraordinarily attractive. She conceived all sorts of marriage plans for me. It had never occurred to her that I might choose my own husband. Ordinarily I always did only what she wanted me to do. She was never going to part from me under any circumstances. There was a terrible breach when I became engaged to my husband. She did not approve of my step at all. Chiefly, because I was to leave her! Nor did she get along with my husband. In spite of his efforts to please her, she soon found one thing after another about him to criticize. I believe it was sheer jealousy because she could not bear to see me love him so dearly. Our marriage did not improve the situation very much. I spent very little of my time with mother, and I always resented her attitude. After my husband's departure, feeling lonesome, I visited her more often. She was much friendlier with me by far than she had been since my marriage. I felt my old love for her awakening again. The old surroundings made me feel at home. Sometimes the thought occurred to me that perhaps I did hurt mother by my marriage—estranging myself from her. To be sure, I myself was very happy, but I should have liked to think of her as equally happy. I was sorry to see her so old and lonely! Why could I not unite mother and husband in my love, as do many of my women friends? Why should there be any antagonism between the two beloved persons I hold most dear?

"At last my husband came back. The moment of reunion was wonderful—the joy at meeting again indescribable. But within I was strangely restless. I seemed unable to abandon myself full-heartedly to the joy of the occasion. I did not know what to say, what to do—now that I had my husband back, at last. I hardly listened to him while he told about his experiences. Everything made me impatient. I should have preferred to celebrate at once by a bodily reunion. It seemed to me endlessly tiresome to have to wait until night—after having waited for so many months for that. I wanted to condense everything in a few hours—as if fearsome lest some hindrance arise. I felt a vague uneasiness—as if some unseen danger threatened. Our first sexual embrace was a disappointment to me. My excitement was so tremendous that I was unable to attain proper gratification. I was all aflame, inwardly consumed with passion, but I failed to reach the usual sweet and blissful tension release. We were both passionate, ardent; nevertheless I felt a change. I had anticipated too much in my fantasy; I had rehearsed our meeting a hundred times in my fancy and had done it in such a glowing way that reality failed to come up to the fantasy.

"The following day we went to the mountains with the intention of spending a couple of days undisturbed, before my husband again took up his affairs. My husband was loving and tender, quite like my old sweetheart, perhaps more tender, because during the journey he realized how much he loved me. And I? I found myself too indifferent in the face of my happy reunion with him. I missed that tremendous sense of happiness which fills one to overflowing! Happy I was, but I had expected to experience the sensations that my fancy had anticipatively conjured up. I looked for a fulfillment of the exuberance of which I had been dreaming! The days of our exclusive companionship in the mountains failed to fulfill our respective anticipations. At first I was very passionate and craved sexual intercourse all the time. My enjoyment of it varied, being greater at one time, less at another. But it was far from the old exquisitely blissful feeling of giving one's self. I could not melt any more! I hoped the disturbance would prove a passing one and that I should again feel as formerly. The change showed itself in my whole nature. I was no longer able to feel the exuberant joy of a few months ago. Something was wrong with me. I seemed like a bird whose wings had been clipped. I had been formerly so fond

of mountaineering with my husband that I insisted this time, too, that we should form a climbing party. I did not care for the valley. In my longing I turned towards the mountains. But as soon as we started on the excursion my enthusiasm fell and I could not understand why I had been so persistent about it. On reaching the summit I looked in vain for the overpowering sensation which I usually perceived on contemplating nature in her glorious majesty. I have climbed mountains as others go on a pilgrimage. I always expected to find myself on the mountain tops.

"My husband was indescribably loving and tender. We might have enjoyed a most wonderful honeymoon. It worried me immensely to find that I could not be as amorous as I wanted to be towards him. Formerly it was my greatest pleasure to sleep with my husband; and now, although we went to bed together, in the morning I found myself lying on my own bed; at any rate, my head would not rest close to his any more. How majestic it was formerly to be lying on the open fields with him! My head pressed against his breast—and I thought I was in paradise! Now that experience was not the same. No matter which way I turned, something always seemed to oppress me; indeed, even his heartbeat disturbed me!

"I am such an intense admirer of nature; and yet, somehow, I was unable this time to enjoy fully the surrounding natural views.

"My husband commented on my change of disposition, asking me what the matter was; but he did not go any further.

"We returned home. I hoped to get back to the old routine of my customary duties. But my hope proved deceptive. My condition grew steadily worse. Even towards my little baby girl I was wholly changed. I was impatient and harsh with her. Little by little I felt how my attitude towards everybody changed from what it had formerly been.

"There was a marked changed also in our sexual relations. Often I felt no desire for days; in fact avoided every opportunity for indulging in intercourse. Evenings I was usually too sleepy to feel any inclination. During intercourse, to my horror, the names of young men who had kissed me when I was a girl continually crossed my head. I wanted to repel these thoughts but that made matters worse. They persisted as compulsive thoughts. They interfered with my enjoyment; and on account of these compulsive thoughts I dreaded sexual intercourse. My husband

was quick to notice this trouble because he is very sensitive and the least change in me affects him. Formerly his enjoyment of our love episodes had been boundless; now his enjoyment, too, was disturbed on my account. But he was patient with me, hoping to counteract the trouble with his devotion.

"My inner unrest grew day by day. I was unable to attend to any mental work because I could not concentrate my thoughts. I no longer looked at a book because no reading matter could hold my interest. Though I had possessed a splendid memory formerly, I now forgot everything save what pertained strictly to my daily routine.

"I was cheerless; and at a loss to understand why.

"On the street I had to fight very strongly against my fantasies. I could never plainly make out what I was day-dreaming about. I felt as if I were in a trance. At the same time I experienced an endless number of orgasms. I had a vague notion that this interfered with the enjoyment of my sexual intercourse with my husband. I did not care to have orgasms through my fancy weaving. But I did not know how to prevent it. Every time I went out I was in torture. The moment I left the threshold of my house I felt an orgasm coming on. I was afraid to keep going because I felt my excitation increasing with every step. In my despair I wept while I tried to gather my thoughts. Nothing helped—in a short time I had the orgasm. Trying to suppress the orgasm proved torturesome. I grew highly excited, my whole body trembled and a troublesome restlessness seized me. Usually I went out to do shopping, but as soon as I entered a store my inner agitation would drive me out again. The onset of the orgasm, which I tried to avoid, made it impossible for me to remain on one spot for any length of time. Consequently I could neither stand nor sit still. I had to move back and forth all the time. I could hardly tarry long enough to be waited on. In my agitation I reproached the salespeople, if they did not display the article I wanted at once. If I went to a number of stores, running back and forth, I was able to withhold the orgasm for a time; that was as much as I was able to accomplish. But if the orgasm came on in spite of that, it quieted me at once, though it depressed me very much at the same time.

"Matters grew gradually worse; I became sexually roused as soon as I began preparing to go out; indeed, soon matters came to such a pass that I began to feel the sexual excitation

the moment I got up from my seat. Finally, every change of posture induced an excitation within my vagina so that I did not dare get off the chair to walk around in my room. In the morning I was afraid to get up because the moment my foot touched the floor I felt the indication of an orgasm. Thus for me life reduced itself down to a daily torture. I had to keep fighting continuously—too weak to master my passion. That I hated to go out of the house, for this reason, must be obvious. Above all I dreaded walking through the downtown district—I had an unexplainable horror of doing so. Before I succeeded in suppressing the orgasm I went through a terrible ordeal.

"During that time I had continuously the feeling that something in my vagina was pressing to get out. I should have liked to push it out so as to have peace because it was physically troublesome. I had continual bladder pressure; and thought each time that urinating would bring relief, but within a few minutes the unpleasant sensation returned. Often this kept up throughout the day with but short intermissions. I was in a terrible state! Sometimes I felt as if I wanted to urinate all the time—as if I had great quantities of water to get rid of. This happened sometimes while I was in my husband's arms. At such times I felt like running away from him. I had such a guilty feeling towards him! Then, again, I would snuggle up to him, as if for protection. I seemed so pathetically lonesome and abandoned! In my imagination I saw myself on an island, isolated by oceans from him as well as from all other human beings. No one could come to my aid. At such times I felt I was a stranger to my husband—distant from him—because he had no inkling of the tortures through which I went—could have not even conceived them. The state of my feelings may be described, but no one can realize them!

"In addition to all that, I acquired the habit of losing innumerable things. I walked the streets in such a distracted state of mind that either I forgot packages, or dropped them, and continued inattentively on my way. This led to quarrels with my husband because I lost money in that way. As a consequence I am extremely nervous whenever I carry anything with me and I look around all the time to make sure that nothing is missing. I hardly quiet down, after a brief period of no losses, when again I begin to lose things.

"For the present I am a little better, so far as the orgasms

on the street are concerned; but I am never safe; and any day the trouble may start again.

"My marriage, of course, has been much affected by this state of mind. My husband cannot help noticing that I am avoiding him. He can understand this no better than I. Until now our marital relations were supremely happy. The only disharmony was my mother's attitude, which had caused me no end of worry. But now I am longing after my mother. I am afraid she may pass away. She is an elderly woman, suffering from heart trouble. The thought came to my mind, very lightly at first, that perhaps I ought to go to see her. The fact is, I am inexpressibly afraid of having to reproach myself if mother should pass away. I should like to see her happy. But at the same time I am not altogether certain whether I really want to go to mother. My husband, who finally noticed my longing after her, wanted me to stay with mother for a time. He hoped that the change might improve my condition. But this did not come to pass; at the last moment I hesitated to go to her. Indeed, I was so undecided that I could not make up my mind to pack the necessary things for the journey. I myself no longer understand my feelings. For instance, I long for mother, to go to her, I want to have a good talk with her—perhaps she can help me in some way. I arrive at her place, full of expectations. But the moment I set my eyes on her a contrary emotion seizes me. I then see her with my husband's eyes; I do not care to be with her, and want to get back to my own home. I am so restless during my whole visit with her that I am unable to talk about that which most oppresses my heart. At the moment of leaving it is hard for me to part from her. But as soon as the door closes behind me I feel as if a burden were off my shoulders and I hurry home. I am no sooner back when I feel disappointed again—home does not suit me either, after all. I want to go back to her. I suddenly seem to know now how I should speak and what I would say to her. I find that I was not at all cordial with her; I want to take it back. My fantasy paints everything differently. I seem unable to accept the facts of reality. My mother is not at all cordial towards me. But in my fantasy I see her as a tender mother; and I should like to be a small child once more and take refuge in her protective arms. To forget everything, to be free of all conflicts, to bear no responsibilities any further—those are my longings. I picture to myself how charming it were if I could again sleep in my girl bed,

care-free once more, not knowing what it means to dread the dawn of each new day. Sometimes I long to begin life all over and would like to be a baby at the breast. If I see a baby sleeping in its carriage I envy it and would like to be in its place. Then there are days when I dream of being once more a young girl just entering life, full of expectations. I should probably have a more pleasant girlhood than I have had. I envy the young girls for their harmless flirting and preening.

"I am inexpressibly worried over the change in our marital relations. Though my husband loves me most dearly, he has come to the conclusion that, under the circumstances, our marriage relations cannot endure. I cannot make him happy nor can he make me happy. The advisability of a separation has been brought up between us. Until a few months ago I should have considered such an idea unthinkable. But I am unable to adopt any decision. When, tortured by unrest, I see how unhappy my husband is on account of my illness, I feel that we ought to separate so as to avoid a catastrophe. My surmisal at such times is that a separation would restore health. But my feelings drag me hither and thither. For I love my husband dearly, though there are days when my heart seems numb. On such days I am not quite so restless; my state of mind, however, is none the less painful for that. I cannot bear this apparent indifference towards my husband, I want to feel my warm love for him, I want to perceive the stream of my affection flowing out to him. Therefore I want to hear nothing of a separation. I would rather suffer and suffer, trusting to get well through him, after all. For me to separate from him would mean a living death. Without him I cannot live! cries a voice within me. But I cannot live with him, either, testifies my illness. The horrible truth is precisely this—that the stream of my affection for him is at times suppressed. He is my sun, yet for months I have perceived no sunshine. During the fleeting moments when I still hope that everything will come out all right, the sun shines for me and everything appears to me in a new, an entirely different light. But after our petty quarrels everything seems drab and gray again. I see myself unhappy for the rest of my life—forlorn, deprived of his affection and of everything that makes life worth while. Indeed, I identify myself with some poor tattered woman I meet on the street; in my imagination I am as miserable as she is, and I feel myself drifting towards the path that leads straight to perdition.

"Some time ago I again gave up visiting my mother. There is no other way for me to avoid the horrible experiences I go through there. Her attitude towards my husband angers me more and more. I have to acknowledge that she is brutally selfish. But my affection for her is not easily stilled. My contrary feelings, for and against her, play ducks and drakes with me. Indeed, her harsh feelings and lack of understanding once drove me so mad that in my pain and anguish I forgot every consideration and was ready to strike her. The maid servant happened to step in at the critical moment; and that probably prevented me from perpetrating some awful deed. If I manage to control myself in her presence the storm of my rage is likely to break out after I get home. In my impotent rage I hold myself in check so as not to tear or break something. At such times I am ready to smash quantities of glass or porcelain ware. I believe that what angered me most was the thought of being so dependent on her; and I should have liked to tear myself to pieces—to beat to death that second self of mine.

"At night, too, I am quarreling with my mother. Often I strangle her in my dreams, after reproaching her for all the suffering she has caused me through her selfishness. My dreams have been very troublesome of late. Formerly, I was at least quiet during sleep; now even that is over. Night after night I am troubled by recurring dreams which, unfortunately, I do not recall on awakening. It seems that I am always overpowered, after a terrific resistance in a struggle, and I shed bitter tears because something horrible is happening to me.

"Besides, I awake usually at half-past four, or at a quarter of five in the morning with an uncomfortable feeling, and often my heart beats so fast that I cannot fall asleep again. And the strange thing is that my husband, who is very telepathic, also wakes up at that hour with a similar feeling of anxiety. Sometimes it happens that I wake up as early as three o'clock. These two times alternate. I find it most unpleasant always to have to go out to the toilet at that hour. And how shall I explain to myself the fact that for the past few days I become restless always at the same afternoon hour? First I have to fight against a strong sense of fatigue; drowsiness almost overwhelms me. I hold myself up by sheer concentration, but I cannot sit still, and I begin to pace the floor in my room, my heart palpitating. I feel like crying. I want to get busy, I want to shake off this feeling, and I take up one thing or another, but I cannot con-

centrate on anything. I am stirred by all sorts of appetites, and I actually feel better after eating something.

"This is another thing which troubles me very much since my illness—this insatiable appetite. I want to gorge all the time; I feel decidedly better after I eat. Of course, this is variable; there are times when I cannot eat at all, when the thought of food repels me. My appetite keeps in tune with my mood; when I am depressed and feel no joy in living, nothing appeals to my taste. On the other hand, frequently I gorge, as I do now, through sheer despair. Plainly, I should find life unendurable if I did not enjoy eating to some extent. It is sad that things have come to such a pass with me that nothing appeals to me but the pleasures of the palate. At the same time I do not particularly enjoy the food nor do I crave special dishes. No, the act of gorging in itself is my satisfaction. While I eat I am relatively quiet; therefore I eat many times through the day, often taking only a little food at a time. Along with this enormous appetite I have often an unquenchable thirst. Then I drink and drink. Although I am ordinarily very abstemious, at such times I feel a strong craving for alcohol to which I yield but moderately. Again, at times I feel an aversion against all alcoholic drinks and partake only of large quantities of milk.

"After the meal I feel impelled to go to the kitchen (which I share with my landlady, as we do not yet have a home of our own) to look the pots over for food remnants, and I scratch off the scraps. I am ashamed of this childish act and yet I cannot desist. This habit I also had when I was a child.

"I could fill the whole day with purely animal gratifications.

"Although my dreams are not pleasant I am impatient for the night so as to crawl to bed. Sleep relieves me at least partly of the struggles and tortures through which I go during the day. In addition to everything else I suffer from drowsiness, which at times I can hardly shake off. For a few moments I sink into another world. Occasionally I catch a glimpse of some thought which makes me wonder how far I must have wandered from reality. Some trifling incident from my childhood looms up in my mind. This state of mind is almost like a self-induced hypnosis. I feel myself growing helpless and sinking into a drowse. Paralysis steals over me. When I pull myself out of that drowsiness with an effort all I catch a glimpse of usually is unconnected stuff.

"Towards my most favorite amusements, theatre and concerts,

I have become averse for this reason. While I sit there quietly, my attention is hardly ever engaged so that I must struggle continuously against drowsiness.

"It is most painful because I am afraid also that my husband, who always worries over my absent-mindedness, may notice it. At the same time all sorts of foolish notions come into my mind. For instance, I want suddenly to jump upon the stage and snatch the instrument out of the artist's hand, or I feel like turning upon the attentively listening audience (I am insane, I must have done this or that!) with curses; I mean to shock them. In my fantasy I am often at a church, where I likewise feel impelled to rush to the altar and call the public names. ('I am a Jewess.') Dear Doctor, I can hardly describe to you all my tortures. Lately, whenever I go into a strange toilet room or telephone booth I have to look around to make sure of being able to get out again. With palpitating heart I actually test the door, turning the knob to make sure that the door is open.

"I cannot sit near another person in the electric car—everything makes me nervous. Since my feelings are so irresolute and I do not know whether to go to mother, or stay with my husband, I feel an aversion against the whole male sex. I cannot live without love; were I to lose my husband, who is my support, I should feel myself a prey to horrible uncertainty. Every other man, so to speak, would seem to me a possible danger. Any one of them might take advantage of my situation.

"In this painful restlessness which drives me to crave some means of stupefaction I am capable of almost anything.

"Everything evil which has heretofore slumbered in my soul comes to life. The Pandora box of troubles is open.

"I am punctiliously honest, nevertheless in this state, under certain circumstances, I could steal. When I pass by a fruit store I feel an overwhelming desire to help myself to some of the fruit, at least to touch it, and I want to taste all eatables whenever possible. Recently I lost a pretty bracelet, a gift from my husband. We both regretted this loss very much. At the bureau of 'lost and found' articles where I was shown all the jewels held for their rightful claimants I looked in vain for my bracelet; but I could not make up my mind to leave. I stood before the glass enclosure where the articles were held for inspection wondering how I could take something, although I did not particularly care for any of the articles. But I did not want to return home empty-handed.

"A few days ago I went one morning into my little girl's room and found her still sleeping, with her breast exposed. Immediately the horrible thought struck me of sticking a knife into her bare little breast. My despair over this awful notion can hardly be described. The little one seems to be in my way. I am too busy with myself. Also, I find her a millstone. I seem unable to maintain the responsibilities and duties which I bear towards her.

"There is always something strange I want to do. Often, while I am alone in the room with a woman whom I like, I feel a sudden impulsion to rush upon her. Precisely what I am about to do that for I do not quite know. I want to be a man, able to rouse her to a sexual frenzy. Then, too, when I see on the street a woman who attracts me, I feel a similar impulsion. Since, though I am no longer able to enjoy, I still yearn after sexual gratification; I crave to set aflame every handsome woman so as to attain gratification in this manner. Indeed, often I reflect how my husband could transport this or that woman into ecstasy with his art of love. Then I envy the fortunate woman.

"Is it not insanity that in my fantasy I should cause others to find gratification, that I should want to set others aflame, while I am unable to kindle the fires of love within myself?

"I have grown envious, begrudging others their satisfaction and happiness. Every girl, and every woman whom I see I envy, without knowing whether she is actually to be envied. I imagine that every one of them is capable of enjoying life better than I, and is enjoying everything that life permits. Indeed, I envy the wife of the proletarian when I see her happily going about her humble duties. Every one who does physical labor rouses my envy. I no longer yearn for happiness, all I want is quiet, for I am unable to bear this agitation, this inner unrest of mine, any longer. I cannot stay in the house, yet if I go out, I hurry back home. There were days when I went to mother, hoping to find peace—but my inner agitation drove me away from her; I went to my husband's office, but there, too, I did not find what I was searching for. It seems to me I am destined to roam forever. But whither? I want to go away, far away—I should like to get away from myself. That is precisely what makes me so very sad: wherever I go I drag my pack of troubles along with me. That something which drives within me is making me furious. I feel unable to fight against it and help-

less. I am like a heavy plank carried down a tempestuous stream. This thought—that there is no place on earth for me where I might find peace—is unbearable; it completely bewilders me.

"I always feel myself under the driving force of an impulse and, not knowing whither it drives me, I am afraid. Everything within my mind seems topsy-turvy—like a machine in which a screw is missing. I have become harsh and selfish, thinking only about myself. Even my husband's suffering sometimes hardly touches me. But I am driven to despair whenever I realize how unhappy he must be on my account. I am continually thinking of suicide because I see no other way out of this misery. With things in such a turmoil in my mind, one thought following another, I feel like ending it all. I want to rush to the window and jump through. Indeed, at times I feel almost an uncontrollable impulsion to jump into the river. Continually such pictures flit across my brain and my impulse is to act. I wake up in the night and see myself plunging into the river. At the same time I have a horror of the water. The thought of death particularly terrifies me.

"I feel the cold terribly. Even my mouth sometimes gets as cold as ice, so that for me the cold is actually painful. At the same time I always think of suicide whenever I am numb with cold. If my husband kisses me at such times and is shocked, the thought at once flits through my mind: 'Jump through the window!' If I happen to be out of doors the thought of the river flits across my mind.

"On the street I dodge cars, automobiles and carriages only at the last moment. I seem to court the danger of being run over. Then I may attain inner peace at last.

"Is that not dreadful? Always, always, some awful impulse drives me. Just at present I feel myself tied to my husband, and I cannot get away from myself. Sometimes I would like to throw myself at his feet, to beg his forgiveness for all the worries I have caused him, and to overwhelm him with tendernesses. But I cannot do it, I seem empty within, and to be moving about like an automatic machine without any inner life.

"Being so restless at home, I always seek errands. When I am very badly depressed, frequently it happens that I give in to a sudden impulse and purchase something which but a short time before I hesitated to buy. I spend more money than I ever did in my life and I can buy handsome clothes for myself.

But I perceive pleasure only at the moment when I make the purchase, afterwards everything leaves me indifferent.

"I should like to go far away and find peace. I have entertained already the most foolish notions. I wanted to go to the United States as a teacher. I wanted to join a sanitarium in Germany. I wanted to go as bookkeeper to France. But, then, I feel that a thousand chains bind me to my husband. I could not leave him, though I feel myself unworthy to share his happiness. An evil spirit drives me restlessly from place to place and pursues me even in my sleep.

"I want to be busy, very busy, so as to have no time for reflecting. I want my work to keep me so busy that I should have no time to think of anything else. But what is actually my attitude towards work? I avoid all mental effort, turning preferably to house work because that cannot be done standing still, although frequently I feel too indolent.

"There is no project, no matter how impractical it may be, which I do not seize at once, to weave all my plans around it. Every half-friendly acquaintance, whether man or woman, I look upon as a possible saviour, as some one who might help me, in some way or other. Ah, how many such castles in the air have I not built already, only to see them resolve into nothingness! I search and wander around, while I have all the time at my side, and close to me, the one man who really cares for me and who wants only my welfare. When I think of the possibility of losing him, I shudder. Then I am truly afraid I should never find peace again, afraid I should turn into a genuine Ahasuerus, searching for the lost lover. If I could but feel what I felt only a few months ago! That noble feeling is what I want to reëxperience! Without the ennobling emotion of love I cannot live. Will you help me, dear doctor, can you restore me to life, can you restore me to my husband? My powers are at an end; I am weary of struggling; I have set my hopes on you."

Here ends this touching document which gives us a clear insight into the nature of impulsive acts. We have here the wandering mania, the noctambulism, the restlessness, the buying mania, the food and drink mania—impulses which seemed unquenchable and which continually recurred. The woman was in despair, particularly over her orgasms, which appeared on every motion, especially on walking through the streets.

She experienced sexual acme whenever she walked behind any young men with whom her fantasy was preoccupied, even though she was unaware of her fantasies. The day-time pollutions took place while she was in a dreamy state. Every step caused her sexual excitation. Getting up from the chair where she was sitting was enough to bring it about. The more she struggled against this state, the worse it grew. She recognized that the excitations during walking prevented her from experiencing orgasm during sexual intercourse. For that reason she resolved to yield no longer. At the beginning of the analysis she learned that her fantasies were responsible. Therefore she guarded herself, indulged in fantasies no longer, and watched no more the young men on the street; but in spite of all these precautions she continued to be passionate while on the street, and it drove her to despair. If she tried relief through masturbation she achieved orgasm as little as during the sexual embrace with her strongly potent husband, whose refined tenderness formerly she much longed for, and greatly enjoyed. Nor was she able to account for her nocturnal sleep-walking.

In the course of the analysis there revealed itself a strong fixation on the younger brother with whom she had nothing to do because he did not appreciate her husband. Her brother, who had been away from Vienna for a long time, returned to the city while her husband was away. She met him once on the street and exchanged a few cool words with him.

While I surmised that something had happened between them I had no proof to substantiate this assumption. It is a fact of great interest to the psychoanalyst that the amnesia covering somnambulic states is but seldom overcome through analysis. Patients suffering from somnambulism have the peculiarity of falling into a sort of drowsy state during the analysis. Thus, this patient, too, said one day:

"I don't know what the matter may be with me. I could fall asleep at once."

I utilized this situation to induce a hypnotic sleep. She did not reach a deep cataleptic state, but attained merely that drowsiness which Frenchmen call *engourdissement*. In this dreamy state I requested her to tell me the pictures she saw

when she went through her sleep-walking at three o'clock in the morning. She told me that as a girl she went once to her brother at this hour. She described a passionate *congressus sexualis*. Afterwards she went frequently to the outhouse, leaving the door open deliberately in the hope of being surprised there by her brother. The going to the toilet room was her mute invitation to her brother to come to her. As a girl she was frequently surprised mornings to find the door to her room unlocked. With her brother she did not get along well at all during the daytime. Often they did not speak for weeks. He was very discourteous towards her fiancé and that often led to quarrels. After the marriage ceremony, which the brother did not attend, he turned reckless, began to drink, and for a time was interned at a sanitarium for inebriates, where he took the drink cure. Since then he is wholly impotent.

The sleep-walking and the street orgasm were thus explained. She continually rehearsed the episode with the brother, the intention being thus to confess the experience to her husband. The boys on the street, whose presence induced the orgasm, resembled her brother in stature. The meeting of the brother on the street during the period of her sexual abstinence—before that time she had intercourse with her husband nightly, often several times during the night—led to a sort of regression. At the same time her uneasy conscience was roused. During the sexual embrace a voice admonished her: "Thou shalt not indulge!"—and, instead of her brother, there came to her mind, as substitutes, the images of the young men who had once kissed her. She even confessed to me that during the first nights, upon her husband's return, she had seen her brother standing at the head of the bed, threatening with his raised arm and forbidding the indulgence. Presently this hallucinatory picture vanished only to be displaced by the images of other boys. It is interesting that the image of her grown-up brother never came to her. He is to-day an adult man with a heavy growth of beard. On the street she was roused sensually only by smooth-shaven boys who reminded her of the brother as a younger man. The sleep-walking was thus cleared up. At one time going

to the toilet was but a pretense; she went out to the toilet room and, on the way back, to her brother. Now she repeats this episode every night in order to cancel it. She goes out "without doing anything." She is harassed not by her craving alone: her guilty conscience gives her no respite.

In her account the patient shifts her mother complex into the background and at the same time she touches but lightly upon her brother complex. It developed that the brother was a substitute for her mother. He was to her a part of the person whom she loved more than anybody in the world—before she fell in love with her husband. Her parapathy was built upon a bisexual basis. The mother represented the objective of all her homosexual cravings, whereas the brother became the representative of her own youth, of her family and of her heterosexual objective. But during the analysis her mother complex receded steadily to the background, whereas the significance of the brother and of her relations to him advanced more and more to the foreground.

We thus find out the reason why she was not *virgo intacta* on the wedding night. After this matter was cleared up she did not want to keep the long-preserved secret to herself any longer. She decided to tell her husband. He was considerate enough to forgive her and to soothe her. After the confession she wanted to commit suicide. Fortunately she did not carry out this design. The trouble disappeared as it had come—her nocturnal somnambulism ceased.

This case shows us the after-effect of an experience and how it impels to repetition. The next case discloses a clear picture of a repetitive compulsion during the sleep-walking state.

Case 15. Lec., a hysterical woman, 25 years of age, who had suffered once before from hysterical chorea, discovers one day that her lover was intimate with a girl of her acquaintance. That fills her with jealousy and prompts her to plan revenge. She calculates day and night how best to avenge herself and in her mind conjures up all the details of this dramatic episode. She decides to kill her rival in the lover's arms and to escape punishment by committing suicide. The thought pursues her, growing stronger, until it impels her to act. One day she hides

under a window. The lover drives by in her rival's company. She aims two revolver shots at them, then runs off and throws herself into the river.

Fortunately she did not injure anybody. She herself was dragged out of the river in a faint, and taken to the Salpêtrière, where she was placed under Raymond's observation.

There she presents the following picture: On the slightest provocation, as when another woman patient talks to a man, or if she looks out of the window into the court, or if she is spoken to, she gets bewildered, ceases to talk, and her eyes stare with a faraway gaze. She walks up to the nearest drawer and goes through the motions of picking up an object which she holds in her right hand; approaching the window she looks angrily into the courtyard, stretches her right arm and goes through the motion of discharging a revolver. Then, with an outcry, she runs through the length of the hall, finally throwing herself to the floor, where she remains, motionless, in a faint. In other words: she repeats anew the episode, but this time without external reality, only in her fantasy, going through the attempt at murder and suicide. (Janet, *Obsessions et Psychasthenie,* Vol. I, p. 107.

We see how complicated the picture of somnambulism may be. We always find the motives to be multiple and the impulses correspondingly varying. In the last case the wish, obviously, was to aim better at the rival and to carry out the suicide successfully. In every case of sleep-walking we must think of the repetition compulsion and bear in mind that the strongest impulses emanate from unfulfilled wishes. The latter are usually responsible for the most persistent impulsions. They may be apparently at rest, but only gather new energy in order suddenly to overwhelm the subject, impelling him to carry out some impulsive symbolic action.

We have already spoken about the wanderings during states of drowsiness. We must now turn our attention to the two other forms of the wandering mania, the centrifugal (fugues) and the centripetal (dromomania). The so-called fugues ("flight from home") disclose an interesting psychologic motivation. One runs away from oneself, or from a danger; or one may run away in order to avoid crime. One flees

from one's cravings by transposing them into the impulse to wander. The transvaluation of the impulses furnishes us the key to the understanding of the fugues. Besides dipsomania and bulimia, or other substitutive impulses, which, as already mentioned, I have very often found associated with the fugues, we find frequently also a craving for wild sexual license.

Case 16. Robert G., engineer, 40 years of age, comes for treatment, complaining that for the past two years he has been impotent with his wife. He married during a love spree and now he finds that he has chosen badly and that he does not have the right companion. They have no spiritual interests in common. He is at a loss for a topic of conversation with his wife. If he is with her alone in the house he grows restless. Suddenly he runs away and usually he wanders around for about an hour, until he gets very tired, then he goes to a bar and drinks to intoxication. Next morning he returns home drunk.

Analysis discloses that he is a pædophiliac and that he was attracted to marry his wife because her appearance is very infantile. Since the birth of the first child he lost his affection for the wife, having transferred his love to the child. The older the children grow (they are 9 and 7 years of age, respectively, at this time) the stronger grows also his sexual lusting after them. He regards his wife as a "kill-joy." If she were not around he could hardly control his cravings. His wife admonished him not to be so over-tender with the children. He does not dare to fondle them. He hates his wife. The dreams disclose fantasies of putting her out of the way. He is aware of these death wishes. Therefore he runs out of the house in order not to become a criminal, and drowns his impulse in alcohol.

Very similar is the next case:

Case 17. Hans D., physician, 38 years of age, married, leaves home one day for a prolonged excursion on foot. He himself had no inkling of this on the previous day and no time to find a substitute for his practice. He merely tells his wife that he feels very nervous and that he must leave at once, otherwise

he will become insane. He runs around the whole day and tires himself out so that he crawls to bed half dead with fatigue. He does not particularly enjoy this excursion because he stops nowhere, being unable to rest. As soon as he scales one mountain height, he thinks of the next trip or the next point of destination, always driven by the fear of not completing his itinerary, of failing to get through. Occasionally he suffers from morbid hunger (bulimia), which can hardly be stilled; then for several days he feels an aversion for all food and there is a pasty taste in his mouth. Gradually sleeplessness also sets in. He returns, but finds himself unable to work, and all sorts of morbid dreads bring him to me. Analysis discloses fixation on his sister-in-law, who has been sharing his home for some time. Little by little the two became intimate. One evening, while kissing her passionately, he had an erection. She touched him around the genitalia. Next morning he fled in order to save his moral self. (He is a devout Catholic.)

The incest wish is sometimes masked under the cover of hatred. Apparently the hatred leads to the flight, whereas in truth it is the opposite force lurking back of the hatred.

Janet is well familiar with the motivation of the fugues, as the following statement shows:

"Sometimes the neuropath, unable to live in close proximity to his enemy, drives the latter out of the house, like Ew., who cannot tolerate his daughter's presence and banishes her for months to stay away from home. When he does not succeed in driving away the objective of his hatred, the neuropath himself flees from the house. That is a form of fugue, which is rarely understood in its true light. Oy., a woman of fifty years, keeps house for her son and his wife and tries to domineer him; finding that she does not succeed, she runs away suddenly without disclosing her intention to anybody. "I cannot stand the sight of them any longer, I despise them too much, I would have surely killed both." [17] "I cannot stand my wife any longer," Neb. states, identically, "she angers me too much"—and he takes refuge in flight. Ya. runs away from home and is found only three days later by her distracted husband. She despises her husband too much, also the children, and the whole surroundings. The Px. case is typi-

cal: this 37-year-old woman who lived with her mother and her sister ruled despotically the whole household. She is obsessed with affection for her sister; she not only loves her passionately but craves counter-love, and is also immeasurably jealous. Once in a while the sister resists her in order to maintain a semblance of independence. Thereupon she grows tremendously agitated and manifests delusions of persecution, which in reality betray nothing less than her compulsive hatred of the sister. She felt she must leave the house. "I felt that I was no longer running the house, I was made to do things which were repulsive to me; I began to see red and knew that I had to run away from myself."

Janet records about 20 cases showing delusions of persecution arising out of morbid love and the craving to domineer. The case quoted above shows clearly that the paranoid paralogy had its roots in the subject's homosexual feeling-attitude towards her sister.

The transformation of love into hatred on account of jealousy and the development of the criminal feeling-attitude as the next consequence is a process which I have carefully analyzed in my *Anxiety States* (chapter on *Jealousy*). Here I want to call attention only to Janet's interesting observation that parents who are passionately fond of their children while the latter are very young usually transpose their love into hatred after the 15th year, so that the children formerly treated with excessive tenderness are often compelled to leave the home. The motive is jealousy. The children grow self-reliant; they begin to show a will of their own; they acquire other friends and ideals; the parents, in love with them, cannot tolerate this and become jealous, though they cover their jealousy under all sorts of rationalizations; they begin to find fault, to criticize and scold, etc.

Jealousy is one of the most important determinants responsible for the centrifugal fugues, especially when this passion becomes so strong as to rouse the impulsion to crime. Sometimes the psychopaths must abandon their home because they are unable to endure the conditions under which they live any longer or because they feel prompted to commit some dastardly deed.

Case 18. Emil R., a 19-year-old sculptor from Frankfurt, one day leaves his parental home and journeys to Vienna without knowing the reason for his precipitate flight. Here he lives with an aunt, who, struck by his changed demeanor and his sleeplessness, brings him to me. In the course of the brief analysis of his mental condition I find out that his sister, on whom he leans affectionately, has become engaged and that he dislikes his future brother-in-law. At the last target practice he had thought of shooting him. But of the motive of his flight, as already mentioned, he was wholly unaware.

Rationalizations are always eagerly sought to explain, or serve as pretext for, the wandering impulse, and easily found. One is tired, important affairs call, or one resolves to study abroad, etc. Sometimes these motivations are extremely threadbare. Fathers and brothers often find themselves compelled to undertake such journeys just before the marriage of some favourite member of the family, and thus absent themselves from the ceremony. The behaviour of these "runaways" on their journey gives some inkling of their impelling motives.

Case 19. Georg F., 56 years of age, uniformly withholds his consent whenever his daughter has a marriage offer. No man quite meets his high expectations. After he had thus repulsed a number of very good marriage offers, on all sorts of pretexts, his daughter took matters in her own hands; she became engaged without consulting her father and asked for his consent afterwards. The daughter disposed of her father's renewed objection by declaring that she was already her fiancé's sweetheart. Great quarrel between father and son-in-law! The marriage ceremony was set for a near date, since haste seemed necessary. Moreover, the father might have well been content with his daughter's choice. The man, wealthy and prominent, really loved the girl; he resorted to this means only because he saw that there was no other way for him to attain his aim.

The father decides on the date for the ceremony; during the interim he does not speak a word to his daughter, whom he considers a degenerate creature, although he is otherwise quite liberal in his views. Incidentally, in spite of these liberal views, which were with him, as they are in many instances, mere

theorems, he had never been unfaithful to his wife. A few days preceding the marriage ceremony he finds that he has to go on a pressing business journey which might have been postponed and leaves in great haste.

On the journey he shows a great change. He starts to make himself look younger—shaves off his beautiful grey beard, becomes rather adventuresome, drinks a little beyond his thirst requirements, and begins to pay attention to the chambermaids and waitresses. After getting through with his business mission he continues on his journey, happy to be, for once, carefree. Finally, the inevitable happens. He breaks his marital vows—and does this, specifically, on his daughter's marriage day. Accosting a girl on the street, he takes her to his hotel room, where he, too, celebrates a sort of nuptial spree, which, however, was to cost him dearly, inasmuch as he acquired a syphilitic infection which led him to suffer from tabophobia; the latter trouble is what brought him to my office.

Hilda Milko records the following experiences, typical of the centrifugal wandering mania, which she obtained from the analysis of a case she treated under my supervision.

Case 20. Anna H., 15 years of age, is brought to Dr. Stekel by her parents for advice. The girl ran away from home with another schoolgirl 14 days ago. After 8 days she returned because her money gave out. The parents are afraid of a repetition of the offence and would like to know what to do to prevent another runaway.

Anna, a strikingly pretty, well-developed girl, with dreamy features, is turned over to me for observation. She talks with considerable resistance and displays a stubborn character. She complains of frequent stubborn headaches and dizziness. Questioned about the reasons for her running away, she declares that she does not quite know what drove her to do it. At home she is very unhappy; she does not get along with the mother, who is always dissatisfied with her. The breach between her aims, or expectations, and the environment in which she lives causes her much suffering. Her father is a humble workman, but, in contrast to the mother, he is, at least, capable of appreciating higher things.

The thought of running away came to her quite suddenly. She talked it over with a school comrade who also wanted to

get away from home. She sold some of the trinkets which belonged to her. With the proceeds they started for Berlin. As they had no passport, they crossed the frontier afoot. For the same reason they had to go from hotel to hotel in Berlin. Their intention was to look for a job, but meanwhile their funds gave out. They then wired to the worried parents, who at once sent them the money for their return. It was remarkable that the police, informed by the distracted parents, were unable to find a trace of the runaways.

Since her return she is unable to fit herself at all into the home surroundings. She is watched by the parents at every step, because they are afraid she will enact another escapade. She is slightly inclined to depressions. Her craving for affection is boundless and she yearns to know the meaning of love.

She asks me various questions about sex inasmuch as some things baffle her.

The analysis proceeds under strong resistances. The dream material reveals her strong fixation on the father. We must look to that for the flight motive. She fled from her father, from her perilous feeling-attitude towards him. She denies that, claiming not to have been aware of anything of the kind. She was merely dissatisfied with her mother's way of treating her father—she herself would know better how to handle him.

When the incestuous thoughts were revealed, the patient abandoned the analysis, so that, unfortunately, I am not in a position to give a deeper account of this case.

We now turn our attention to the interesting centripetal wandering, the "flight back home" (dromomania). This is the form best known since the olden times, because it was conveniently easy to designate homesickness, or nostalgia, as the motive for this form of the wandering mania. In Europe the touching story about the Swiss soldiers' nostalgia while away from home is well known. These soldiers when they heard the bellowing of the cows were seized by such an irresistible longing that they deserted and ran home. Dromomania as an expression of longing for home is perhaps the best known form of impulsive wandering, inasmuch as the

psychiatric examination of deserters has been frequently a matter of legal interest. The question whether nostalgia (as the longing for home is called) may lead to crime has been brought up by a number of physicians and variously answered. Jaspers, in his masterly study, *Heimweh und Verbrechen* (H. Gross's Archiv, vol. XXXV, 1909), has surveyed the whole literature on the subject and has added interesting observations of his own. Even some of the older investigators had observed that through their longing for home many servant girls turned pyromaniacs, or killed the children entrusted to their care. The motive seems puerile and illogical, inasmuch as the deed leads them not to their longed-for objective, the parental home, but to jail. Nevertheless it is a fact that many juvenile firebrands and child slayers indicate as the motive for their acts the longing for home, or for their own family.

Jaspers next gives an excellent description of morbid nostalgia, emphasizing the advanced emotional disturbance of the female offenders of this category, both preceding and following the offence. The longing for home is accompanied by feelings of anxiety which may become so strong as to interfere with clear reasoning. Many writers believe that the anxiety is the cause of setting fires, the victims of the anxiety intending thus to overcome the inner dread by a conflagration. This view is untenable. (Later we shall dwell at length on the cryptic, sexual motives of arson.) Gross maintains that the nostalgiacs want to fight the inner depression with a powerful sensorial stimulus. "Either they burn the house, or they slay somebody; in other words, they seek an explosion-like release." Jaspers points out that the irresistible longing for the parents, and the thought of bringing about the return home by this means becomes the dominating idea, obscuring all other motives, and that all mental images are rendered subservient to this *one* intent. He thus recognizes the supremacy of a dominating (fixed) idea.

But what is that *idée fixe?* Is it actually the love of nature, as is assumed in the case of mountaineers, or the love of the family? Is there, here too, a connection to be found with sex? We must bear in mind that most arsons and child murders are committed by female offenders during their period

of adolescence. The offenders are mostly individuals between 12 and 15 years of age showing distinct organic and psychosexual infantilism.

Schlegel[18] recognizes fairly clearly the true cause: fixation on the family and on infantile impressions. He states: *"The love of home has its earliest roots in the first impressions and memories of childhood. For that reason human beings show also in later life, often without knowing it, a preference for whatever first appealed to them."*

We analysts have learned that the first fixation on the parents and the family is sexual and that the early memories of the unforgettable happy childhood days may persist as the driving motive throughout one's whole life.

I refer to Cohnheim's theory of cancer; according to this hypothesis the morbid growth is due to a mobilization of embryonal cells. *There are also embryonal impulse cells.* These remain encapsulated, until some day a combination of external as well as internal causes bring about their reactivation and mobilization. Such impulses—as we have already seen—become so transformed and metamorphosed that their origin is hardly recognizable. The longing for home is a longing for the infantile gratification which was enjoyed within the family circle; while criminality is a primordial, embryonal impulse which, suddenly stirred, impels to action. Retrogressive reaction, a phenomenon often observed, plays an important rôle in both the parapathiac and the paralogic disorders.

Leonhard Frank, in his masterly novel, *Die Ursache,* describes the infantile motives of a murder. The artist, the hero of this novel, dreams at night about his teacher and about an excursion during which that teacher had humiliated him. (He did not have the money for a glass of milk on that excursion and was compelled to wait outside while the whole class went inside the inn.) The following day he felt the impulsive desire to journey home and seek out that teacher. ("Can it be possible that a man should have painful experiences as a child . . . which he no longer recalls, but which preserve in his emotional life an obscure existence and bring about a sudden outbreak of hatred?") He takes the train

to go home, but realizes the childish character of his mission and returns to Berlin. Here he goes through some additional humiliations, borrows 20 marks from a woman and finally returns to his old home. He looks up his old teacher, Mager, and finds him in the act of punishing a child. He reproaches the teacher for the old humiliation which fills in his breast with as much resentment as when it first happened. Suddenly he rushes at the teacher and strangles him. . . .

His relations to the family history are also fairly transparent. His father had often beaten him. Once he beat him mercilessly upon the bare buttocks. This punishment he received in front of the whole family. The boy ran away from home. Shame, pain, and rage almost caused him to lose his senses. In despair he wandered for hours across empty fields. Suddenly he came to a barn which he set on fire. He had also other reasons to be dissatisfied with life. In spite of his talents he did not make proper progress.

That is the decisive point. Many persons get over their humiliations and infantile feeling-attitude, when success offers them a substitute; when their life's pathway leads them forwards or they finally save themselves through a happy marriage which cancels the wounds of the past.

In order to understand nostalgia it is necessary to know that the sexual longing is not the only driving motive. Sometimes it is the realization that the humiliations of childhood cannot be compensated for. Particularly common are the revenge thoughts of sons against their father, when the latter deals too severely with them, punishing them frequently, and he is loved, in spite of everything, the boys yearning continually for his affection, as it were. Patricide is one of the most common crimes perpetrated in fantasy. (Freud's Œdipus complex.) Many wander back home to avenge themselves. Fortunately it is seldom that cruel deeds are actually committed. The impulse is discharged in some roundabout way. The subjects turn to drink, or to card playing, they wander about, or exhaust their energies in some mania for sport, to whose morbid roots and relationship with dromomania Tissié [19] has called our attention.

A deep insight into the psychogenesis of the mania for

sport is furnished by an analysis carried out under my direction by Emil Gutheil, one of my assistants:

Case 21. F. P., commercial clerk, 24 years of age, suffers for the past 6 months from a paroxysmal tachycardia, associated with shortness of breath and fear of death. Secondary symptoms: advanced aërophagy, restlessness, absent-mindedness, morbid dreads.

The attention of two private physicians, and a sanitarium treatment of about four months, remained without results. The aërophagy (swallowing of air) interferes with the patient's speech so that his words roll forth during expiration in grotesque avalanches.

I have watched him during an attack; it was one of the lighter attacks and consisted of three phases: (a) dyspnoe; convulsive gasping for air associated with fear of choking; facial expression of suffocating; (b) intensive palpitation; outbreak of perspiration and profuse flow of saliva; (c) gradual subsidence, with lassitude, and persistent sense of pressure in the cardiac region. Duration of the attack, about two minutes; pulse, over 200.

According to the patient's statement, some of the attacks lead also to the vomiting of mucus. At such times he thinks his end has come.

X-ray examination, negative.

The answers to the first questions disclose the nature of the parapathy.

"How is it with your sexual relations?"

"I have intercourse with my fiancée."

"Have you deflorated her?"

"Yes; on March 27, 1919."

"Do you intend to marry her?"

"Well, you know, everything happened so quickly, we got together quite suddenly—besides she is my first sweetheart. But the more I am with her, the clearer I see that only she can make me happy. On the days when we do not meet I suffer most intense sexual distress and direct agony; even thoughts of suicide come to my mind. Restlessly I rush around the store, and on the streets, and at home, like one possessed."

"When will you marry?"

"When I get well. You appreciate that I could not do it in this state."

"Since when do you suffer from these nervous symptoms?"

"My restlessness and agitation began in April, 1919. My masturbation habit also dates from that time. Until then disgust had kept me from this indulgence, but after that I was unable to deal with my overflowing cravings in any other way. The masturbation habit I kept up approximately until June, 1921."

"Since when do you suffer from your palpitations?"

"The first attack occurred in 1921. My fiancée had an abortion in February. In April I began my mountain climbing—I am passionately fond of going alone on excursions. I thought that was a good way for me to tone down my sexual longings and the physician also recommended it. But in April my heart action was already very irregular and, though formerly I took the longest walks without difficulty, towards the end of June things came to such a pass that I had a severe attack of heart pain and shortness of breath on the level street. Now I have but one wish which alone could make me happy: to be able to climb mountains again."

"Let us hope your wish will be fulfilled; but why do you always go alone on your excursions and not with *your fiancée?"* (At this juncture the subject has the attack described above.)

"I do not want to expose the girl to danger."

My task, as revealed by the information thus far obtained, resolves itself down to the following two sharply circumscribed questions:

1. What was the reason for the subject's flight from reality into his parapathy?

2. What rôle does the attack play in that connection?

The analysis revealed, in the first place, the Œdipus complex, determined specifically by his maternal body fantasy; his strong fixation on his sisters came next to light. The following three dreams show these constellations:

1. I am in an abandoned locality, lying on my back in the loft of a house and peeping through a hole. I see flyers; bombs and shrapnels fall crashing all around. I feel a great dread and wake up with palpitation and shortness of breath.

2. (Stereotypic.) I walk along a narrow, smutty passageway and meet uncanny, mummified figures. Through a small window, with the aid of a ladder, I reach down into a bright courtyard (like the one at our home in Graz). The yard is surrounded on all sides by high walls over which tree branches are hanging. In the middle of the yard there is a basin and a kind of water spring. (Sometimes in this dream I go through the scenery in the reverse direction). I reach the open space always with a sense of relief.

3. It is night time and the sky is overcast. There is thunder and lightning. I am out of doors, in front of a large, white bluff which is lit uncannily by the flashes of lightning. I am wrapped in sheets as if I were lying in bed. Leaning squarely against the rocky wall gives me a strange sensation of well-being, a feeling of security, of protection. Many persons are crowding around me, a number of acquaintances among them, but I do not recall who they were. They crowd against the wall and move along its edge so that I am carried forward by them in my lying posture. At this point there is a hiatus in my memory. Next I find myself in a garden with tables and chairs, like a restaurant garden. I am seated at a table with a few persons, they eat, an old woman is serving. Only I sit before the empty plate, looking hungrily at the others. As soon as the others are through I seize the leavings and swallow them greedily. This leads to a quarrel which ends in a fight.

The first is a typical maternal body dream and requires no closer interpretation. Dreams 2 and 3 show us, above all, the patient's birth fantasy. The first dream discloses an anxiety affect, the last two dreams disclose the affect of gratification. The many people, including acquaintances, are the unborn sisters and brothers (spermatozoa).

The second part of dream 3 portrays the patient's feeling-attitude towards the family. The garden restaurant stands for man's first "restaurant" (a play on the double meaning of *Restauration, lit.,* eating place, *fig.,* "place of restoration"): the parental home. The old woman is the mother. At the dining table the patient is overlooked, he must be content with the leavings. The sexual valuation of the act of eating is here clearly indicated, the incident portrayed by the dream representing love competition. The quarrel is particularly

significant; it discloses the Œdipus complex; it shows also the patient's sexual-criminal predisposition, to be brought out more fully later. The words *"Restauration"* and "the old woman is serving," embody also a wet-nursing fantasy. Patient has watched the weaning of two children in the family. The words "as soon as they were through" refers to the death wish, which mediates the subject's approach of the survivor—the "leavings" (mother). On the other hand, "leavings" refers also to certain mysophiliac trends which will be brought out at the proper juncture.

The parapathiac's attitude towards his fantasy products is always bipolar. In the case of my patient's maternal body complex the pleasure-fear relation is expressed symptomatically on the phobiac plane, and generates fear of narrow or closed spaces, shortness of breath on passing through deep valleys or tunnels, steady sensations of pressure on the chest, etc. As a polar counterpart our patient exhibits certain *character traits,* such as the desire to venture on excursions alone —also a remarkable attitude towards mountain climbing.

He describes his disgust, to the point of nausea, at the sight of sausages, juicy food material, meat fats, etc., and gradually unfolds before us a well-developed *fellatio fantasy.* Connected therewith stands also his great morbid fear of table *corners* and stove *edges,* his fear of sticking his fork into his eye at the table, etc., a fear which occasionally becomes so morbid that the after-image of the dangerous tips or corners persists clearly before his mental vision even long after his eyes shut spasmodically.

His *wet-nursing fantasy* and his *mysophilia* stand out in contrast to these complexes.

For instance, during sexual intercourse the patient has the habit of sucking the woman's mamillæ (fellatio and wet-nurse fantasy)—at the same time he occasionally bites these parts as well as the adjacent facial regions (castration). Then, too (in spite of his aversion for juicy food), he devours all his facial excreta, from the nasal mucous secretion to the hardened incrustations which he removes from the corner of his eye, chewing the hardened pieces to bits. The odour of his excrements is also pleasing to him.

Now we understand why his dyspnoic-tachycardiac attacks end in vomiting. The analogy between his maternal body dreams and his nervous symptoms during the anxiety states and during his attacks shows clearly that the attack dramatizes a *maternal body fantasy combined with fellatio.*

We must now critically scrutinize his relation to the girl. It was a case of "love at first sight." The work on *The Anxiety States* has taught us that we must look very carefully into such sudden outbreak of affects; I was not surprised, therefore, to find that the patient's behaviour was but an attempt to free himself from his family ties and from the infantilisms which the war had brought to surface. These determinants had led him to enter into a stronger, indissoluble and permanently reassuring tie, so far as that was possible for him; and thus, in a moment of weakness, the inevitable happened.

The hopes that the patient had placed in this occurrence, of course, were frustrated. After a resistance lasting several weeks he admitted that the defloration was followed by a certain disappointment. Then the parapathiac symptoms set in.

How may we explain his disappointment in spite of his evident affection for the girl? This is a subconscious reaction, brought about by the patient's excessive expectations. As a matter of fact sexual union does not dissolve the infantile fantasy—it only complicates the current mental-emotional situation.

The late onset of the masturbation habit is thus easily explained. Only on activating his subconscious fantasy does the patient find the gratification which reality fails to yield him. His faithfulness, on closer scrutiny, proves dubious; on the street his eyes follow every girl and he continually dwells on sexual fancies concerning each girl; that is the reason why he cannot endure being away from his fiancée; his craving overwhelms him, the temptation grows, there remains nothing for him to do but to have recourse to the old means for consolation: he indulges in masturbation.

In order to appraise this case properly it is important to know that the parents were decidedly against this union and that the conflicting forces, love of parents *vs.* love of wife, also played a rôle in his parapathy. During his attacks the patient calls for his mother or sisters. If the door to his sisters' room is closed he cannot fall asleep. Often, during sleep-walking, he wanders through two rooms to his mother's bed, and to reach her he must walk around his father's bed. The following dream strikingly discloses the extent of his emotional fixation.

A dream: 4. A long array of figures in fantastic, diaphanous garb—at the head of the procession a gaudily arrayed knight rides *on a black horse.* With a *triple-pronged fork,* like Neptune's trident, which I hold in my hand, I *slay three of these figures.* I sneak surreptitiously to do this. I am discovered; after a desperate struggle the trident is wrestled out of my hand and is *thrust through my heart from behind.* I see the three prongs sticking out in front. I awaken in the midst of deadly dread and intense pains.

P. S. I recall having slain the others in the same way.

Patient's association to the knight led from Dürer's "Rider, Death and Devil," to Renaissance, and Condottieri Coleoni, and to his mother, who is studying history of art. Fork reminds him of his fork phobia.

Interpretation: 1st Determinant: Maternal body. Death and funereal procession mean, reversely: generation and birth. The equation, fork=penis, shows that the murder in the dream symbolizes a sexual act within the maternal body. (A fantasy which is far from rare!) The episode is pluralistic: he is "stuck from behind" (*i.e.,* a sexual act. The homosexual dream component).

2nd Determinant: Knight=Death. The number 3 stands for the male genitalia; hence, slaying=castration. The castration fantasy is linked with the fellatio fantasy.

3rd Determinant: The other children of the family are slain in utero (criminal impulse). The father is treacherously slain from behind.

The ferreting out of the criminal and castration complexes carries us an important step forward. I ask the patient for further details.

Thereupon he unfolds to me his unbridled indulgence in instinctive cravings. The patient has been a decided tyrant from his early childhood; he has tortured animals and insects, and has destroyed everything that fell within his grip. During the war, although there was no lack of fuel at the front, he chose to burn up costly furniture from the abandoned homes, after first hacking it to pieces. He was always ready to volunteer for deeds of violence. Continually he is oppressed by suspicions that his father or sisters, frequently that his sweetheart, may have met with some accident—that perhaps they are dead. This dread pursues him into his dreams, generating unrest and depressions and rousing thoughts of suicide (lex talionis—the law of retribution).

These manifestations, which embody wishes converted into morbid dread, exhibit his infantile criminality. But *what is the aim of this instinctive trend?*

Before answering this highly important question we must examine another strange and powerful impulse which challenges our attention: the patient's *wandering mania.*

The patient's own account suggests some interesting points concerning the genesis of this neurotic symptom:

The patient's restlessness began *immediately following the defloration.* On his first, rather short, walks, he was accompanied by the girl, or by his sisters; but presently he renounced their company on the ground that they were not equal to the task, and little by little his growing inner agitation led him into a veritable dromomania, such as is seldom seen, culminating, during the spring of 1921, in his mountain excursions. The patient prearranged a very lengthy itinerary and endeavored, at all costs, to carry it out to the letter. That meant a heated chase; on reaching the summit, he hardly glanced at the valley below or at the majestic sunrise; night and day he climbed mountains up and down, rushing over steep declines and across deep snow. No trace of exhaustion! And before he had time to take into account his impressions everything was over; he hurried to the train to get back home.

The matter of the daily itinerary requires closer scrutiny. The patient holds on to three different programs: one for *books,* one for *mountain climbing,* and, lastly, a comprehensive *life program.*

The patient writes down a list of hundreds of books which he proposes to read through within a certain time limit. He reads three or four books at once because he dreads the thought of not getting through with his reading program. But as fast as he devours the reading matter his list grows; thus the nervous tension is kept up all the time. This is true also of his mountain excursions; and the same thing happens innumerable times in connection with his daily tasks. He plans minutely, laying out an abundant program for his future tasks. "If I do not succeed in carrying out my program," the patient states, "it makes me very dissatisfied; it gives me a sense of void and *dissatisfaction.*"

The following facts must be mentioned: The defloration occurred on *March 27,* 1919, the mountain excursions began during *the early part of April,* 1921, precisely two years later; his first attack took place at *the end of June,* 1921. It is also interesting that his two sisters were born on the 27th (November and December, respectively). He also had a slight attack during the treatment, on the 27th of March.

Suspecting that the dates of the attacks pertain to a secret calendar, I ask the patient, at a subsequent sitting, in accordance with my esteemed teacher's proven technic, to call out any figure of two digits which may come to his mind. I was hardly surprised when the patient's reaction resulted in two simultaneously associated numbers, 15 and 27, which proved the key to the solution of his subconscious *onanistic fantasy.*

15 is an old masturbation symbol (1=penis, 5=hand); 27 is the starting point of his parapathy: sisters' birthday and defloration of the girl. May not these two facts be connected by some subtle link? The suspicion is strong that this must be the case.

The surmisal of a secret calendar was corroborated by the patient; he always endeavors to keep a memorandum of

what happened to him a month ago, one year ago, or ten years ago. He possesses the calendars covering several years and notes down the important events; he thus continually refreshes his past. . . .

The wandering mania appears to be a *flight reflex* and, at the same time, a powerful shifting of affects. This is shown by his exhausting itineraries, the haste, and perseverance with which he goes through his touring programs, his inattention to the beauties of nature while on the way, and by numerous other signs. The cause of this flight is traceable to the patient's infantilisms which have become manifest. *The patient flees from incest, he runs away from the maternal body, he wants to avoid his sadistic criminality.* (Stekel's centrifugal reflex.) At the same time we find, as polar manifestation, the centripetal flight reflex embodying a shifting of affects. In this second sense we have here a flight from the fiancée and from manliness to loneliness, to the infantilistic fantasy, to mother nature's lap (*cp.* the wet-nurse fantasy; further, also, the somnambulic wandering to the mother's bed).

But whereas the centrifugal flight reflex shows certain euphoriac signs, the centripetal flight remains decidedly a parapathiac symptom. It is significant that his suicidal notions center only on the fantasy of jumping into a ravine or rocky cleft, so as to simulate an accident.

A dream: 5. I dream that I am sleeping. While I thus sleep my mind is busy with the thought that I must go on an *excursion.* I reflect: *Climb I cannot,* it seems to hurt me. Suddenly I find myself sitting in the train, and next to me sits *my mother* wearing her nightgown and with her hair down, *as she is when abed.* Very much surprised I ask her what she is doing there in that attire. She says: Nobody sees us here anyway—besides I shall go right back.

This dream discloses very plainly the relationship between his fixation on the mother and dromomania. Since, according to Freud, there is no negation in dreams, this means: I am climbing the mountains alone but (in my fantasy) mother is

always with me. In the dream the journey is something forbidden, as the beginning of the dream itself indicates. The words, "besides I am going right back," reflect the patient's impatience to return which sets in as soon as he starts on an excursion, also his restlessness. This dream, like the immediately preceding one (dream 3), discloses plainly the equations: mountain=mother (or=sisters, as the younger editions of the mother) and wandering=congressus sexualis. His various programs and itineraries are bound up with a very important secret augury: *unless you carry this out, you will also miss your happiness.*

The devouring of books, the feverish mountaineering, and the laying out of daily programs would appear wholly unintelligible to us if we did not know the affects that lie back of these strange peculiarities, and the subject's hidden aim of testing his fate at every step.

The patient is superstitious. Although he vehemently denied this at first, little by little he recalls particular habits which leave no doubt as to that. For instance, it is a matter of concern for him whether he steps upon the shadow of a statue with the left, or with the right, foot first; right foot first means bad luck. (Left is the incest side!) Ascending a stairway of an uneven number of steps is, again, a sign of bad luck. The patient's whole course of thinking and acting is veiled in symbolism. What is the "good luck" which the patient wants to secure for himself by these strange means? It is the parapathiac's secret (unconscious) sexual objective.

I believe that my first question: "Why does the patient flee from reality to parapathy?" is answered by this analysis of his flight reaction. No parapathiac can successfully run away. Thus, our patient, too, is preoccupied, during his wanderings, with but one thought: What would happen if he should meet a girl in this solitude? Persistent erections, bordering on satyriasis, trouble him during the excursions. He tries to avoid them; fidgets around with his cane, beheading the flowers, or knocking off tree branches and foliage with it. Only thus is he able to keep in check his overflowing cravings (castration and criminal complex!).

Once good luck smiled on him. A handsome girl met him

on the way and asked him for directions. One would think that he hurried to the girl's side and offered to accompany her, but no! He imparted the desired information dryly, in a matter-of-fact manner, without swaying one iota out of his marching route.

There we have the young man, tortured by satyriasis, runing away from his sexuality to the mountains; hungry for love, yet coyly sidestepping a rare and much-desired opportunity when reality offers it to him. The patient's associations at this juncture lead to a fantasy of passion and crime (*Lustmord*) which has a very important bearing on the pathogenesis of his heart trouble.

The starting point is furnished by an illustration in Erich Wulffen's book, *Der Sexualverbrecher.* The illustration shows a girl who had been maltreated by an assaulter, lying in the bushes with an umbrella thrust into her bleeding and tattered sexual parts. At once we see *why the patient avoided the girl on the mountain path.* He thus insured himself against (the temptation of perpetrating) sexual assault and murder. (The moral inhibitions on account of his fiancée must be regarded as secondary.)

The *Lustmord* fantasy has its origin in the criminal cravings which the patient harbors with reference to his *sisters* and his *fiancée.*

In the first place murder within the maternal body, in accordance with the dream equation, mountain=mother, becomes also murder in the mountains; in the second place, according to the other dream equation, wandering=sexual intercourse, it becomes murder during wandering, hence murder during sexual intercourse, *i.e.,* passion murder (*Lustmord*).

That this is correct is borne out by the patient's subsequent associations. He recalls that during the outings with his sisters and his fiancée he was very much *afraid that the girls might slip and fall*—an anxiety which he felt so keenly that it brought on palpitations. He recalls also that during sexual intercourse his heart frequently began to beat fast; this he ascribed to the excitation. For that reason he imposed weeks of abstinence upon himself.

The morbid concern over the safety of his sisters and fiancée

is but the reverse of his death wishes against them, as we know through the bipolarity of affects, and serves as a safeguard. Such polar manifestations are of a sexual character. His abstinence is also a protective device and an ascetic trait at the same time; in any case it justifies the suspicion of a *paraphiliac motive.* Like the attack proper, the abstinence is related to the suppressed criminal impulses. The bloody act of defloration and the abortion—the child murdered in utero —serve as inciters for the criminal impulse. The traumatic character of the defloration is proven by the constant recurrence of the attacks on the 27th day of the month.

The *cardiac neurosis* is traceable to the following determinants:

1. In the first place it appears to be a sign of abstinence from masturbation. The patient thought the masturbation indulgence affected his heart.

2. It stands as a safety device against *the craving to slay his fiancée* and thus escape from the throes of love. The heart attacks during sexual intercourse, and particularly the attack during the consultation hour which occurred at the beginning of the treatment, are traceable to this fantasy.

3. The parallel between "sticking the heart" and a sexual act, as disclosod in dream 4 (through the process of shifting from below) points to a connection of the attack with a *homosexual fantasy.*

4. The cardiac complaint is a sign of retribution (lex talionis!). Patient is fairly free with his death wishes; his customary oath is: "May he be struck dead!" He is never on good terms with his employer (father Imago), and he suffers regularly from his heart attacks during the heated controversies with the latter.

5. The fantasy of *sexual assault and murder* in the mountains with his sisters or other strange girls as the victims; in this connection the attack is a safety device insuring him against wandering off; it is the polar counterpart to his flight reflex.

6. It is the expression of his *troubled heart*—troubled on account of his sexual disappointment (cardiac pains). There is no doubt that on account of his infantilism he nurses in

his breast a distinct aversion to marriage. The patient's statement that he will marry the girl "when he gets well" discloses to the expert eye his true attitude towards marriage, as well as the true extent of his willingness to get well. Thus, this cardiac neurosis arises *out of the disproportion between his adult and his infantile ideal.*

The recognition of these mechanisms and of the operations of the parapathy enable the patient, in the first place, completely to get rid of the shortness of breath and of the aërophagy, induced by his maternal body and *fellatio* fantasies. The pressure on the chest and his morbid dread of sharp edges, and tips, disappear. The cardiac attacks subside; they are represented merely by a weak pressure over the cardiac region. (There is a strong relationship between the swallowing of air and the cardiac trouble: the amount of air in the stomach is increased so that the fundus of the stomach presses against the diaphragm and the heart. That is the physical basis of his precordial pressure.) Patient recognizes, as the first prerequisites for getting completely well, that he must separate from his family and marry the girl at once; he realizes, further, that only now, having become aware of the roots of his paraphilia, will his affection remain undisturbed by any infantile crises.

Meanwhile he has secured a position with his brother-in-law in the United States; the parents have given up their opposition, and he expects to marry within a few months. As the analysis has not been completed, he is to remain under observation till then.

In conclusion I must remark that the patient undertook the psychoanalytic treatment without the knowledge, or consent, of his parents and that everybody was much impressed by the transformation in his character.

I want to add a few remarks to this excellent analysis. We have here a clear illustration of the sudden flaring up of a mania for sport. The force of this wandering mania is shown by the somnambulic wandering to the bedroom of the parents, which required him to pass through his sisters' bed-

rooms. This sleep-walking discloses also the symbolic aim of his mountain climbing. His agitation set in after the defloration, which occurred on a 27th, the birthday of his sisters. He looked for pleasures sufficiently gratifying to release him from his family bonds. But the pleasures of reality were no longer able to take the place of his fantasy pleasures. He felt himself shackled to the girl, without feeling complete gratification during intercourse with her. His mountain excursions were symbolic flights; at the same time they served as oracles. His fantasy substituted the itinerary with another, cryptic aim (possession of his sisters): "If you are able to overcome these difficulties, you shall attain also your other difficult wish!" Thus it happened that every mountain to be climbed represented a particular wish. The excursion always ended in disappointment. This led him to repeat the task over and over (analogy with the well-known repetitions of parapathiacs), until he, finally, ended this torture when the heart attacks came to his aid. But the mountain top became also a symbol of his high-strung pride. You will reach your aim! You can get there! You must get there! He wanted to accomplish more than anybody. His persistent erections, during the excursions, indicate the high degree of sexual tension within his mind maze.

Years ago I had under treatment a similar case. The subject was a mountain climber who hated his father and, after a quarrel with his father, he always fled to the mountains in order to avoid turning into a criminal. He wandered around until he was exhausted; then, meek and pliant, he returned home. All his energies he spent symbolically slaying his father hundreds of times. He had the ugly habit of hurling large stones into the valley, to test how a man could be hit and killed in that way. Once he thought he had murdered an old peasant. . . . Then, much calmed, he returned home. But within a week new quarrels forced him again to take to the road.

Death of the father may transform the old feeling-attitude of hatred into remorse. Occasionally the father's death is followed by a serious parapathy and an inclination to dipsomania; at other times the event brings about a serious depression;

often the most varied mental disturbances combine to form a puzzling clinical picture.

Case 22. Franz G., 24 years of age, suffers from restlessness so that he is unable to concentrate on any work. He runs around during the day sometimes for hours, accosting the loose women, until he is exhausted, when he picks up the first one that comes along. He has a strong inclination to drink, but this craving he curbs because he knows that he would be capable of committing almost any crime while intoxicated. During the very first days the analysis discloses a strong fixation on the father. It was his father's fault that he was ill; he has beaten him cruelly; he has maltreated him during childhood; he does not send him enough money, etc. . . . On the third day of the analysis he feels an impulsion to go to his father (from Vienna to Hamburg) and "have it out with him." "I shall knock down the old rascal if he does not give me satisfaction and turn over to me my share of the inheritance."

I tried to point out to him that his father meant well and did love him, but in vain. A letter from his father shows me that the man is affectionately attached to his son but that he does not know how to handle him. The patient quiets down a little; then, suddenly, he wants to go home because his father is ill. Before the father dies he must tell him the truth to his face. He has always trembled in fear of his father; he now wants to meet him for once as a man. In his mind he pictures the scene of his revenge at the father's death bed. While completing the arrangements for his journey a telegram apprises him that his father has passed away. Thereupon his dromomania grows worse. He roams around for days; little by little his feeling attitude towards his father changes; during the analysis he now discloses certain good traits in his progenitor; regrets his harsh thoughts and, during his wanderings, he converses continually with his father.

Sometimes a death in the family generates certain substitutive impulsions which lead to acts that would be unintelligible if we could not surmise the deeper-lying motives by analogy with similar cases.

CASE 23. Byi., a man 37 years of age, has been suffering for some time from quaint symptoms at which he himself is astonished. He is seized with sudden powerful erections in the middle of the night. At the same time he becomes depressed. Shadows steal over his eyes, there are pains in his back, his temples ache, and he feels an irresistible impulsion to run out. The moment he leaves the house he feels more easy and his depression subsides. But he has become a victim of the drink craving; drink alone, he feels, can do him good and brace him up; rushing to the first saloon, he orders a glass of wine and drains it without a word. Sometimes that is enough to satisfy the impulse—though he has to do it repeatedly, the impulse seizing him three or four times during the day. At other times he goes into four or five saloons, repeating the same ceremonial in each place before quieting down. At such times he has to wander very much and he always seeks out the most remote drinking places. He must always go afoot and keep to the middle of the road. During these "forced marches" he holds his head bowed, brooding over the death of his mother and of his only brother, who passed away recently.

The attack, or crisis, begins also with slight facial convulsions; his mouth opens and shuts involuntarily and he turns red. The crisis ends with a deep half-hour sleep; often he wakes up from this slumber with an outcry, bathed in sweat. Twice he found himself in a garden without recalling how he got there. (Janet, *Obsessions et Psychasthenie.*)

Such dream states frequently accompany the various impulsive acts, although we are not justified in assuming that they are genuine states of split consciousness. Obviously this man regresses back to the suckling period, as I have explained at length in my *Psycho-Sexual Infantilism.* The automatic motions of the mouth and his dipsomania indicate this. Dipsomania is also frequently an infantilistic regression. I know a case where the craving for milk characteristically alternated with the craving for wine.

One form of fleeing home has been given a certain poetic idealization. This is the soldier's return home after deserting from the army. Innumerable sentimental folksongs deal with this theme which thus far has been subjected relatively but little to scientific scrutiny. A favorite popular ballad tells

about a soldier on sentinel duty; a wanderer passes by, singing of love and faith. The song awakens an irresistible longing for home. "The song has done it, it is the wanderer's fault." According to a well-known tradition, the Swiss soldiers, when on duty, cannot bear listening to the cows bellowing; the sound drives them to abandon their post and they run home as if pursued by a higher power. Indeed, it is said that, at one time, the singing of this folksong was forbidden, under the penalty of death. The well-known folksong "Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz" (known also as "The Swiss"), deals with the same sentimental theme: The soldier, serving at Strassburg, in a foreign country, hears the Alphorn; the nostalgia awakened in his soul by the sound is so irresistible that, deserting his post, he swims back to his fatherland. Of course, the deserter wails that it is the unknown shepherd's fault. But for the seductive sound of the Alphorn he would not have deserted his post.

It is remarkable that heretofore the physicians, partly accepting these superficial motives, have failed to search for the deeper causes. The world war has furnished sufficient opportunity for studying the motives of desertion.[20] Unfortunately, we possess thus far but one psychoanalytic study of the subject; even that one contains no extensive analysis, consisting merely of general observations.

In his study, *On the Psychology of the Deserter During the World War,* Viktor Tausk, the highly talented analyst, whose premature death is a genuine loss to the new psychology, was led to important conclusions.[21] Three considerations led him to undertake this study: 1. The fact that most deserters did not belong to the fighting front. 2. The fact that during their flight the deserters suffered more than when they were on duty at the army post. 3. Finally, the fact that about one half of their number proved to be emotionally handicapped—weak-minded, childish, injudicious men.

The deserters upon whom he had to pass judgment as a medico-legal expert he divides into several groups.

1. *Exceptional hysterical and epileptic states.* Persons belonging to this category he designates as not susceptible to analysis (an assumption which is wrong).

2. *Wandering individuals,* fretsome under restraint, who assign childish motives for their running away and with whom running away is a characteristic experience. They "played hookie" at school and were runaways during their early years. The teacher and the captain are surrogates for the father, the female school teacher likewise stands for the mother, so that every subsequent running away amounts to a repetition of the compulsive "flight from family restraint." "The child is father of the man." Every restraint reflects the old family trammels which the subject tries to shake off.

3. *Deserters who run away through the fear of punishment.* The dreaded punishment is often trivial.

Case 24. A deserter made his escape after he acquired a gonorrheal infection and under the greatest hardships and privations he made his way from Warsaw to Lublin. (The commandant had threatened to punish severely any man caught with a venereal infection.) He had a strict father, who often came home drunk and mistreated wife and child. The chief determinant of his conduct was fear of the father. It made him cower; it robbed him of self-confidence, so that he always dreaded punishment. Living under this continual dread of punishment, he was easily thrown off his wits. When he spoke of his father's harshness, tears came to his eyes. The commandant symbolized the father.

4. *Marauders,* unable to bear the hardships of the service though they go nonchalantly through all the tortures of a fugitive's life. They constitute a sub-division of simulants and malingerers; they are mostly old farmers, more or less feeble-minded, and silly over the outward appearance of their anticipated hardships.

5. *The fifth group is made up of neurotics, individuals who suffer from phobias and compulsion neuroses.* In this category Tausk includes those who desert on account of wounded pride, making their escape on being scolded or blamed for something.

6. *The deserters through homesickness* (nostalgia). Longing for home, according to Tausk, is but the longing for mother. He has never met an instance of desertion on account

of a longing for the father—an observation which is not borne out by my experience. Therefore, the generalization: "longing for the family," or "for the family substitutes of one's childhood," would be more correct. He lays great stress on the dread of loneliness. The craving for companionship generates depressions and anxiety, finally impelling the subjects to run home (centripetal tendency), and may be the cause of certain war psychoses (paralogies). Army desertions are sometimes only an unconscious "flight from the threatening mental disorder"—an attempt at escaping from a "loneliness psychosis." [22]

7. *The deserter through political reasons.*
8. *The conscientious objector.*

These deserters are asocial individuals, on account of their infantilism, whereas the war profiteers must be regarded as antisocial.

Tausk's work shows throughout signs of that restraint which was imposed upon physicians by the strict war censorship. Also, his divisions are too rigid inasmuch as most cases are the result of the interaction of various motives. But his is the only work which applies the conceptions of psychoanalysis to an understanding of the problem of desertion. I regard as particularly significant his emphasis of the feeling of loneliness which is brought up so frequently in this form of impulsion. The dread of loneliness leads to the flight into solitude.

The psychology of desertion can be appreciated best by the analyst who, having investigated many cases of dromomania, is capable of tracing their psychogenesis. The impulse appears suddenly; the thought of home stands out in contrast to the unbearable current situation. In Leonhard Frank's novel the judge is unable to grasp the facts before him because he does not know that childhood impulse may break out during adulthood; similarly many deserters and runaways are undeservedly condemned to endure punishments.

Therefore, I repeat: Infantile experiences are back of these impulsive acts, and nostalgia is the longing for one's childhood. When those who run home do not find there the ones whom they love, they are disillusioned; everything seems to them

strange and changed. The cause of the morbid longing for home is a morbid fixation on the family. At times we find a longing for the recurrence of certain childhood traumas; again, the trouble may be due merely to an excessive tenderness, which contrasts painfully with the bleak life among strangers. As I have already pointed out, humiliations generate an unquenchable desire for revenge and may persist in the soul under this form. Many a murderer is himself unaware that when he kills his victim he really slays his father or some one who earlier in life had roused his thirst for vengeance. It is the modern medico-legal expert's duty to investigate and clear up every problematic instance of crime through the aid of analysis; to investigate whether some traumatic determinant did not rouse to activity dormant embryonal impulsions. The understanding of many an offence can be made clear only through an understanding of the offender's childhood life. Education, unfortunately, often amounts to a training for crime.

III

FLIGHT INTO PARAPATHIAC DELIRIUM

The uneasy conscience is a dog barking constantly.
ABRAHAM Λ SANTA CLARA.

We have seen that the flight reaction often takes place in a peculiar state of mental abstraction which may be followed by complete amnesia. Janet makes a distinction between a hysterical (or epileptic) dromomania, accompanied by amnesia, and a psychasthenic dromomania, which is not followed by a more or less complete forgetting of what had happened. Sometimes the diagnosis of the parapathy cannot be definitely ascertained. The concept of psychasthenia becomes misty, so to speak, as soon as we closely analyze the individual cases. All parapathias have something in common. We are always dealing with serious affect disorders, with the results of an emotional conflict which leads to a splitting of the personality. The so-called hysterical stigmata do not stand the test of closer objective testing.

New concepts require new names. Therefore, the so-called hysterical delirium" I call "parapathiac delirium." Thereby I mean to lay the emphasis on the emotional disturbance brought on by the mental conflict in the situation.

I have in my possession a unique document, the autobiography of a patient covering specifically the period of her flight into parapathiac delirium. This episode in her life is described with drastic candor and not without humor. But the episode ended with a "flight home" in the midst of an emotional intoxication such as formerly was designated by the term "hysterical delirium." This patient's confessions furnish us a deep insight into the mental life of an ungratified woman shunted into the wrong path by bad company and wrong advice. She attempted to "live beyond her means." The secret of the art of living is to recognize the limits of our powers

and know what unmoral burdens our psyche can endure. It is characteristic of our age that human beings do not recognize these limitations and all want to "live beyond their means."

Case 25. Mrs. Dora F., 36 years of age, of healthy appearance, showing no physical defect and coming from a healthy family, had never had occasion to complain of any nervous troubles. She comes to me, because after a love affair with a certain painter she plunged into a transitory state of mental confusion and at the hospital where she went for treatment and to secure quiet, the attending physician had mentioned my name to her. She begins her analysis with an account of her all-consuming love affair. She loves with insane passion, as much as a human being can possibly love. She thinks day and night of the painter, daily she looks for word from him, would take her life if she thought she could not see him again. She wants to know whether such an affection is normal or something morbid. She tells me the beginning of this love affair and at my suggestion, she writes down the whole story, somewhat too detailed, but with photographic accuracy. In addition to her biographic account the following data about her personal life are significant.

She and her brother were the two children of a well-to-do family, adored by the father, whose only interest, aside from his large business affairs, was his love adventures. He did not show a refined taste. He pursued with his attentions all the servant girls, including even those who were in service in his own home, which led to numerous unpleasant quarrels and complications. She recalls a certain Frenchwoman, one of her attendants, who had been rendered pregnant by her father and who, nevertheless, was retained in the house. The father spoiled his daughter with his attentions, bought her numerous presents, and worshipped her, so that to this day she seems strongly fixed on him, although he has been dead for the past fifteen years. Her mother is a very honest, morally upright, kindly woman, who taught her children to be pious and to follow the path of virtue. She is living; highly honored and much loved by her daughter. Her brother is a homosexual, as a result of his differentiation from the father

as well as on account of his strong emotional fixation on the mother and sister. He makes no secret of his homosexuality, is even proud of it, always holds on to a friend, some one of the lower class, whom he pampers like a beloved; he holds a high office in a large business, so that, without stinting himself, he is able to take care of the whole family.

As a child she was wild, disliked studying and in spite of her talents obtained average marks at school. She disliked music, but was interested in languages, and began flirting and grew interested in men at an early age. She read many novels and wanted to experience adventure at any cost. Adventure came into her life in the shape of a young medical student who fell passionately in love with her. The customary rounds were gone through in a feverish intensity: rendezvous, flowers, gifts, poems, love letters, even visits at his home, although these visits did not lead to further intimacies. F., the sweetheart, had serious intentions and considered himself her fiancé. Indeed, they even exchanged rings, in secret.

That lasted several years, she grew older, he approached his final examinations for his doctor's degree. Then one day he told her that he could not marry her because he was poor and would undoubtedly need assistance during the first few years of his practice. The fact was, she had been a wealthy girl and had now become poor. The father committed suicide, leaving his family in financial distress. He had lost everything playing the stock market and saw no way out but suicide.

But her mother proved self-reliant. A few relatives stood by her; the creditors' claims were adjusted so as to leave her in the possession of a modest income. But in the general collapse of their fortune, the daughter's considerable dowry was gone.

Dora was so heart-broken over her fiancé's leaving her that she became deeply depressed and, on the physician's advice, went with her mother to the mountains. There she became acquainted with a plain, kindly man, whom she liked very much but who could not quite take her lover's place. She noticed that her new admirer harbored serious intentions. She encouraged the timid man so that he, at last, proposed

marriage to her. She was interested in showing F. that she could get a man. She wanted to avenge herself. She became engaged to the first admirer and the first invitation notice of her engagement she sent to her faithless lover, who meanwhile had graduated a full-fledged physician.

After three months the marriage ceremony took place. The whole time she was in a state of mental elation. She was sufficiently informed to anticipate with insane rejoicing the coming sexual pleasures. Who can describe her disappointment when she found her husband wholly impotent on the night of their marriage! After an hour of vain attempts she said angrily to her husband: "What a bungler you are." (The man attributes his subsequent trouble to this experience. He may be right.) After two weeks she told her brother this mishap. He advised her to wait. Such passing conditions of weakness are not infrequent. He favored this marriage because he loved the sister and was glad to see her with a man towards whom she was indifferent. She waited patiently two months longer. Then she asked her brother whether she should sue for divorce. The brother went with her husband to Freud, who recommended analytic treatment by his pupil, X. Five months of analysis showed no results. The husband did have erections, but when he tried to take advantage of them, his penis promptly collapsed. To render the act of intercourse easier, Dr. X undertook to perform a defloration on Mrs. Dora (with the finger). After two weeks she could bring about the performance of intercourse by assuming a striding position over her husband during the act. This happened a few times but thereafter sexual intercourse again became impossible. The analyst thought the husband was too much attached to his family, particularly to his mother and his brother. However, the results were deplorable and Mrs. Dora, digitally deflorated, and a woman three years married was still unacquainted with what she thought that a woman in her situation should have known and felt long ago.

She became somewhat nervous and her brother advised her to seek some friend or have recourse to self-help. Nevertheless she waited four years more. No result. The numerous futile attempts with her husband discouraged her. He

loved her visibly and always played with her hands, which he called by pet names (Muzzi and Puzzi). He treated her as a child and he himself acted like one. At the same time he complained of all sorts of probable and imaginary troubles. He was a hypochondriac, always under the care of physicians and followed various procedures which he carried out with a pathetic patience. He was also rheumatic, suffered from gastric troubles, diabetes, and was on a strict diet; briefly he was an individual of the type called in colloquial Viennese, a "Krankensessel."

In the seventh year of their married life she bestirred herself. She made the acquaintance of frivolous women who told her considerably about their conquests, frequented the afternoon teas at the prominent hotels, and entered into a number of *rendezvous,* without, however, risking the last step. One day she received a circular from Dr. F. He had changed his residence, establishing himself as a specialist in diseases of women. A few days later she went to him and complained of her trouble; she showed herself more keenly complacent than she intended. Briefly, it led to coitus. She held her beloved man in her arms, at last. But it left her cold. Her pretext was: she wanted a child. With this plea she excused her act. The moral imperatives of her will proved stronger, however, than her desire. She left ungratified. But she came back, again and again, until in a few weeks she noticed that he was getting tired of her. She was jealous of his young wife, and reflected: He does not like me.

To her disappointment she did not become pregnant. Nor did she limit herself for long to her first adventure beyond the marital bonds. A woman, her "friend," introduced her to a man whom she did not precisely like—he was neither elegant nor handsome—but she was anxious to find gratification at any cost. She called that craving her *Scheusal* (*i.e.*, monster, or demon). In spite of that she became his mistress and went with him to a low den. His paraphilia consisted of exclaiming vile words and telling pornographic stories before sexual intercourse. That roused her very much. The filthy hotel, the back stairway, the dirty room, the coarse

behaviour of the low persons who frequented the place—all that was a sensation for her. But she failed to achieve orgasm. . . . Finally, the thought occurred to her to accept pay. She was financially well off; her brother had turned over to her husband very profitable business interests so that she had nothing to worry about. Nevertheless she demanded payment from her lover; she demanded it after every act and the compensation had to be proportional to her achievements. The price varied. She demanded only 20 kronen. She assumed the rôle of a prostitute. She envied the prominent prostitutes and imitated them. She wanted to look like a flirt on the streets and to be accosted meant a great deal to her. She had wonderful small feet and well-formed ankles which she displayed to good advantage so that she attracted the attention of foot fetishists who accosted her on the street. The following episode illustrates her psychic infantilism as well as the marital relationship. One day she asked her husband:

"What do you think I would be paid? How high would I be prized if I walked the streets? . . ."

Her husband looked at her a long time, appraising her up and down:

"Oh—100 kronen."

"Not more than that?"

"Possibly a couple of kronen more."

The next day she had a rendezvous with her paying lover and insisted on the amount estimated by her husband as her worth.

In every respect she was a child. She showed interest in art, attended interesting lectures, longed for adventure and played the flirt without any real enjoyment.

Two years later in Baden she became acquainted with a Colonel who was sojourning there for his health. He was a handsome, stately man who treated her respectfully. At last, they had sexual intercourse a posteriori under cover of darkness in a park. Her feelings were not roused but she was proud of this conquest and loved the man after her fashion. The episode was repeated a number of times. Finally he had

to leave Baden and wrote her letters, signed "Melanie" so that the husband should be kept in the dark regarding the true nature of this correspondence through the mysterious existence of this supposed woman friend.

This army officer fulfilled her most ardent wish. She became pregnant. She did not find it hard to suggest to her husband that one of his timid attempts, at last, proved effective. Or did he not care to know the truth? At any rate, he seemed very proud and regarded himself as the father of the expected child. But three months later the physician diagnosed an extra-uterine pregnancy. She had to submit to a laparotomy which cut short her dream of motherhood.

Three lovers failed to gratify her. She remained a frigid woman. Now she tried her luck with a fourth. Her husband was taking orthopedic treatment. She went once to the orthopedist, a handsome young man, but recently married. He found favor in her eyes and achieved an easy conquest. Then he had her come always after the office hours so that they had sufficient time at their disposal. She had to wear her black feather hat but undress to the skin except for the black silk stocking and patent leather pumps on her feet. That was her new lover's whim to which she had to adjust herself. In his turn he taught her the love alphabet. He was very potent and introduced her to the various postures, according to Aretino. He was eager to witness her orgasm, therefore she feigned gratification. But she never experienced orgasm; nor did she become pregnant, although she most keenly wished it.

The reader will shake his head incredulously when I maintain that this woman longed for love and purity, in spite of the fact that she led this kind of a life. But she was under the influence of a friend who preached to her that the bliss of existence consisted only in one's complete abandonment to the enjoyment of love. This woman, moreover, was homosexually fixed on her. She borrowed nightgowns from her, after they had been worn for a time, to sleep in them, claiming that the aroma of the worn nightgowns intoxicated her and that it was her greatest pleasure to give herself to a man in her friend's nightgown. These nightgowns she re-

turned reluctantly, always saying: "What a pity to have to send the shirt to the laundry. I have consecrated it three times. Do wear it one night. It will bring you luck and render your husband potent." She reported other eccentricities about this woman to whom she confided all her adventures.

But in spite of all that, there was much good in her. She longed for love. She would break suddenly into tears, especially when she was with her mother, if she saw a pair of lovers, or a mother with her children. And she suffered because she felt no gratification in the embrace of men. In the orthopedist she met a cunning expert in the art of love, who was afraid of nothing and who gave her a thorough schooling in the technique of love. But what was the result? She was never gratified, for the reason that her inner denial was much stronger.

In this state, encumbered with three lovers (the "paying" one, the army officer who wrote her letters which he signed "Melanie," and the physician), she went to a health resort, where her husband sought a cure for his gouty ailment.

Here follows her account which, in accordance with my principles, is given without any change in style or orthography. I have only made a few abbreviations, leaving out unessential details. Impatient readers may pass over the whole history and turn to my concluding remarks. I consider this account a treasure and a most significant *document humain.* My explanations are appended as remarks in footnotes. I have added nothing to the text.

THE EXPERIENCE

In accordance with your request I am writing down the experience which has shattered me so badly.

When we reached the little resort where my husband hoped to find a cure for his protracted ailment I gazed with tense expectancy at the scenery of this region, to me new and unknown. I looked regretfully at the majestic, palatial hotel which was not in operation on account of the scarcity of provisions and, *with*

infinite disappointment, at the ugly, bare building (a former glove factory), which served as annex to the hotel and which contrasted so inharmoniously with the charm of the natural scenery and where we had reserved a room, months in advance. I was very dissatisfied with my room. But next day the manager showed us another room which was charming. It had a magnificent unobstructed view; it was light and sunny, and furnished with delicate furniture; there was a rose carpet on the floor; the walls were in the same color, also the bed covers; it had two mirrors: everything to my taste. I was charmed with the room; it satisfied me and I felt wholly reconciled to the ugly hotel building. In great haste I changed my room and installed our numerous packages in our new room. In the afternoon the room next to us was taken by an elderly married couple.

I was deprecatingly sorry for the other hotel guests. They were mostly old men and women, also families with children, always with some member ailing. And there were no Viennese folks there,—not a familiar face! I thought, how beautiful this charming region would seem, if one could be there in the company of somebody one loved. On the following morning, at breakfast, the manager handed me a small package which had come through the mail. I was surprised, inasmuch as I had not told any one of my intention of going there. I read a strange name on the package and returned it with the remark that it was a mistake. At that moment I felt a pang of regret, for I should have liked such an unexpected surprise. The manager then gave the package to an elderly lady who sat with a gentleman at another table, saying to me, he was confused because we had arrived on the same day. I felt insulted to be thus mistaken for a woman who was at least 60 years of age, unusually short and stout and who wore ridiculously loud clothes. I thought to myself, shall I, too, look thus at 60 years of age? When my husband came I asked him at once whether I looked like that woman. He said: not at all! What made me think anything of the kind? I told him the incident about the little package and that I had been mistaken for her. From that time on I said to my husband, there goes my *double,* whenever we saw that woman, and laughed over it. It is possible that she may have noticed that I was ridiculing her.

As I had no distraction, and no change, I devoted myself entirely to my husband. I accompanied him to his doctor and to the baths, I sat at his side sunning myself in the tiresome little

"cure" park (a thing I cannot endure), thinking that inasmuch as our stay there was so insipid, and so costly, we may as well both relax and at least get something out of it. Meanwhile my mind dwelt on the love adventures which I had gone through in Vienna, and particularly on the last happy meeting with my love artist two days before our departure. Then I wrote and sent view cards and letters to all my relatives and acquaintances in Vienna. To one woman friend I wrote that my husband was the freshest and youngest and healthiest cure guest at W., and that she may gather from that how the others look. The only acquaintances I made here were a Count, who is so ill that he cannot move a step and who has most abominable twitchings of the face, and a clergyman, entered in the cure list as "papal house prelate." I wrote her, "I very much fear that here I shall have to remain true to the doctor."

My husband could not be induced to take a little stroll even though the doctor had specifically recommended walking, because he was afraid the exercise would prevent him from gaining weight. Sometimes I went alone with my little dog strolling through the beautiful forest trails, but this so depressed me that I did not care to go out alone. The more pleasant the day the stronger I yearned for companionship. Afterwards I subscribed to the loan library and read a book daily, novels by Zola and Maupassant, mostly works I had read previously, but the choice was limited. One day my husband became acquainted with a couple of horrible Galicians and he began playing cards with them. Suddenly he flew into a jealous rage, without justification,—merely because one of them had asked me to go on a stroll with him. He quarreled with me throughout the night on account of that mistake. I held my ears and told him to leave me in peace; the night time is for sleep!

One morning my husband told me that the couple next door were leaving. I was glad to hear it, even though I had no personal acquaintance with them; I thought perhaps nice interesting people would take their place. Next day my husband again told me that our neighbours were leaving. I asked him: "How do you know?" And he said he thought so because there was a bouquet of flowers at their door. Finally I said to him, they arrived at the same time we came here, they cannot be leaving already,—the cure takes four weeks; and the flowers are probably set out in the hall every night because their odour is too strong for the sleeping room.

Once I saw a young man coming out of that room and standing in front of the door. I reflected, perhaps other people are occupying the room, after all; and then I thought, perhaps the young man was a visitor, possibly a son. At the noon luncheon I looked over to the table occupied by our neighbours; the young man was actually sitting with them, and I said to my husband: "A son is visiting them." Involuntarily I looked at them a number of times, although in order to do so I had to strain my neck. I noticed that my eyes met the young man's, but, then, I reflected that perhaps I imagined this, for we were quite distant from one another. I do not know how many days he had been there, when I walked out of the writing room, one day, to post a letter I had just written, and I noticed this young man following me to the post office. Shortly before I reached the mail box he stopped on the country road and held me with his eye in a striking way. I reflected, surely, he does not think that I would speak to him; I dropped the letter in the box and started on my way back to the hotel. I noticed that he again followed me. On the hotel porch, I seated myself next to my husband in a basket chair and began to read. But now and then I glanced at the young man who had seated himself in a basket chair across from us. It was time for the noon luncheon, so I went for a moment to our room while my husband stepped into the dining room ahead of me. When I came down and entered the dining room, I saw, seated next to my husband, an elderly lady and a gentleman, whom I did not recognize at first. But presently I saw that the couple were a woman friend of mine and her husband, who had called on us from the neighbouring resort. I was tremendously overjoyed to meet friendly faces at last; we entertained ourselves very animatedly; for the time I did not think any more of the young man. My woman friend insisted we should take a drive. But there was no carriage to be had and so we decided to content ourselves with a stroll; of course, my husband would not join us. After luncheon I went up to our room to get ready, and my woman friend called for me in a short time. She waited at the door, so as not to disturb my husband, who was lying down on the couch, and when I stepped out of the room, the young man was again in the hall. I exchanged a few words with my friend and found it uncomfortable to have to pass by him. We took a stroll and around 6 o'clock we returned to the hotel. My husband was playing cards with his Galicians. It was with considerable effort on my part that

I succeeded in breaking him away from his card party to give his attention to our company. Across from us I saw the young man playing cards with another; that other man's wife was looking on. In the evening I escorted our callers to the train. Meanwhile it had rained. When I returned from the station I walked squarely across the dining hall, to go to my room. At the exit, I again found the young man and as I brushed closely past him, he once more looked me garishly in the eye. In my room, while dressing up for the evening, I exchanged a few harsh words with my husband, who again irritated me with his hypochondriac complaints. To end the quibbling, I finally rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind me. At the moment when I rushed out of the room, I almost knocked into the young man, who must have been standing in front of our door. I thought to myself, he must have overheard our heated debate! Shortly after that my husband, too, came out of the room and together we went down to the dining room. After dinner I said to my husband that I was tired of strolling around and that I would like to go early to bed; but I would go for the dog, merely to give him a little exercise out of doors. I went up in the elevator, and to my room for a moment, to take the dog in my arms, and when I stepped out of my room, there stood, in the middle of the upper stairway, blocking my way: he! And then, I said to myself, this was in the air all day, I suspected and felt it coming, without full awareness, and now it is going to happen; the moment has arrived when we are to speak without an introduction. I was very excited and full of tense expectation.

He introduced himself and begged me to excuse him for the unconventional form to which he had resorted to make my acquaintance. I said that I did not mind it, inasmuch as there was no other way. During this conversation we were standing on the steps, near my room. Then, suddenly, he said, pointing to his door, "This is my room," threw open the door, went in, leaving the door open, and remained standing in the dark room. I said to myself, what does that mean, does he really think I would step into his room? I remained quietly standing on the stairway, waiting for him to come out of his room. Then, without a word between us about this incident, we descended the stairway together. Arrived downstairs, I started to go into the dark, in front of the hotel, with my dog, and he asked whether he may join me. I consented. We spoke at first about dogs, then he said to me: "To-night at dinner I sent out to you telepathic thoughts; it

was very interesting; did you not feel the influence?" I answered, I had not noticed anything, whereupon he said: "You scratched your head, surely that is not your habit!" I could not recall having done so, but I told him that I find telepathy and hypnotism very interesting, adding, facetiously: "Hypnotize me." He asked me whether my husband would not be angry when he found out the unconventional manner in which we became acquainted, and I said that it were best I would not tell him anything about it, because he was very jealous. He said, "Yes, the best plan is not to tell him anything about it, why should you worry and annoy him without reason?" While he said that to me, I reflected: he must be considerate and tender, and I felt a great liking for him. He asked me what our chances were of being together, in view of the fact that my husband was so jealous, and I said: "Forenoons my husband is always at the baths and then he must lie down for one and a half hours; during that time I am free and we could take walks together." He said: "Very well, let us do so to-morrow and I will stay over another day; fact is, I had intended to leave." I answered very regretfully: "If you are leaving so soon, there is nothing to our meeting just now." Then I said that I must go upstairs and gave him my hand in parting. He kissed my hand and exclaimed very enthusiastically: "You have such a soft skin, *altogether you seem to be a very wonderful woman.*" I retorted, telling him not to indulge in too high expectations, to avoid disappointment; that I thought I was a very simple woman. Then he said to me: "You will come out of your room again to-night." I said that I should positively do nothing of the kind and went to the dining room to fetch my husband. During this conversation my head began to ache, there was a sensation of pressure over my forehead, between the eyes. I went with my husband to our room and, at the moment when we entered the room, I said to myself, he will be standing below to watch our windows. I stepped to the window and there he was standing, as I suspected, looking up. We looked at each other for a few moments, then I closed the window and drew down the curtain, and went to the second window; there was a repetition of the same mute scene. Then I said to my husband that my head ached, probably because the walk immediately after supper had overfatigued me, and that I felt very exhausted, and began to undress. After I took off my dress, I suddenly recalled that I had left my coat in the dining room. I told this to my husband, and as he was still

dressed, I asked him to fetch it for me. He did not want to do it and suggested that I could have the maid bring it. But I refused, because I thought that perhaps she did not know my coat and might bring me a wrong coat. I decided to go for it myself and I again put on my dress. While doing so, the thought came to me, if I go downstairs, he will have been right when he said that I would go out of my room again that evening. But at the same time I hoped I should not meet him and he would not know of my having gone out again. When I stepped out of the room he was standing in front of the door. At that moment I was terribly frightened, and I said with a guilty smile: "I forgot my coat downstairs." He asked me for permission to accompany me downstairs while I fetched it. His request annoyed me and I answered, shaking my shoulders, "I don't know," but went downstairs alone. When I took the coat from the dining room the waitress said I might have left it there overnight, the coat would have been safe. Then I went upstairs again and retired. But I was somewhat agitated and could not fall asleep promptly; I was pleased over the interesting acquaintance I had made that day and at the prospect of the next day's appointment. On the next day the weather was very beautiful; I awoke in a happy and buoyant frame of mind. From my bed I could see the neighbouring mountains. When my husband woke up he opened wide both windows. After he left the room, around a quarter of nine, I got up in a happy frame of mind, rejoicing over my prospective rendezvous. I hurried through my toilette. A large mirror hung over the wash bowl and I smiled as I beheld myself while washing. As usual I went around naked while washing myself; suddenly the thought came to me, he has the room across, all day long he is hanging around the corridor. This gave me an uncomfortable feeling and I thought that perhaps he was peeping through the keyhole into my room, although I considered it unlikely. I took a handkerchief and hung it over the door knob. When my toilette was nearly finished, on looking out of the window, I saw him sitting, with a lady and another gentleman, on the breakfast porch. Then I went downstairs and took a seat with my husband at a near-by table. While breakfasting I had the feeling that he and the lady were glancing at me and talking about me. After my husband, following his routine, went to the baths, I remained seated and read a book (Maupassant's *Bel Ami!*). Thereupon he came over and seated himself near me. I told him, we cannot go on our

walk as yet, I must wait for an hour for my husband's return from the baths, as I must first prepare a compress for his feet, then we may go. He said to me: "There is something girlish about you." We then agreed that I shall introduce him to my husband upon the latter's return from the baths, and we both had the same idea, namely, to say that he brought me back the dog, after it had run off, and took the opportunity of introducing himself to me. Whereupon he said to me: "You got up very late this morning,—did you not feel you were being observed while you were making your toilette?" Very astonished, I said: "Why do you ask me that?" He said: "I watched you this morning and was pleasantly surprised, not every woman goes about her toilette so thoroughly, and in the nude." I was rendered speechless. But I managed to say to him: "I did feel I might be watched, for I hung a handkerchief over the door knob; but how could you watch me, you could not have peeped through the key hole?" He said: "How can you think that I would do such a thing? But I did see you, and saw also your husband who turned towards you to say a few words before he left the room." Then I said: "You could not have possibly seen it, but, since you are a telepathist, perhaps you have felt it, or divined it." He answered: "I saw it in a natural way." Suddenly it occurred to me to test his telepathic gifts and, as I have had my character interpreted from my writing a number of times by professional graphologists, I asked him if he could do likewise. He said he could, and I asked him to get a pencil and a sheet of paper. I wrote on the slip of paper: "Please tell me my chief character traits as revealed by my writing." Glancing at my writing for an instant, he covered his eyes with the palm of his hand, and for a moment remained absorbed in thought. Finally he said: "I am telling you this not only from your writing, but also from your physiognomy." Again looking at my writing, he said: "You are unmusical, indeed you sing off key." As this was very true, and nobody had said it to me theretofore, I let him go on without interruption. He continued without looking further at the writing or at me: "You crave complete subjection to the person whom you love, you would be happy to suffer for the sake of the person you really love. In such a case you would be little troubled by what folks say; indeed, you would hardly seek to avoid notoriety. You indulge in day dreams. You know much about human nature. You are cultured and you have read extensively. You have artistic

sense, but poor taste. Your home is grossly furnished. You have a talent for writing. You can sublimate your emotions. You are liked by many persons. You are in love with some one at the present time. He is a stout, strong man, stupid and uncultured; his face is red and his language is coarse." I said: "You are mistaken, there is such a man, but I hate him, he loves me. At the present time I love another." Thereupon he said: "He is a married man; his wife nags him; he has very charming manners and a very beautiful body." I was bewildered in my astonishment. I said: "Whether his wife nags him, I do not know; I am not acquainted with his wife at all; but all other things you say are true and I love this man very much." While he was saying all this to me I had the feeling that it was all true. I realized for the first time that I was precisely as he described me, and I had the feeling that I never knew it till then because I had not thought of it before. Then he told me also that theretofore I had been insensitive to love, that my feelings were not yet awakened, that I was still like a girl. I believed that, too, although it had not been clear to me till then. I said to him: "It is all true, except the statement that I have poor taste." But he insisted that it was so. I asked him whether I was a good dancer and he said: "Not at a waltz; but you dance well the modern dances." That was also correct. I added, I have no skill at writing, except perhaps letters, but he said: "You could do it if you tried." He also added: "You do not love your husband, though you are kindly disposed towards him. And, another important thing, you hate a certain close relative." I answered: "What you say about my husband is true; but I know nothing about hating any one, possibly that is something unconscious."

Then he told me that he was a painter, 40 years of age, and that he had always lived in Paris before the war. The war had crushed him,—robbed him of his youth, or something like that; during the greater part of the war he had served in the field. His statement, that he was a painter, seemed to me improbable, I should not have taken him for one. He did not have the appearance I had associated with an artist; his appearance was rather that of a successful business man. He was immaculately dressed in accordance with the latest fashion; I thought he must be a wealthy dilettante. I arranged with him that I would accompany my husband to our room, when he returned, to prepare his foot compress; that meanwhile he would walk ahead; and

that we shall meet in front of a certain house near the forest. It was his suggestion; on my part I should have walked out with him from the hotel, without hesitation. During our conversation he had also asked me to take off my hat; I did this reluctantly, because I did not care to disarrange my coiffure. I took off my hat, but in a short time I put it on again. Then my husband came. I introduced the gentlemen and they exchanged a few words. Then I accompanied my husband, waited until he was in bed, and applied his compress. Before going down again, I took off my hat, rearranged my coiffure and took along a parasol. We met at the appointed place and climbed a steep forest path,—it was the beginning of the road leading to the Tannenkogel. He asked me why I came out without a hat and I told him, because I had my parasol; in the sun I always carry either hat or shade, because the light blinds me.

Next, I asked him to tell me, as he had promised in the morning he would, how he saw me during my morning toilette. He answered: "I will tell you, on condition that you promise to go about it to-morrow morning in the same way, without taking the least precaution, and that you give me your hand on it." I was so curious about what he was going to tell me that I gave him my promise and my hand, without further quibbling. Then he told me: "Last night I slept very poorly, arose very early in the morning, walked over to the hill across from the hotel, and from there I looked through your window with my field glass. I saw very plainly everything: while wiping your breast you suddenly stopped, and I thought you felt yourself observed. I was even afraid you had noticed me." I said: "How could I have seen you, it would have never occurred to me that you would watch me from the top of the hill through a spy glass." I almost regretted that it had happened in so natural a way and the thought that I had promised to go through my toilette next morning in the same way oppressed me very much. As if he surmised my thought, he said: "You promised to go through it the same way to-morrow," and I answered: "I shall keep my word."

Then we sat down on a bench along the road and, full of trepidation and uneasiness, I reflected, now he will want to kiss me. I was afraid. He started to kiss me on the mouth, but he said suddenly: "No, I will not kiss you thus, you are yet girlish." And he gave me a harmless peck on the cheek. Thereupon he did kiss me on the mouth; he gave me a long and

passionate kiss, holding my arms fast at the same time, and I felt he was biting my lips. I tried to get away from him because the bite was painful, but he held me tight. Then he suddenly jumped off the bench, leaned against a tree and, holding his head between his hands, he cried, full of dismay and excitation: "Forgive me, oh, please, do forgive me, I am ashamed of myself, I am no man!" I did not know at all what he meant thereby; I felt I must console him and quiet him down; I reassured him repeatedly that I felt neither angry nor insulted, that I did not see why I should despise him, or why he is no man. I could not understand his behaviour. After he had quieted down, we went back on a different road than the one on which we came and he said to me: "Why did you laugh while I kissed you?" [1] I answered, saying that I had done it unconsciously, but that I always laugh at kissing; kissing was not something to be sad about. He said: "When one kisses you, you look up in the air and think of heaven knows what." I said: "That may be so, but I do not do it deliberately, I am not even aware of doing so." At that moment I perceived that the lip on which he had bitten me was badly swollen; I looked in my pocket mirror; the lip was disfigured. I held my handkerchief over the swollen lip and he told me not to do so, as this made it worse. I said: "But it looks so ugly," and he retorted: "I do not find it so." Then he wanted to know what I will say when my husband asks me why my lip was swollen, and I told him: "I shall say that I was bitten by an animal." [2] He laughed heartily at that.

We reached the spot from which he spied through my window that morning and he showed me precisely where he stood. It was on a level with the third story of the hotel. I saw our open windows and at the back of our room the mirror hanging over the wash bowl, but nothing more could be seen with the naked eye. I asked him whether he had not seen other persons in their rooms and he said: "I saw only in one room an elderly woman clasping a garter under her knee." Then he said to me: "Cover the mirror over the wash bowl in the morning, it disturbs me." I answered: "No, I shall not do that; I have given you my word that everything will be as it was to-day and I shall keep my word." Suddenly he exclaimed, in an exhilarated tone of voice: "I saw you to-day preparing a bidé for yourself." This so angered me that I turned my back at him and fled. He ran after me, calling: "Oh, please forgive me, dear madam, do forgive me." After a couple of minutes I stopped; I was no

longer angry with him. I thought to myself, if he did see me, being angry at him won't help matters. He told me: "I deserved to have you angry at me for at least a quarter of an hour." We were now approaching the hotel and we separated. But first we agreed that he should join my husband and me at tea that afternoon and we would go on a walk together.

That afternoon, before I went down to tea, looking out of our window, I saw him entertaining in conversation a blonde lady dressed in black. My husband was sitting near by at a table. I had tea with my husband, then I went back to our room again, to fetch my fur coat, because the air was chilly. Going down I met him on the stairway. He asked me whether he might join us at our table, and I consented. We three conversed for a time and then we went for a short walk. By the time we reached the sanitarium park my husband felt tired and wanted to sit down on a bench. I wanted to keep on going with him, my husband protested, finding that altogether improper. Finally I said: "We shall go only a little way, sit down meanwhile on a bench, we shall be back presently." And I ran ahead with him. He said to me: *"You have a remarkable way of treating your husband; you are like Nora."* [3] Then our conversation drifted to irrelevant matters, and he asked me whether I am acquainted with a certain Mrs. M. She was an elderly woman, dressed too frivolously for her age, who did not live at the hotel, but who took her dinners there. I said the woman in question had already attracted my attention with her tasteless and gaudy attire, and I should be curious to know from what provincial nest she sprang. At that he felt very insulted. He said that he finds the "modern" attire very ugly and that I had hurt myself very much in his estimation with this statement. I told him that that was my opinion; that I do not mean to please him; that I intend to dress as modernly as possible; and that, whenever I order a new gown for myself, I always watch to see what the ladies of fashion are wearing on "peacock alley." He told me also that my bodice is visible and that I do not lace myself tightly enough. Then we turned back and returned to the hotel with my husband.

When I awoke next morning, I recalled the promise I had given. I sat up in bed and looked towards the hill, through the open window, wondering whether he was there already, but I could see nothing. Then I got up quickly and went through the same toilette preparations as on the previous morning, excepting

that I went through everything more hastily and always tried to have my back turned towards the window. After washing myself, I sat down in front of my toilette table, which was standing between the windows, to do up my hair. There he could not see me. When my coiffure was nearly done, some one suddenly rapped at the door. I knew it was "he." Jumping up quickly, I ran to the door, which I knew was locked, and hurriedly hung a handkerchief over the door knob. Then I asked softly: "Who is it?" Again some one knocked, but there was no other answer, and I noticed that some one was trying to turn the door knob. I said very softly: "I cannot let you in now." He kept quiet for a while and I hurried through my toilette. After a few minutes he knocked again. I paid no attention. I resolved not to open the door even if he knocked all day. Finally he gave it up. I had put on my neatest dress, one I had never worn before, and a white hat, because white is very becoming to me, and I wanted to look as attractive as possible. When, at last, I went downstairs, I met him on the street in front of the hotel. He held in his hand a branch which he had plucked off a raspberry bush; it was full of raspberries and very pretty. He gave me the branch without saying a word. We were both silent in our embarrassment. Finally I asked him, pointing towards the hill: "Were you there?" And he asked me: "Why did you not open the door when I knocked?" I said I did not know who knocked because no one had answered my question; thereupon he said: "I wanted to offer you a rose, that was all," and at my astonished look, which seemed to ask: "Where is the rose?" he said: "The rose is now in my room." Just then his father passed by and he introduced him to me. The father, a very pleasant and rather youthful appearing man, said to me: "We are neighbours, don't we disturb you, don't I quarrel too much with my wife?" I perceived the insinuation and reflected that next time I would not quarrel so loudly with my husband. After he left us, his son said to me: "My father is very tactless, he should not have said that." I commented, saying: "It does not matter, at least I know now that the walls have ears." He told me also that his father was much interested in ladies, but that he had never got anything out of his life. Then we arranged to meet again at the same place as yesterday. I waited for my husband, as on the previous day, made his compress, and started for our trysting place. At the turn of the road I again met his father, who asked me where I was going. I said: "For

a little walk," and he commented: "Again for a walk!" I turned in another direction than the one leading to our trysting place and he accompanied me for a short distance; then we parted, and I went in a roundabout way to keep the appointment, near the edge of the forest. He saw me coming from a distance and ran forward to meet me: "This time," he said, "you look prettier than ever." We strolled along another path than the one on which we had walked on the previous day. He told me about Paris and about a newspaper appearing there, in which all sorts of perversions are advertised, but worded so that the uninitiated do not suspect the true meaning. He quoted a few illustrations: a woman, for instance, *bien gantée et bien chaussée* (properly gloved and shod) advertises, *leçons d'Anglais*, but this means, in reality, something different than English lessons. I thought that very interesting. We sat for a short while on a bench along the road, while a number of strollers passed us by. I should have liked to sit there; it was on the brink of a river and very beautiful. But he arose and led me over a hill towards the dense forest. I was in danger of tearing my lace dress, and my hat, too, refused to stay in place. Nevertheless I followed him everywhere. When we reached the thicket, he embraced me passionately; we sat on the ground and he wanted me, but I was very much afraid and would not give in. I thought, I may become pregnant again; I thought it was stupid, and the baby had a big head; I want no stupid child and if it should have a big head, the delivery would be very difficult. In order to hold him off, I said that I am rendered pregnant as soon as I am touched, that my husband always uses contraceptives (though that was not true). He did not want to be held back, but I pressed my legs together so that he could not do a thing. Then he helped me arrange my toilette again, as he had dishevelled me, and he very adroitly relaced my bodice, which he had unlaced.

When we crawled out of the thicket, he told me we must pluck some blueberries so that any one who chances to pass by should think we crawled up there to get berries. I did pick a few berries, although I thought while doing so, that no one was likely to be strolling in that neighborhood. He asked me whether I want to go again to the same place in the afternoon with him. I told him, afternoons won't do because I must be with my husband. He said: "To-morrow is Sunday, and I must go to A.; the fact is, I came here but for a day." I asked him

why he must go to A. on Sunday; did he have an appointment with some one there? and I asked him to stay over.

In the course of our subsequent conversation he told me that he will yet possess me and he said: "I will do it to you and if you laugh at it I shall beat you as I would a naughty child."[4] Then we spoke about having children and he quoted the following verse from Wedekind: Ein Seitenblick, des Bettes Planke kracht, das Weib seufzt auf, so wird ein Kind gemacht. (A side glance, the creaking of a bed-spring, a woman's sigh; a child is thus conceived.) Then he told me also a story by Wedekind; a peasant boy, full of passionate craving, enjoys his sweetheart's charms; but in the midst of his excitation and roused desire, he finds that he is not a man; so great is his anger over this disappointment that he rushes with a firebrand through the village, to prove to her that he is a man, and sets the whole village on fire. I said: "But it is nothing to her if the whole village burns down; he does not prove thereby that he is a man; it only shows that he is an incendiary." He found this comment on my part very remarkable and said: "You think in such realistic terms!"

On this walk I told him also that during the first three years of our married life my husband had been impotent, and that he had been treated for it by a pupil of Prof. Freud. Presently a harmless peasant passed us by and he imagined that the latter may have seen us in the forest.[5] I told him: "Surely, that man has other things on his mind; he may possibly figure how he could *steal our pocketbook.*" Then I told him that I cannot meet him during the next day because on Sunday my husband does not take his baths. Then he mentioned, again, that his parents will wonder why he stays on, as he had come only for a day. On the impulse of the moment I said: "Let us all go to the Tannenkogel." I was thinking that this excursion would give him a pretext to stay on. He thought this was a good idea, but he said: "It can't be done to-morrow; there is a complication in the way; my brother is coming here to-morrow." Then he told me also that for the past ten years he has maintained intimate relations with a Variété dancer, that the woman lived in Vienna, that she had been at Paris with him and that she loved him very much. I asked him why he did not marry her, and he answered: "Because she is very poor." I said: "That is one more reason why you should marry her," and he retorted: "You are the first person to give me this advice; my mother told me, if I marry this woman she would disown me."

We went back to the hotel. In the afternoon, when I came down for tea, he was sitting in the tea room with Mr. N., with whom he was playing cards, while the latter's wife again looked on. He greeted me from a distance. I went with my husband alone for a walk and felt a great longing for him. When we came for our evening meal, his parents were alone at their table and I kept wondering continually where he could be. I overheard his parents tell the waiter that he would be in later and I reflected that he had probably gone to the motion pictures. Suddenly the door opened and he walked in with a gentleman, an elderly lady, and a very beautiful young girl who was holding in her hand a bouquet of roses. The parents arose from their seats, they greeted each other and all seated themselves at a larger table. Then he walked up to our table and told us that his brother became engaged and brought along his fiancée and future mother-in-law to introduce them to the family, and that he had gone to the station to receive them. I said to him: "Your sister-in-law is very pretty, follow your brother's example." He told us also that his brother was six years younger than himself and that they did not look alike. I thought that engagement tremendously interesting. Shortly afterwards I went to sleep with my husband. Later, while in bed, I heard music and singing downstairs.

Next morning it was rainy. I reflected that in such weather an excursion to the Tannenkogel was out of the question, anyway. When I came down to breakfast, the whole family, including his brother and the bride, were sitting in the breakfast room. In the day time the bride did not seem quite so beautiful, but she was elegantly attired in a silk gown, silk stockings and a hat with a veil. After breakfast he seated himself near me and my husband at our table and asked me whether he must devote his whole time to the bridal pair, as he finds it rather irksome. I told him that the couple would undoubtedly appreciate being left by themselves a little for a tête-à-tête. We talked of many things and he showed me his sketch book, with drawings from Marienbad, also drawings of the bride, but poor ones, and rather uneven. He said he would like to draw my husband; he thought my husband had a very interesting head.[6] He did so four times. The drawings were very poor, they made him appear older and more of an invalid than he was; my husband was beside himself over those drawings. Then I told him to sketch me, too, in profile, because I can be caught best that way. He sketched me very

poorly; my husband said he would never have married me if I had looked so. But the drawing was not without resemblance to the original, for when he showed it to the waitress she recognized me at once.

Then I suggested that we go out a little, as it had stopped raining. My husband opposed the suggestion, but I told him, "I am coming right back," and flew out. Outside he said to me: "You are the most unmoral woman I ever knew; it is unbelievable how you fool your husband, but I find it charming; you are so much like Nora."

We strolled down the street to the mill, which is the usual afternoon walk and where one always meets other strollers. He told me he knew that I have yet never been gratified during sexual intercourse, that I was still like a girl, and added that he was going to be the one to awaken my sexual feelings. He said: "That is why I am staying on here." I reflected, if that alone is why he remains here and then, after rousing my feelings, he intends to leave, what good is it to me to have my feelings roused only to be abandoned! I said to him: *"If you do not love me, why should you want to awaken my feelings?"* He said: "Because it interests me psychologically!" I reflected: "If he does it, I shall at least know what it is like," and in that connection the thought came to me, "One moment of paradise is not too dearly bought if paid for with death." He asked me about my sexual relations with my husband and I mentioned a few humorous episodes, over which he laughed very heartily. We returned to the dining room for our meal.

During the afternoon it rained and I remained in my room until around five o'clock. Before going down again, I dressed myself very carefully. I put on a silk gown, which I had not worn till then, because I had thought it was too elegant for the place, silk stockings and patent leather pumps, like the bride, and a plush hat which fitted me very well, and which I had also never worn before. When I opened the door, he was again standing on the stairway landing, close to my door. He said the dining room downstairs was frightfully warm, and the continual company of his parents and of that bridal couple terribly tedious. We were standing together near the hall window; he gazed at me and said: "I shall yet sketch you in this hat!" And when I gleefully asked him whether he thought it suited me, he exclaimed: "Take it off." I said that I would not think of taking off a hat which fits me, because I did not want to disturb

my coiffure. But he insisted that I should take off my hat. Finally, I took off the hat for a few minutes, and immediately I put it on again. He said: "And if I should tell you to jump off the third story would you do it?" I answered: "You would not ask such a thing, it would be murder." Then I said I was going down to tea, and he requested: "Take off your hat again, and go into the restaurant without your hat." I did not want to do that, and thought, I would rather not go in at all. I walked over to the plaza fronting the hotel and stood there in the rain with my dog. I hoped he would go in without me. But he remained standing in the hotel doorway, watching me without saying a word, but clenching his fists. I struggled with myself for about five minutes, undecided whether to yield or not. Finally I decided that I would give in to him. I passed him by, without looking at him, and entered the hotel (although there was another entrance to the dining room); in front of the door leading into the dining room there hung a looking-glass; I took off my hat, entered the dining room and, inside, I again put on my hat in front of another looking-glass. Then I sat down near my husband, who was playing a game of cards.

After a few moments he came in; he looked so happy that I was glad I had done it. I said to him: "I have again put on my hat." He, in turn, asked me: "Why did you take it off?" I said: "I reflected that the wiser person gives in." "Would it not have been wiser," said he, "to take off the hat at once, instead of staying out in the rain like a stubborn child?" Then he sketched me with pastel crayons, full face; the likeness was very good; at any rate, incomparably superior to the one he sketched that forenoon, although the expression around the mouth was a little too sober, which was not correct of me at the time, as I was feeling very joyful. Meanwhile the rain stopped and without saying a word to my husband, who was engrossed in his card game and took no notice of anything, we went out. We strolled down to the mill, on the road we had gone over on our morning walk. We passed by a spot where soldiers in transit were camping. There he stopped and watched with much interest the soldiers, who were boiling coffee. I found it very uninteresting. A few steps further, he suddenly turned to me and said that I must fix my garter in front of those soldiers. At first I was not going to do it, but he reiterated, "You must!" so persistently that I stopped and did as he asked me. While I did so he stood between me and the soldiers so that the latter

could not see me. As we continued on our walk I asked him why he always asked me to do unpleasant things, which I could do but reluctantly. I said to him: "Ask me once to do something I like, for instance, to order an ice cream for myself in the evening." He answered: "That is no trick,—to do something which one likes to do; one must do what *one does not like.*" Then he said to me, suddenly: "Now, sit down on a stone here." He asked me to do something exceedingly disagreeable. I was speechless; but I managed to say: "That I shall never do!" He stopped and said: "Then I won't walk with you any more." I walked on alone until I reached a turn of the road; that was some distance from him and it began to grow dark. I saw him standing on the spot where I started to walk ahead alone; he was looking at me, reclining on a thin, supple cane he carried in hand. Suddenly I sat on a stone which was lying on the road, but did nothing further. He promptly walked up to me and, when he reached me, he asked: "Did you do it?" I said "yes," although it was not true; thereupon he kissed my hand animatedly, beaming with joy. Presently he suggested that I do something else. I said: "That—never!" He said: "You are going to do it to-morrow morning; and if you refuse I shall spank you as I would a stubborn little girl." I was glad that, at least, he postponed it until "to-morrow," and we started to go back. He told me that at Prague he knew an elderly woman, around forty-five years of age, but who was still well preserved, and keen about men (that was his expression). This woman he met once at a gathering and he said to her: "When you go home to-night you will read in your prayer book while lying in bed, then you will masturbate." Fourteen days later he met her again and she told him that she had really done so. He said to me: "Do you know why I ordered her to read first in her prayer book? Because I wanted her thus to be transported back to her childhood, so that she would be sure to masturbate, as in her childhood." Then he told me that at a dance a woman once asked him for a kiss. He told her he was ready to bestow on her a greater pleasure and, gazing steadily at her, he suggested that he was having intercourse with her; she then thanked him, declaring that she felt a very keen gratification.

He then tried the same thing on me, but did not succeed; I said that I did not feel anything. Then he asked me to shut my eyes; I shut my eyes and he said: "You cannot open them."

But promptly I opened my eyes again. At last he admitted: "It does not work with you." He asked me whether I have had the experience of feeling that my eyes clung to some one passing by. He told me that at Marienbad he passed by a woman on whom his eyes suddenly remained fixed; that the woman, who was with company, walked up to him and started a conversation. She was a countess, or a baroness; that same evening he met her again at the casino and gave her a kiss in the hotel lobby, in front of all the people. Then he told me, too, that last year he met a woman, also at N., whom he watched for three days; that she then walked up to him and, pressing his hand, said: "To-day, at last, I am free; for three days I have been walking around with a pressure in my head; but to-day I am again free and in the morning I shall leave."

Thereupon he asked me again whether I would do what he asked me yesterday; he wanted my promise that I would do it. I told him I would not do anything of the kind. He said: "If you don't promise that, I shall not talk to you any more." I retorted: "It will be only your fault." That made him angry; he walked at my side without saying a word. I was desperate. I tried to soften him again, saying: "It is tedious to have you so silent." He said merely: "I am not here only to amuse you." After walking for some time without exchanging a word, I could not endure the silence any longer; feeling I was the weaker one, I said: "What must I do?" He said: "You must ask my pardon." That, again, was something I did not want to do; I said I had not done a thing for which I need ask his forgiveness. But he insisted. Finally, I said: "What must I say?" He answered: "You must say, 'I am sorry to have troubled you.'" I repeated, like a parrot: "I am sorry to have troubled you." He asked me: "Will you do in the morning what I have told you to do?" I answered: "Yes." Gazing tenderly at me, he kissed my hand with much feeling, exclaiming: "You love me!" I was very happy that I obeyed his whim; I found that game uncommonly delightful. Then he said, in a changed tone of voice: *"To-night you will fall insanely in love with me; you will toss sleeplessly in your bed throughout the night, thinking of me, and during the night you will come to my room; the door will be open."* I said: "To your room I won't come, but love you I do already; I need not fall in love with you only to-night." Then I asked: "Do you love me, too?" He answered: "You

are but a child, and here to rouse me, but I can only love a full-grown woman."

We spoke about suggestion and hypnotism. I was of the opinion that telepathically induced love was not genuine; that love must be a matter of free will. To that he said: "When you say anything like that you grieve me very much." I felt very sorry to think that I grieved him. We reached the hotel. Meanwhile it had grown dark. After dinner he came to our table and said that a concert was being arranged, to be given for charity, in the hall of the larger building which was not then open, and that he would play the violin. I knew that the blond, stout Roumanian girl would sing there and had invited him and his father. My husband said he would not enjoy climbing up the road back to the hotel at night, and we declined to go. I was very sorry because I should have gladly spent the evening in his company, and because I was jealous of the Roumanian girl, in whose honour he had accepted the invitation. We went to bed early and I could not fall asleep. I tossed around in my bed and could think only of him. It was Sunday night and I heard the local inhabitants returning home from the inns, in the midst of much noise and song. After twelve o'clock I heard him come home. He opened the door to his room very noisily, then he slammed the door back and forth very conspicuously a number of times. I knew that he meant thus to inform me of his return home and to remind me that he was expecting me. Sleeplessly I tossed in my bed this way and that way, reflecting that he was waiting for me, that it was my duty to come to him, that I was disobedient if I failed to do so; but I could not make up my mind fully to do it. Through the door crack I noticed that the light was burning in the hall. With one step across the hall I could be in his room. The thought attracted and enticed me; and for a moment I had a notion to jump out of bed and tell my husband that I was not feeling well, and that I must go out. Already I was reflecting whether to go with or without my shoes, whether to go out in my shirt, or put on a wrapper. But presently I thought that he must have fallen asleep and that he was not expecting me any longer. I kept to my bed, though I was tremendously excited, and until morning I did not close an eye. When I arose in the morning I had not slept a second; but I did not feel tired.

When I came down to breakfast he was sitting with his family,

his brother and the bride. He walked up to me and asked: "How did you sleep?" I said: "Not a wink." He said: "Why did you not come to me?" I answered: "I did not know what to say to my husband, and I thought you were asleep." At that, he retorted: "You should have said to your husband that you must go out, and you should have waked me." Then he said: "What were you thinking about while you could not sleep?" I answered: "I tossed around, thinking of you." Then he said: "I am tremendously excited now, and I know you are, too." I was truly excited to the highest pitch. Then he arranged with me that I should keep my seat at the table while he conducted his brother to the station and he would return promptly. When he came back from the station, he said: "Let us now go for a walk, but wait one moment for me, I must first retouch a sketch." And he went to another table where the Roumanian girl was sitting alone, and sat next to her. I read for a couple of minutes in a book; but I did not care to wait for him any longer and I arose to go out. When I reached the door, he jumped up and, running after me, he called out: "One word, Madam, where are you going?" I said: "I am going out." And he said: "Wait outside for me, I'll follow presently." I waited for about five minutes, then he came. We walked down a road on which we had never gone before, above the hotel; it was a winding road on which one could be seen from all sides. I said I must go back soon to attend to my husband's compress after his bath, and we will meet again at our usual trysting place. After we had gone some distance, he suddenly stopped and asked me: "What were you thinking of last night when you could not sleep?" I answered: "I won't tell that." He said: "You must tell me, little girl; if you don't, I shall turn around and won't talk to you any more." I asked: "Is that meant as a serious threat?" He stopped again and called out: "Are you again impudent to me?" That apparently impressed me very much, for I said haltingly, and under considerable resistance: "All night long I was thinking that you said to me that I was but a child and here only to rouse you, that you can love only a fully awakened woman." He said: "So you would like to be a fully awakened woman, that I may love you?" I said: "Yes, I would. If I should be roused, would that make me a fully awakened woman?" He did not answer my question. For a while he was absorbed in thought. Presently, gazing straight into my eyes, he exclaimed very impressively: "Tell me, this moment, how many times have you

deceived your husband?" I said: "I won't tell." But even while I said that I was counting in my mind, then I asked him: "What do you mean by 'deceived,' the number of times I have gone the limit?" He said: "Yes." Thereupon I answered: "Four times." When I said that I broke out in spasmodic laughter. He asked me why I was laughing and I said: "I am laughing about the four men with whom I deceived my husband." He asked: "When did that happen the last time?" And I answered: "Two days before we came here." We turned back and on the way to the hotel I told him voluntarily what had occurred between myself and Dr. H.; that he had treated me; that I learned to like him very much; and the affair about the love alphabet, two days before we left. He laughed very heartily about it, saying he must have been a very witty and entertaining man. On our way we met his father, with whom we exchanged a few words of conversation. Then he said to me: "I am convinced, father has seen us from below, and that is why he came up this way; probably he would like to start an affair with you." I was of the opinion that he followed us for moral reasons,—perhaps because he thought it was indecorous for us to be seen so much together. Then I said to him: "You will surely despise me now, after what I have just told you." He answered: "It would have been foolish of you to have remained true to your husband."

Reaching the hotel, we sat on the front porch. I said I must now wait for my husband's return from the baths, in order to attend to his compress. I related to him further details about my relations with Dr. H. I said: Since I know you, I do not love him any more; I am very glad that you have freed me from him. He was very lovely, very handsome and very amusing, but he did not take me seriously. Then I told him the jest about the illustrated post card with the alphabet, which I had found so funny; my husband wrote that card and I only marked up the alphabet on the margin of it. He said to me: *"You have the criminality of the child, you are not even aware of the significance of adultery."* [7] Then I told him that I always talked with my woman friend about the doctor, but without giving his name, and that she thought I referred to another doctor, whose name was Guido, and that I made her think it was really Guido, a man whom I do not know at all. This mystification amused me very much; sometimes I myself thought that Dr. H. was Guido. He said: "A novel could be written around that; there

is a plot for a novel in that." And he spun out a story, making out that Guido's wife discovers everything, his story ending with a duel. But I did not agree with that; I said, how that shall end, I do not know; the story is not ended as yet. In the course of this conversation, he also said to me: "Nothing is holy to you; you make me think of a boy lighting his cigarette in a church." That reminded me, I told him, that at school I often lit surreptitiously little incense burners so that the class room was suddenly permeated with the odour of incense which the teacher could not trace.

My husband failed to return from his baths; he had never been gone so long. He said: "By the time your husband returns it will be too late, let us start out immediately after luncheon." I told him that I always stay in our room with my husband after the noon meal and that if I should suddenly change this habit he would notice it. Finally I said: "Let us not wait for him, it does not matter if, for once, I do not prepare his compress."

This time we left the hotel together and we went along our customary route to the forest. He led me again to the same thicket where the blueberry bushes were thick. I was afraid he would remind me of yesterday's promise. When we were in the midst of the bushes he kissed me squarely on the lips. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Do not laugh!" and *gave me a light slap*. With very serious mien I protested lightly: "Don't!" He gave me again a couple of slaps, while I kept protesting, in imploring tone: "Don't!" Then he wanted me to kiss his hand three times. I did this very willingly. Then he gave me a prolonged kiss on the mouth, half closing his eyes. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Look at me! Where are you looking again?" Thereupon I turned my eyes steadily on him (without knowing, I had looked away, my gaze had wandered vacantly into the air).[8] He pressed a prolonged kiss on my lips, shutting his eyes, and I loved him very much, and was very happy. Then we sat down on the ground; it was an incline; the place was very uncomfortable; he tried to do it to me, but he did not fully succeed; he could not properly penetrate me, *and I was glad over that*.

When we came out of the bushes he ordered me again to pick and eat blueberries, although no person could be seen, far or near.

When we started down on the road, which ran along a creek, he soaked his handkerchief in water and asked me to wipe

my face with it. I did not know why he wanted me to do this. But I did it. Then he buried his face in the wet handkerchief and sniffed the aroma, saying it had a pungent odour. I wanted to smell it, too, out of curiosity, but he would not give me the handkerchief.

Then we sat down on a bench on the shore of the little brook, near the outer edge of the forest, and it was wonderful. Presently he said to me: "Show me your foot." I raised my skirt to my knee and stretched one leg. I wore very pale brown silk stockings and shoes to match. He gazed at my foot for a long time, then he said suddenly: "Enough," and I again straightened out my dress. As he did not compliment me for my legs, although many men had admired them, I recalled that he had once told me that he liked only stout legs. I said to him: "You find my legs too thin, isn't that so?" He said: "Yes." I asked: "The stout Roumanian girl's legs suit you better?" He exclaimed: "At least they are straight, you are bow-legged." That alarmed me very much; theretofore I always thought that my limbs were handsomely formed and straight; but I reflected that a painter possibly has a more expert eye for such things; therefore, I must assume that my legs were somehow not straight. I said to him: "Whether I am ugly or handsome, I myself cannot tell, but I know that many persons have been attracted very much to me." He retorted: "What is there pretty about you?" I said, "I always thought that I had a very handsome figure." "What is there beautiful about a figure of 180 cm.?" "Only 164 cm.," I said. At that he broke out in roaring laughter, saying: "You take everything so seriously; do you really think me so smart as to have to take literally every word I say?" I asknowledged that I considered him extremely clever.

Then we spoke again about the excursion to the Tannenkogel which we were planning. He said he would make up a party to go along with us. He thought possibly Mrs. M. would join us. I was of the opinion that she had come here for the cure and that the proposed excursion was too severe a tax on any one who had come here for the cure. He said he did not know anybody else whom he could ask. After some reflection I said: "Perhaps she will join us after all." He remarked at that: "You have said that very prettily; sometimes your speech is charming. I like your manner of expression; it is so Viennese."

As we neared the hotel and turned to the paved road, he said to me: "Would you be interested to know what is said about

you by persons whom you don't know, even if it is not complimentary?" I thought he might tell me safely, I would not mind. He said: "When I came here and I asked my parents who you were, mother said, These folks are from Vienna, but the woman is a 'Pole.' That woman dresses so strangely; recently she wore a white gown which was too tight on her, the attire was downright provoking." I said: "Your mother thought that I was a Pole, perhaps because my husband is always seen playing cards with those Galicians." He asked me whether I was not really of Polish origin. I said: "My parents were both born in Vienna and so was I; my grandparents came from Moravia."

He said I throw my feet too far outwards when walking,—that was not nice; also that I had curly hair. I said my hair was straight, but the hair dresser at N. had waved it poorly. He said: *"You lack something to be a woman,* I don't know precisely what. Then, too, you often walk close to me; a lady should always keep a certain distance." Then he told me also that the sketch he had made of me, and which my husband found so ugly, his family thought a very good likeness. And about the second sketch, which he had drawn that afternoon of me, and which I liked much better, his folks had said: "She would be satisfied if she were as pretty as she appears in this likeness." I asked: "Who said that?" and he answered: "My sister-in-law." I reflected, surely it was not she who said that, his mother must have said it. When we reached the hotel, I said: "I must go to arrange an appointment with the hairdresser." We went together to the hairdresser. On the way he shouted, suddenly: "Don't throw your feet out so sharply." I turned my feet way in, so that they pointed towards each other at a sharp angle. At that he laughed, saying: "You must not exaggerate that way." Then he added, also: "You have a pretty gait after all, your step is so elastic." When we returned home he asked me what I would say to my husband when he should ask me why I did not wait for him, to prepare his compress.[10] I said: "I shall tell him that the compress does not do him any good." He laughed very heartily at that, remarking: "You said that very charmingly, it was so Viennese."

In the afternoon the hairdresser came. Incidentally she said that I had such a handsome wardrobe, another customer, whose hair she dressed, had asked her about me, and had told her that I wore beautiful costumes. That woman had even de-

scribed to her a couple of gowns of mine which she asked me to show to her.

When I went down for afternoon tea it was raining hard. I sat near my husband, who gave me a couple of post cards, which had arrived by mail, addressed to me. Both cards were from my brother; they were already eight days old. He wrote me that my mother was ill, that the doctors found bronchial catarrh with inflammatory patches, and that many relatives were gathering at D. to see her.[11] While I was reading that card "he" came into the dining room. I stopped reading at once and turned my attention to him. He said: "You have mail, let me not disturb you." Then I finished reading the missives. My husband was again playing cards. He said to me, "Will you play piquet or chess?" I said I didn't know how to play either. He offered to instruct me and thought I would learn chess more easily. We seated ourselves at a little table and he ordered a set. I found that a very pleasant pastime; the chess game did not interest me in the least, but for his sake I tried hard to learn. While we played, his *mother*[12] sat alone at another table and turned her back to us.

After we got through with one game, he asked me whether I cared to play another game, or whether I preferred to go out on a walk. As the weather, meanwhile, had cleared, I was in favour of taking a stroll. When we passed by the little park he asked me what I wanted to do: sit on a bench in the park, while he sketched the strollers, or walk up to the mill. I preferred going to the mill. On the way he again compared me with Nora, saying that to me marriage was a pastime, a doll's house. I said: "I am not like Nora. I am as you had said I was at first." Suddenly he called out with much feeling: "This morning I watched you!" and added: "When I think of it, I grow very excited; you, too?"[13] I was also excited.

He told me about his woman friend who was then living with her mother at Vienna, in very modest circumstances. He said he would like to make me acquainted with her, perhaps I could tell him what she lacks to be a lady. He told me that she belonged to a good family, but that her father had gone to pieces; she was a vivacious girl and, finding life with her mother too dull, she went into the Variété. I asked him whether she had any talent and he said: "She is very charming." He made her acquaintance when she attracted his attention on the street. While he was about to buy a bouquet of flowers for

another woman she passed by the flower stand and, pointing to the flowers, he asked her which bouquet she liked. He bought for her the one she pointed out; thus he made her acquaintance. Afterwards he asked the waiter at the restaurant where she was taking her meals who she was, and the latter told him "from the Variété." For that reason he decided to avoid her. He feared she would prove too costly a toy, and he was very careful about money matters. But within a few days he received from her a letter suggesting an appointment. He received her in his studio and there, upon his insistence, she completely undressed. Her body showed the greatest care, as if she had been in the habit of going daily to the steam baths, and her hair was wavy and beautiful. He wanted to possess her, but she repulsed him. Then he told her that if she does not yield to him he would beat her; thereupon she gave herself to him. She was approximately of my age, he said. I asked him whether she was pretty. He said: "She is now badly careworn; no woman has shed so many tears." I told him that since she had devoted the years of her youth to him, he ought to marry her, for she could not find now another man. He said: "I have often asked women whether to do that, but thus far none has advised me to do it." I said that perhaps they were not unselfish,—they may have been jealous. He said that was possible. Then he told me that he knew a very wealthy woman who liked him well enough to want to divorce her husband for his sake, but he did not encourage her to do that because he was afraid he would be impotent with her. I told him, I did not think that this was nice of him,—to seek to marry only a wealthy woman,—he did not need it.[14] But he retorted: "I want to live only for my art, and not work at pot-boilers to supply a woman with money." He added also that his woman friend loved him for his own sake; that she cooked for him and helped him save. I reflected that I, too, would gladly do all these things for him, and envied his friend's good fortune of having enjoyed his companionship for ten years. He told me also that shortly before his vacation she and her sister visited him at his home town, where they stayed for eight days. During those eight days he did not touch her, because his folks had told him that, if he touched her, he would be a lost man. I thought that very cowardly on his part, and said: "You should have done it for her sake!"

During this conversation we had reached the mill. When

we passed by it we saw Mrs. M., with an elderly gentleman, and other groups from the hotel, sitting at different tables. I wanted to continue our stroll, but he said, "Everybody saw us; we had better go in." We sat at a table with Mrs. M., who was playing cards with the elderly gentleman. They played piquet, and he told me to watch how the game was played. My mind was distracted while I looked on; I was not interested and did not understand the game. Presently he asked Mrs. M. and the gentleman whether they would like to join us on an excursion to the Tannenkogel. I was very glad that he thought of it; the idea had slipped from my mind. Both accepted the invitation, and we arranged to start on the following morning, at ten o'clock. We agreed that we should eat there and I said I would arrange to obtain my husband's consent; he, too, could be driven over in the carriage which makes that trip daily, and join us there. The four of us returned through a charming forest path. When we started, Mrs. M. put on her gloves. He said to me: "See, the lady wears gloves even in the country." He had asked me that morning why I wore no gloves and I had told him that I never do in the country. On this stroll my little dog became very frisky and jumped playfully at him. He jumped back frightened and I said to him: "Surely you are not afraid of this little dog?" His answer was that he was merely afraid his clothes would get torn.[15] I said I was very glad about next morning's outing; *but suddenly the thought of the two postal cards, which I had received from my brother, came to my mind.*[16] I told him I heard that mother was ill; the postal cards were already eight days old; but, I added, if her condition had grown worse I should have surely received a telegram. I said: "Isn't that so? As I have received no telegram, is that not a sign that her condition has not grown worse?" His answer was: "You are like a child! You have said this so child-like!" [17]

He asked me whom I loved most of all the people in the world, and I said, my brother. At the same time the thought occurred to me that he loves his mother best of all and that it was superfluous for me to ask him such a question. Then he said to me: "Often my wishes and longings are so horrible that they make me shudder; mother would be horrified if she knew about them." I told him he may tell me about them, but he refused. At supper I told my husband that we have arranged the excursion and he could be driven over to the place; but I

told him, too, that he would then miss his bath and that it would perhaps be better for him not to interrupt his cure; should the place turn out interesting I would surely drive out there with him on Sunday, when he had no bath.

After supper he seated himself at our table; on that evening he retired early, as we did, and he kissed my hand in front of his door. When we entered our room my husband was jealous because I permitted him to kiss my hand.[18] Throughout that night I was so excited that I could not sleep. I was afraid that rain may spoil our excursion. At six o'clock I arose to look out of the window and see what kind of weather we had. It was cloudy, but there was no rain.

I arose, as usual, at eight o'clock. My husband made a weak attempt at dissuading me from going, saying that it would probably rain. I told him that if there was no rain at the start, I was going. I dressed in a blue costume with a white blouse. silk stockings and high laced shoes, and wore the blue plush hat in which he had sketched me. I took along also an orange-yellow wool shawl. It was half-past nine when I got ready. While I put on my hat I was looking out of the window and saw him speaking to a young girl whose parents had left that day and who remained to stay with a friend. While I was standing in front of the window he looked up at me. I went down to breakfast. My husband was sitting in the dining room and said that Mr. N. had already asked for me a number of times; he wondered whether I intended to go, as the dinner had to be ordered. My husband gave me two postal cards which had arrived for me. One of them was from my mother, written in her own hand. She wrote me that she felt slightly improved, but that she was still coughing throughout the night and that the cough interfered with her sleep. About my aunt, who was also seriously ill, she wrote that there was no improvement. The other card was from the lieutenant who wrote me under the name of "Melanie." That card contained allusions to certain episodes which had occurred during the previous summer and my husband asked me what it meant. I covered the matter by telling him a plausible fib. He believed everything I said. I had breakfast on the verandah of the hotel. Meanwhile the sun came out. "He" came toward me, saying: "I note by your shoes that you intend to take in the excursion." I asked him: "Are the shoes ugly?" (They were heavy leather shoes.) He said: "Show me what kind of stockings you are wearing." I showed him

my silk stockings. He said: "The shoes are also pretty." He had his field glasses with him and I asked him whether they were the ones with which he looked into my room. He affirmed that, and allowed me to look through them towards the hill from which he had observed me that morning. Everything was very plain, even enlarged. I distinguished the individual leaves of a tree. I gave a parting greeting to my husband, who went to the baths. He told me not to come home too late. Then "he" said to me: "Mrs. M. is not coming, let us go alone." I said it was not yet ten o'clock; we must wait awhile; then we must go to the villa where she resides to call for her. I wanted to write a postal card first. I showed him the card signed Melanie; told him it was from one of the four with whom I had deceived my husband. I asked him to tell me from the handwriting the sender's character traits. For a moment he scrutinized the writing, then said: "This man inhibits his feelings very much, he is unhappily married,—a very fine man." Everything he said was correct. Then he said, smiling: "He was number—what?" I said: "Number four." He asked: "And I am number five?" I said: "Yes." He laughed and was very much amused at that.

I began to write the postal card to my brother. While I wrote he went off. I could not continue; I made mistakes and could not finish the few lines. After a few minutes he came back and asked me: "Do you find writing easy?" I said: "Usually I write with great fluency, but to-day I am distraught." He said: "I did not want you to write." I was very sorry at that. I kept writing until, with the greatest effort, I finished the card. My hand felt as if it were paralyzed and would not obey my will.[19] Then Mrs. M. arrived, with the elderly gentleman who was to join us. We said we had begun to think they were not coming. She said her feet hurt and the gentleman had gastric pains; they would accompany us only a short distance, then return. We tried to prevail upon them to accompany us all the way. I said I wanted only to write the address but that I would go to the writing room to do it because I wanted to write the address in ink. As I was leaving he called after me: "Take care that you don't prick yourself with the pen." In the writing room, when I tried to write the address, my hand shook so that I could not steady it on the card. It was with supreme effort and exertion that I managed to write the address, so that *I almost wept in my agitation.* When that was over I went to my room to fetch my white kid gloves, which I had laid

out but had forgotten.[20] Then, going downstairs, I said: "I did write the address after all!" He asked me whether I had pricked myself with the pen. I said "yes," although it was not true.[21] He wanted to see the prick, but I said I had my gloves on. At last we started. We reached the spot where the ascent is made for the Tannenkogel. On the way Mrs. M. and the gentleman again reiterated that they found the excursion too taxing and that they would turn back after accompanying us for a short distance. "He" said: "We must go through with the excursion for we have ordered the dinner." Then, again, he wondered *what my husband would say* if he should happen to meet Mrs. M. and the gentleman at the hotel who, he thought, were with us on the excursion.[22] The two promised to tell my husband that we joined other company. I said the chief thing was for my husband not to think that we had gone out alone; I did not care about what others might think. He then tried to prevail upon me not to take along my little dog. He insisted I must leave it behind; he thought the dog would be in our way. But I insisted that I must take the dog along because it would be a hardship for my husband to look after it. After fifteen minutes' climbing our company fell behind and parted from us. I reflected: "Alone, at last!" and: "It is done!" We strolled along the wonderful forest trail, slowly, leisurely, and he asked me why I liked him: was it because he told me the truth and did not flatter me, like the others? I said: "Not for that reason; but I like you because you are good-natured and foolish."[23] He said: "I am good-natured, that is true!" I added: "Also foolish, there can be no doubt of that."[24] Then he asked me what attracted me to him in the first place, was it his striking appearance? I said: not that, but I had noticed him gazing at me. Then I asked what made him notice me, and he said that he had watched me once eating fruit; I was devouring it like an animal. He remarked to the lady with whom he happened to converse at the time: "Look at that woman, she is devouring her fruit like an animal." I asked him what the fruit was, and he said greengage. I recalled that a few days previous to meeting him I did eat voraciously some greengage; also, that I had thus spoiled my digestion, so that I could not eat for a few days. Furthermore, after that Sunday when he had made his attempt at telepathy on me, I could hardly take any food; my appetite was entirely gone, and every time he asked me to do something which I did not care to do I had *pains in the stomach;*

they were cramp-like pains. Once I told him about it and he thought it was the result of an unpleasant emotion.[25]

Then we sat down on a bench. He asked me why I never addressed him in the intimate form "thou." He said: "Address me 'thou.'" I said: "Thou." Thereupon he said: "A phrase with 'thou.'" "Dost thou love me?" I asked. Gazing very tenderly at me, he said: "Yes."

We continued on our way, and presently he asked me to show him the precise spot where I had pricked myself with the pen point, after he had explicitly warned me not to prick myself. I said: "Oh, that is a misunderstanding, I did not really prick myself." And taking off my gloves I showed him both hands. He stopped and exclaimed: "So, then, you even lie to me!" And added, "Aren't you afraid that I would punish you?" After prolonged reflection I answered: "No!" He said: "But you are afraid that I won't talk to you, or that you will get your stomach pains." He asked me also whether I had ever been some one's bondswoman. I said "No!" but I wished I were.

Meanwhile we had climbed quite high; we were passing through a beautiful forest. He said to me: "How shall we do it?"[26] I said it was immaterial to me; that was not the purpose of our excursion.[27] After a few steps he left me on the path and, going into the thicket, he called on me to follow. He looked around for a spot; but presently he gave up the search, saying: "It is not pretty here!" And we returned again to our trail. After a few steps we went into the underbrush again to look for a convenient spot on which to rest. It was a slope, a bit of mountain trough. He said: "What shall we do with the dog?" My little dog was scampering around joyfully and was very much excited. I said: "Let us tie him to a tree by the chain." But the tree trunks were too thick. Finally I tied the chain to a tree stump. We sat on the ground, at some distance. The little dog tried to tear himself away to come to us; it was wild. First, we kissed. Then he asked me whether I wanted a child by him and I said: "Yes." He shouted in great excitement. I lay very quiet, glad to be impregnated by him. But subsequently I had the feeling that he had not succeeded, after all.[28] Then, as we sat close together, he remarked: "To-day you have not laughed." I said: "How one changes in so short a time! A couple of days ago I did not want a child by you, and now I do, and it has not occurred to me to laugh." *Suddenly I began to cry.* He asked: "Why do you cry? Usually

you don't do it so easily?" I said: "I don't know! The mood for it has come over me." He said: "Poor child, you have not known much love in your life." I answered: "How is that? Have I not betrayed my husband four times already?" He said: "That was only mere chance." [29]

We talked about the child that may come and I said that I wanted a boy. He asked me whether I wanted a boy because I desired the child to be an artist, like himself. But I said that the children of famous men, in their turn, seldom achieve fame. It would be interesting, I said, if, in a couple of years, we met at some resort and I introduced him to his child. He asked: "Aren't you concerned over the responsibilities and expenses of having a child?" Such unbelievable carelessness, he said, he had never encountered before. I told him that, as a little girl, I had always wanted to be a house porter's child so as to have no governesses.

We continued our walk. We had been gone about three hours; it was very warm; he carried my jacket, shawl and parasol, and had given me his cane to carry. I was very thirsty, but there was no water to be had. We came to a clearing where women who had gathered blueberries were sprawled on the ground. He bought blueberries, which were given to us in a tin measure. He advised me to drink the juice for my thirst. I said I should prefer water; blueberries would only increase my thirst. Thereupon he exclaimed, in a commanding tone of voice: "It is water, you are drinking water!" repeating this several times. But I knew it was blueberry juice.[30] We gave some of the juice to my little dog who, being very thirsty, lapped it up greedily and showed a blue-stained tongue. The women asked two kronen, he gave them four. When he opened his pocketbook to take out the money a note fell out. He read it, remarking: "I had overlooked this entirely; my lawyer wrote me, and his office girl, a very pretty girl, enclosed a note giving me the address where she was spending her vacation." He asked me: *"Why do I attract so many women, although I am not at all handsome?"* [31] Gazing at him, I said, with conviction: "Yes, you are." But at that moment there came to my mind the Midsummer Night's Dream picture of Titania kissing very tenderly a donkey's head and exclaiming with much passion: "I kiss your pretty ears." [32]

Then we resumed our walk. I told him I was worried because he had behaved before Mrs. M. in such a way that morning as to show that he wanted to go on the excursion with me alone.

He stopped, and, looking steadily at me, he exclaimed: "You stupid goose!" At my look of astonishment he said: "Pardon me, I am sometimes very ungracious; but if we go out alone, who is more compromised, you or I?" I saw that he was right. Then he again said something about Nora. I asked him whether he knew a poem which Mela Mars recites, entitled, "Ibsen." He was not familiar with it. I told him it was about a miller's daughter who wanted to leave her husband because she was not understood, and the concluding line reads: "And what Ibsen's Nora dares, the miller's Lena can also do." I told him I was very fond of going to cabaret shows. Suddenly the post card I had shown him that morning came to his mind. He said: "I should not care to have a wife who receives letters signed Melanie." [33] Then he asked me whether he might write me over the signature, Mrs. M., after he returns to Vienna. I was very delighted at this idea; I told him to write me letters, but no post cards, and to write them in French, because my husband does not know that language; and that I shall tell my husband that Mrs. M. can write only in Hungarian or French. I told him also that the man who writes me under the pseudonym, Melanie, told me funny stories and sang for me by the hour whenever we went out together.

At last we saw from a distance the inn at the top of the Tannenkogel. We entered a large and very beautiful dining room, where only another family was seated at a table, as it was already half-past two. In spite of the long walk I had no appetite, but was very thirsty; I should have preferred to take only ice cream; but there was none to be had. When the waiter brought us the bill of fare, we looked it over together. He said: "I shall order pork chops" and looked inquiringly at me. I said: "I should like veal chops." The waiter asked whether he should bring us blueberry tarts or cream tarts for dessert. He said: "I'll have blueberry," again turning towards me with an inquiring look. But I ordered cream tarts. When the food was served he suggested that we divide it. I thought it a charming idea. We divided everything between us, but I had no appetite. I was hardly able to swallow a thing.[34] He said that I must consume the meat. Finally, he shoved the remainder of the meat under my plate, saying: "So you have eaten it all!" He said he felt very comfortable at the table; he found my company most pleasant. I felt very happy, and *wished I could sit for life by his side at the table.*[35] He was also very attentive to my dog;

saw that it had enough to eat and drink, called it by its pet name and looked kindly at it.[86]

He said that, if he should marry, he would conceive the marriage to be a circle, and would want his wife to be filled completely with him, and traced a circle, thus: O. I said if that be so, my marriage may be sketched thus O. I said the tiny little point represented my husband. Then he said: "After all, your husband has made a good match in you. You are much younger than he; you come from a better family; also, you are more handsome." But I said: *"It was a very poor match for him, for I am not faithful to him."* He said, in this case, he could not expect faithfulness. I said: *"Every husband has a right to expect that;* loyalty is sworn to him before the altar."

We went up to the watch tower, which was situated close to the hotel. First he asked me whether I cared for black coffee. We ordered the coffee. We were given a small cup and tiny portion of sugar. I was going to throw the sugar into the coffee, but he said: "Who wants to eat so much sugar!" I had to give half of it to the dog. When I began to sip my coffee, I said: "It tastes very bitter." There were two pieces of sugar on his plate. He said: "Give these also to the dog." I did so, and drank my coffee unsweetened.

It was very windy in the tower. He wound my yellow shawl around my neck. As we looked through his field glasses, a majestic view unfolded itself before our eyes. He said to me: "Over there is the Saxon frontier." I said: "Let us go to Saxony." Then he also pointed out to me a hotel in Saxony where his parents had lived once. When we came down from the tower we were given green tickets; these were entrance cards, which we had neglected to procure. Some persons who had preceded us had left their admission tickets on the table. He asked for the three tickets, saying, as he pointed to me: "The lady collects tickets." Afterwards I said to him: "Why did you say that? They must think we are queer." He answered: "I wanted to secure three additional tickets so you can show them to your husband. He will think there were three other persons in our company."[87]

We returned to the inn. He asked me whether I would have a cup of coffee, or whether I preferred that we start back immediately. I did not care for coffee. He asked me whether we should return by the same path, or take some other trail. I said by all means, let us go back on another trail. We made the

descent on the opposite side of the peak. A blind beggar was standing at the entrance to the inn estate when we passed by. He threw the man two kronen, with the remark that the man was surely shamming. I asked: "How can you say such a thing? One can see that the poor man is really blind." Thereupon he fetched another couple of kronen from his purse, saying: "To punish myself for having said that I give him this, too."

We came upon a beautiful road; it was a straight road on the rim of the cliff, unfolding a majestic panorama. He was very lovely and joyful. He recited for me poems by Hoffmannsthal, and sang charming cabaret songs by Wedekind, which he had heard the author himself recite in München. Supremely happy, I could have thus gone on, and on, to eternity. I was not thinking about getting back, nor of the diconcerting fact that this excursion must end; I was indescribably satisfied. Finally, we met a man whom we asked whether we were on the road leading to J. The man said we were going in the opposite direction; we must turn back; it was quite a distance to J. We had to retrace our steps on that road for almost an hour. Then he led me to a field and wanted us to sit down. But people passed by and we went back to the road. We saw many workers in the fields. Suddenly he pointed to stones which could be seen at a distance, across the fields, and told me that they were boundary marks. *I was most anxious to cross the boundary.*[38] We walked towards the boundary stones. The field workers called out to us that crossing was forbidden. I said: "Only a couple of steps,—these workers cannot harm us." He called my attention to a road, which could be seen at a distance and where three soldiers were stationed in front of a little hut. We looked at them through our field glasses. The soldiers, who had already noticed us, were talking among themselves, and one of them was looking towards us through field glasses. I found that extremely interesting. I said: "What would they do if we crossed, would they shoot at us?" *I almost wished that it would happen.*[39] He said: "Let us go over to them and ask them for permission to cross." We had to make quite a detour in order to reach the open road, but I reflected that the longer the excursion lasts, the better. While we were going over, he asked me: "What would you rather do, go over the frontier, or have us try again to make a baby?" I said: "I want both, neither excludes the other."[40] He thought that perhaps it was getting late, after all. I said: "It will be all right,—first, I want to cross the boundary." When we came

to the soldiers he spoke to them in Bohemian. Pointing at me, he said that I insisted upon it. One of the soldiers was ready to lead us across; he said we could do it only under his escort. I was happy! First we walked across a neutral zone. Then we reached the boundary stone. I went over the border, feeling well satisfied. We saw from a distance the Saxon soldiers, who were looking at us. But we did not go up to them. I looked around in all directions, using the field glasses. On the way back, I carried his field glasses while he carried my parasol and my shawl. The sentinel was very cordial with us when we parted and refused a tip. He asked me whether I did not think the sentinel a very fine specimen of manhood. I told him that I had not so much as looked at him; that persons of the lower classes do not interest me at all, and I never look at them. I said, when a woman of the people maintains relations with a man of higher class, or marries him, she assimilates herself much more easily; many famous actresses, who were the daughters of house porters, behave irreproachably, but with a man it is different. A man always remains coarse. He remarked: "A woman, too, in certain situations, shows whether she is of the common people, or a lady. For instance, when she is jealous, a common woman throws acid, or commits some other crime; a real lady never does such a thing."[41] I asked him whether he knew Lady Piccaver, whom some one had once assaulted with acid. He was not acquainted with her. I described her to him. I said she was slim, she had an attractive figure and a charming little face. He remarked that only large faces interested him; his woman friend, too, had a large face. I asked him what his friend's first name was. He said: "Nora."[42] We passed through a miserable little town, said to be the town with the highest altitude in this neighborhood.

We struck the forest again. I stumbled once while walking and he gave me his cane, while he carried my parasol. Then he gave me a branch of blueberries which I held in my hand. He asked me: "Why don't you eat the berries?" I ate them all, conscientiously. After a while he asked me: "Why don't you throw away the empty branch?" I threw it away. Thereupon he said: "Look, how thoughtless you are, you have thrown away also the chain!"[43] As a matter of fact I had thrown away the dog chain with the berry branch. He picked up the chain for me. He also picked off the ground a berry branch which

some one had thrown away and held it out to me without a word. I only shook my head in silence.[44] Then he told me about Paris, and about the prostitutes there, much that interested me. He told me there were all kinds of prostitutes: some who sit only in cafés, some who only frequent the motion picture houses, some who are met only in the subways, and others who are seen only on the boulevards. There was an unlimited supply for every taste. Then he told me about the special brothels, called *pouffs*. These are quiet, unobtrusive residences. Before entering, some one whistles to signal when the stairway is clear. One is then received by an elderly lady, around forty years of age, in whom one can have confidence. You tell her your special wishes, if you have any, and about ten women troop in, all beautifully coiffured and naked, except for an elegant evening mantle thrown over the shoulders. One chooses the woman which appeals to one's taste. Then the pair go to a suite of rooms. Every room is also provided with a bidé for gentlemen, and each prepares separately his or her toilette. He told me, also, that the first time he had intercourse with a woman it happened at a Dutch sea resort. Strolling through a poor quarter of the city, he saw a woman standing in the doorway of a dirty house. He followed her into the house and she undressed herself. I asked: "Did she undress herself at once?"[45] When I said that he gazed at me with an expression of astonishment, and ceased talking about it. Then he told me that he recalls having had sexual feelings at three years of age, while he watched a servant girl cleaning windows. He was sitting on a little stool, near the window, and he looked under the girl's skirt.[46] I told him that I was very stupid about such matters and that I believed in the stork story until my twelfth year. At eighteen years of age I still believed that a kiss may bring a child. Then I told him that when I was a child I had a French nurse who had a baby with father. He said: "You see, your levity is hereditary, *as with Nora.*" I said: "Mother did not care at all." And he remarked: "That is even more immoral."[47]

He told me that sometimes he enjoys coarse and vulgar talk. We were in the thick of the forest and it was already getting dark. Suddenly he said: "Go ahead, I am also going to *pipi* now." I went as far ahead as possible and then he called: "Dora, *viens!*" I acted as if I had not heard him, but he whistled and again called me. Then I turned around and walked slowly back.

He was standing in the bushes and calling me all the time; I had to go quite close to him.[48] When I reached him he gazed at me with a passionate, insane look in his eyes and asked: "Can I be seen?" Looking straight at him I said: "No."

Then he asked me to kneel down. I kneeled, my face touching the ground. * * * * * * * * * * * At that moment I did not know what was going on, being insanely roused, and I seemed to have *lost consciousness.* When I arose I spat out.[49] My mouth was full of earth and dried pine needles. After I rearranged my toilette we continued our walk. After taking a few steps we stopped again, and I looked at him in a very happy frame of mind. I asked him after a while: "Now are you going to leave?" He asked me, why? I reminded him that he had told me he was staying on to rouse my senses, and that thereafter he would go. Then he asked: "Shall I stay on?" I said: "Yes." He asked: "How many days? I cannot stay here indefinitely." I said: "Three more days and then again, always, one more day." To this he said: "Very well, I'll stay on, but, I tell you beforehand, there is going to be *no romance.*" [50] I answered: "I am not thinking of it at all." [51] I actually believed so then. I was supremely happy. At the time, I thought neither of the future nor of the past. I had but one wish, and my one wish was that he should stay another day, and he said he would stay.

Meanwhile it had grown very dark and it began to rain. Coming out of the forest, we saw from our height a hotel in a new location. He said: "It would be nice to go there, take a bath together and go to sleep." I remarked: "One can bathe alone," and resolved to take a bath as soon as we got back to the hotel.[52]

Then he told me very many jokes, among them salacious ones, and I also told him a few I knew. He told me also that he painted once, in the nude, a girl belonging to a good family. I asked him whether she was pretty. He said that she was not, and that she had not allowed him to touch her. I asked: "But why did she go to you?" He answered: "It was a new sensation for her."

At last we reached the village road of J.; we had to walk downhill for about half an hour. As we passed a baker's shop he called my attention to the cakes in the show window and said he liked to eat such things. I said to him: "But these are Fattinger's dog biscuits." There were also some colored candies in the window and I told him that I liked them because as a child I was very fond of eating them. I said: "The more colors

they have the better I like them; I always called them 'Scotch' candy."

As we approached the hotel his nervousness gradually increased. He had no watch with him, and every few minutes he asked me to look at my watch. The village road, he said, seemed to him on this occasion longer than ever. We discussed what I should tell my husband. I told him that I never decide in advance, but that at the decisive moment I always think of the appropriate thing to say. He said facetiously that if he should ask who it was we had along with us, we would tell him: a family from Germany residing here; a mother with her two daughters and a son. He asked me so often what time it was that towards the last I told him the time without looking at the watch. I told him that my husband was also a telepathist; he, too, could always tell the time without looking at a watch. He asked: "Is that why you married him?" I answered: "No; I did not know it at the time." Then he said: "You agree with everything I say, you take everything I say in earnest; why don't you once say to me, 'You are an ass.'" I told him that I cannot say this to him because I do not believe it.[53] Then I said: "I am glad it is raining, at least there won't be so many old ladies sitting in front of the hotel to see us coming back." He seemed very pleased at that and said: "You have respect for the old ladies." Then he told me that I ought to maintain closer social intercourse with women; I ought to get in touch with some elderly woman in the place and talk things over with her; I ought to criticise him occasionally so as to allay any suspicions that there was anything between us.[54] I said: "That I cannot do; I cannot speak ill of you."

At last we reached the hotel. From a distance I saw his mother's maid looking out of his parents' window and I said: "There is the maidservant looking out, I don't like her!" He said: "She, too, is jealous of you!"[55] I asked: "Has she any right to be?"

When we passed by the dining room I saw my husband inside playing cards. I nodded to him to make him note that I was back, but I did not go inside. I said I was going to wash and change my attire. He remarked: "I shall stay as I am." When we entered the hotel the whole Roumanian family were standing in the hall with a gentleman. I found it very uncomfortable to pass them in my disarranged attire. In our room I rang at once for the maid. I asked her whether the bathroom and water were

heated with gas or coal and whether I could take a bath before dinner. She said that coal fire was used and that it was too late; that it took a fairly long time to heat the bath.

I asked her to prepare a bath for me for the following morning at eight o'clock. Then I washed myself thoroughly, cleaned my teeth,[56] rearranged my coiffure, and put on new underwear, new stockings, shoes and a new dress. While I dressed I had the feeling that my menstruation was coming on. I reflected, it was too soon, but a fatiguing excursion on foot sometimes brought it on earlier. I thought, if I should really get the flow during the night, I could not take my bath in the morning. Therefore I wanted to ask the maid to inquire in the morning whether she should prepare the bath for me. But I could not find the girl; I asked the servant to convey my request to her. Then I went downstairs for dinner. As I descended the two steps leading from the high door to the dining room he was already seated in his place and he looked at me with keen interest. I walked directly over to Mrs. M., greeted her very affably and told her about the excursion, saying that it had been very beautiful. Then I seated myself next to my husband and I told him *that we had crossed the boundary* and that it had been wonderful. After dinner all his company went to the motion pictures. He had gone up and returned carrying his overcoat over his arm. He had changed his clothes, although he had told me that he would not do so. I thought he was also going to see the motion pictures. The Roumanian women were in that company, also the girl who, he had told me, would come to his room if he wanted her. But he did not go with them; instead, he seated himself at our table. He asked me whether I ate my dinner with appetite. I said, with but little. He remarked: "But you did eat. I noticed that when the table was cleared away there was nothing left on your plate." I told him that my husband consumed everything, including my portion. But I said that I was not tired at all. Presently the waitress came and told him that the party in the other room requested him to join them at cards. It was the gentleman with whom he played continually before he became acquainted with me, and his wife, who always looked on. I thought it very extraordinary that they should call him away from us by a message through the waitress. He said good night to me and added: "You will be no longer tired tomorrow."

The second room was higher and we could look into it from

our place. He sat directly facing me. As soon as he took his place the gentleman rose from his seat and went out, leaving him only with the lady. The gentleman did not come back for a long time. I reflected, if they were in such a hurry about the card game, why does he leave now instead of playing? [57]

I pretended to read the newspaper, but kept looking over at him and the lady. Presently he noticed me. I observed how intently he was watching me. Then I arose and said I was going to retire. My husband came along with me. On reaching our room I rang again for the maid and told her once more that she must ask me at seven o'clock whether to prepare the bath for me.

As I lay in bed I could not sleep, in spite of my fatigue. I was tremendously excited, thinking over every word which we had exchanged. Towards 12 o'clock I heard him come up with the gentleman and the lady. Although it was a late hour and there were many patients in that place they made a frightful noise on the stairway. Then they stood in front of my door, speaking in Bohemian, which I could not understand; then they ran back and forth through the hall laughing loudly. I did not know what that noise meant. Finally I heard him say "rukulliham," and then there was quiet.

I tossed sleeplessly in my bed. I felt feverish; and in my mind I went over again every detail of our excursion. Suddenly my husband awoke and said he had had a pollution. That was something which had not happened to him for months, or even years. I asked him what he dreamed. He said he dreamed that a woman was kissing him on his mouth. At that I burst into such loud laughter that I was afraid N's parents, who slept next door, would be awakened by my noisy laughter.

I was likewise sleepless through the rest of the night. I kept thinking only of him and rehearsing every word which we had spoken. At seven o'clock the maid knocked at the door and asked me whether she should prepare the bath. I asked her to get the bath ready. At eight o'clock she knocked again and said that the bath was ready, but that I must use the first floor bathroom, because the third floor bathroom was out of order and the bathroom on the second floor was already reserved for a gentleman. I found that very disagreeable. On our floor the bathroom was across from my door, adjoining his room, and I could have gone to it in my dressing gown. I told the maid that if I had known I had to go downstairs I would have given up

the idea. I should have to dress and do up my hair specially to go to the bathroom inasmuch as one always meets people on the stairway. She told me the bath was ready and I only had to throw a coat over my robe to go downstairs. I got up and put on only a shirt, a rose house robe, the mantle, and low shoes without stockings; I also did my hair up a little. I ran quickly down to the bathroom, without meeting any one on the stairway. The first thing I noticed when I entered the bathroom was the absence of a thermometer. I wanted to ring for one, but there was no bell cord in the room. I put my hand in the water. It seemed to me very hot. I took off my things and stepped in. When I was in the tub, the water seemed to me so hot that I decided to turn the faucet marked "cold water." But the water that flowed was hot, instead of cold. I tried to turn off the faucet, but could not do it. Terrified, I jumped out of the tub and tried again to turn off the faucet. I turned on the other faucet; but the flowing water, again, was hot. I crawled back into the tub. I had hardly time to sit down when the stove began to sizzle, and steam came from the spray. I jumped out of the tub and the noise ceased. I thought to myself: "He" does not want me to take a bath, he has bewitched the bathroom. But, I reflected, I shall bathe just the same, and I crawled back into the tub. As soon as I immersed myself in the water, the stove again began to sizzle and boil, hot water started to flow from both faucets, the spray gave forth steam, and I thought the water in the tub was about to overflow. I jumped out once more. The moment I was out of the tub everything was all right again.[58] I wiped myself a little with the bath towel to get ready to call the maid, since there was no bell; I was determined to take the bath, in spite of his will to the contrary.[59] I turned the knob and with the door slightly ajar I called the maid. But only the first floor maid came in answer to my call. She said that the third floor maid had prepared the bath; and that she would call her for me. I admonished her: "But be very quick!" A long time passed, according to my reckoning, but neither came. Finally, I put on my shirt and robe. I ran upstairs barefooted and very hurriedly because I was afraid of meeting some one on the stairway; I wanted to go to my room to ring for the maid there. When I reached the door to my room I found it locked. I recalled only then that I had left the key in the bathroom. In an insane frenzy I rushed down again the two floors and tore the bathroom door

open: *at that moment my eyes fell on a bell rope* which was hanging directly over the bathtub. I shook the rope, ringing the bell with enough force to rouse the whole establishment. At that moment some one else also rang vigorously. I thought that it was "he"; that now he, too, was ringing, to come, at last, to my aid. Both maids rushed into my room at once. I shouted at them, very discourteously: "High time you showed up, or the hotel would have floated away into the air." They asked what was the matter. I said: "The water is too hot, there is no thermometer, the faucets can't be turned off, both give off hot water, and the stove is ready to explode!" I *broke down crying* in front of the two maids; very much abashed, I told them that I became so excited because they had failed to come when I called them. The maids laughed; and one of them turned on the cold water. I told her that the water in the tub must have cooled off; that she had better turn on the warm water. She did so. I asked her to stand by until everything was in order. I thought, perhaps the water in the tank had also cooled off meanwhile and I stuck my hand under the running faucet. Quickly I withdrew my hand, for I had scalded myself across all the fingers as well as under the *marriage ring*.[60] I exclaimed: "Oh, now I have burned myself!" The two maids laughed stupidly. The burn was very painful. At last they turned off the faucets. Everything was in order. They stepped out. I plunged into the tub again. Nothing happened. I reflected: after all, I have managed to get my bath, against his will. Though I did not tarry long in the tub, as it was late, the bath quieted me completely. Then I went to my room, to dress, without meeting anybody on the stairway. *I put on the same underwear*[61] which I had worn during the excursion, although on the previous evening I had changed it for fresh underwear. I put the same costume on also and the same hat, although I had a large choice of other clothing in my wardrobe. I changed only my blouse, and my shoes and stockings. I also rearranged my coiffure, although I had done up my hair before going down for the bath. I did everything very slowly. I did not seem to be at all in a hurry to go downstairs. I tarried deliberately. I was very angry at him because he had tried to prevent me from taking my bath.[62]

When I, at last, went down for breakfast, it was already ten o'clock. My husband was waiting for me and reproached me, saying that he had asked me specifically to come down promptly

for breakfast and to bring him something he wanted to take along with him to his bath. The mail had brought me a post card from my mother and a letter from a woman friend. My husband asked me to fetch him at once that which I had forgotten to bring along with me. Instead of using the elevator I walked up the stairway, holding the card in my hand and reading the message from my mother. On the stairway I met him. That surprised me. Usually he had his breakfast as early as eight o'clock. Meeting him thus on the stairway while reading a postal card, instead of going up on the elevator, I imagined, was also the result of hypnosis, or of one of his telepathic experiments; I thought that on the previous day he had commanded me, without my knowledge, to do so; and that I had now carried out his command. When he saw me he smiled joyously and asked me how I slept. I answered: "I haven't slept a wink and I can't tell you how angry I am with you." Then I went to my room to fetch something for my husband and brought it to him. On passing the buffet I ordered coffee. The waitress told me, however, that when she saw me coming towards the dining room she ordered chocolate for me, because I took chocolate every morning. I said that if it had been ordered already it did not matter. Then I took the dog out of doors.

When I returned to the dining room my husband was already gone. As it was late, there were only a couple of children at one table. My breakfast was ready for me at a little table; it was coffee; and across from it, at another little table "he" was sitting with his coffee before him, smiling. At that moment I had the feeling of witnessing a stage scene; it seemed to me as if everything had been arranged beforehand and I thought of: "Le lendemain." I started to read the letter which I had received from a friend. He called over to me, asking me, in French, whether the letter was from Melanie. I told him, also in French, that the letter was from Nelly, a woman friend. I said: "Une amie féminine." He corrected me; he said that the correct expression was: "Une amie femme." The letter being very amusing I smiled over one passage of it. He called to me to look at the game the children were playing at another table. At once I stopped reading and looked over, although I was not at all interested and one could not see at that distance what card game the children were playing. Then he arose, stepped over to the table and asked: "What are you playing, children?" The

three children exclaimed in a chorus: "Black Peter!" At the moment when he addressed the children, asking them what they were playing, I felt an infinite liking for him; the tone of his voice was so kind and cordial. I thought: only a good and kindly man speaks thus to children.

He came over to my table and asked me whether he may read the letter I had received. I told him he might, and asked him to read my friend's character from her handwriting. After reading the letter he said: "This person is unbelievably childish; her style is that of a four-year-old child. She is envious and spiteful; and she has a sister. She is a spendthrift and she is superficial; never confide in her any secret." I remarked: "What you say is true; but she is also very pretty, she can paint very handsomely, and she is true to her husband; she loves her husband very dearly." At that he said: "One can see that she can paint, but if she be true to her husband, it is not through love, but from other motives; moreover, she has had an adventure before her marriage." I told him that I knew nothing about that, as I was not acquainted with her at the time; but she told me that Baron Rothschild had once been introduced to her and that, I believe, was the social acme of her life. Suddenly he exclaimed: "To-day you are bewitchingly beautiful!" That angered me; I said: "It is immaterial to me!" Then he asked me to tell him what happened in the night and during that morning. I said: "I won't tell you; you know it very well, and it is entirely your fault." He answered: "If you don't tell me at once, you won't be able to swallow the morsel of food you have in your mouth." I was unable to swallow; I had the feeling that something was constricting my throat; I couldn't open my jaws; and the food was rolling around spasmodically in my mouth. I began to weep, although I saw that the two waitresses were looking at me, and with difficulty I managed to ask: "But how can I speak so long as my mouth is full?" Then he said: "Swallow first, then tell me everything." I swallowed with great difficulty and then I told him: "I did not sleep a wink throughout the whole night." He said: "What were you thinking about? Did you go over again, in your mind, through all the details of the excursion?" I answered: "Yes; and I heard you talking in Bohemian in front of my door at midnight; why did you run back and forth so much, and why did you make so much noise? Did the lady go to your room?" He answered; "No; but I told

the lady, in jest, that I would knock at the door of the young girl whose parents had left, and I facetiously acted as if I was about to do so; that was all."[63]

Then I told him what happened in the bathroom and said: "It is surely your fault, you have tried to bewitch the bath and I have also burned myself; surely, that, too, was your will." He exclaimed, reproachfully: "How can you believe such a thing!" and added that a person may get scalded also with cold water. He asked me to pour a little water on my hand. I did so. Then he asked me whether the water was hot or cold. I said: "Cold." He said: "Now it is warmer." I said: "No." Then he asked: "Is it warmer now?" And I answered: "Of course, it is warmer, for my hand is warm!" Then he asked me to stick my finger into the glass of water and I did so. He exclaimed: "It is hot, is it not true, it is hot!" But I insisted: "No, it is cold!" I had the feeling that I must contradict him in everything.[64]

I told him also that, on account of the bath,[65] I had been *so angry at him* in the morning that I would have preferred not to have come downstairs at all. I had deliberately taken a long time to dress so that my husband was angry because he had specifically asked me to come down early to breakfast. At that he laughed, saying: "So, your husband wanted you to come down early this morning!"

His father joined us at the table. He greeted me and remarked: "Look, you haven't touched your breakfast!" For the first time I noticed that I had not eaten a thing. I said: "The coffee is cold, shall I give it to the dog?" He said: "Yes." I gave my coffee to the dog and threw him also my portion of the buttered bread. The father remarked: "You are giving away all of your buttered bread." I said: "Yes, I am not hungry at all."[66]

Then he told me, he heard we had crossed the boundary yesterday and he asked me whether it was interesting, whether the air in Saxony was different and whether I had put one foot on Saxon soil and the other on this side of the boundary. I said: "No, I went all the way across."

When his father left, I asked him: "Why did you tell your parents about crossing the boundary? They are laughing at me!"[67]

He said that he had to tell them something to explain our prolonged absence. Then he said, suddenly, with a smile: "Think what I dreamed last night! I dreamed that I gave Mrs. M. a

prize for swimming—one thousand kronen; wasn't that comical?" He laughed heartily over that, but I did not find the dream very comical.

Then we decided to go for a walk and I asked him whether he thought it would rain, and whether I ought to take along an umbrella. He said: "No, that is not necessary; we shall not go far to-day." And then he added: "There is a double sense to that, 'we shall not go far,' isn't that so?"

After walking along for a short distance, it began to rain. We sought refuge under the colonnades. As we were standing close together, under that cover, he suddenly said to me: "Now I like you, I really do like you at this moment." I answered: "What good is it to me, if you do like me for a passing moment?" Just then, his mother, returning from the baths, passed us by in a carriage and we stood so as to remain unobserved by her. Then we looked into the shop windows. He called my attention to some embroidery and asked me whether I liked it. I said: "No, it is not pretty; it is not genuine. He said: "But it is handwork," and I replied: "But it is not antique."

He wanted to buy fruit and asked me whether I cared for any greengage. I did not care for any. Did I want cherries? I said: "I do not want any fruit." He said that he would buy some and that I *must* eat it. I said that I shall positively not eat it. He was already stepping into the store when I said that, but he turned around in the doorway and made a strange sign with his hand. *At that moment the spot on my hand where I had scalded myself while bathing that morning pained me again. It pained me as badly as at the moment when I had scalded myself.*[68]

When he came out of the store with a package of cherries, I said to him: "The hand has started to burn again, will it cease paining if I eat the cherries?" He said: "Yes." I showed him my hand; a red streak showed squarely across the fingers and *under the marriage ring there was a blister.* He said: "You must take off your ring." I removed it, with difficulty, and replaced the ring on the little finger. He remarked: *"Look out that you do not lose it."* I said: "I won't lose it," and crooked my little finger so that the ring could not fall off. I ate the few cherries as he handed them to me. It began to rain very hard so we returned to the hotel. At the hotel entrance I said to him: "This morning when I took my bath and the stove began to hiss and the water was running hot from both faucets,

thought of Goethe's witchmaster" (specifically, of the passage: "I summoned the spirits, and now they would not let me free"). He remarked: "This is just like you, instead of turning off the faucet, you think of the witchmaster." I said: "When the two maids burst into my bathroom together, I was so excited that I scolded them and I told them that the hotel will presently float away through the air." He remarked: "Did you really say that the hotel would float away through the air? It seems to me, *you would like to get away from the hotel.*" Previous to that, as we passed by a bookstore, he had called my attention to a book by Strindberg, entitled, "Book of Love." He said: "I shall buy this to read on my journey; *I am leaving to-morrow.*"

I had not answered him, but in my silence I felt worried because he spoke again about going away, when he said to me, with emphasis: "Read Strindberg, dear Madam!" I felt also insulted to be thus formally addressed, as Dear Madam, after what had happened between us on the previous day. I said that I had read but one book by Strindberg, "Der Sohn einer Magd."

As we walked towards the dining room I said I would first write some letters; I wanted to write to my mother. He suggested that I write after luncheon, when he would also be writing. I actually permitted myself to be prevailed upon to postpone writing, although I told him that if I wrote in the afternoon it delayed by one day the delivery of the letter at Vienna.

In the dining room we found Mrs. M. with the elderly gentleman. "He" held up the bag of cherries towards me, saying: "Take as many as you care to eat." I reached with my hand into the bag and drew three cherries. He put the bag of cherries on the table and spoke to the two Roumanian girls and the other two girls who had just come in. Another gentleman joined us and Mrs. M. introduced him to me. Mrs. M. wanted to take some cherries; that made it very unpleasant for me; I told her that they belonged to Mr. N. I was afraid that he would think I had taken some of his cherries.[69]

Presently he joined us again and said that another concert would be given that afternoon in the assembly room of the larger building. He asked me whether I cared to go and said that the girls were going. I said I would not go; but Mrs. M., very much in favour of going, tried to persuade me. Then my husband arrived and I went upstairs with him to attend to his compress.

In our room I laughed, without knowing it; my husband asked me impatiently what I was laughing about. I said I happened

to think of something comical. Suddenly he reproached me, saying he thought it was strange that I should come down so late for breakfast and in Mr. N.'s company, at that. He thought this looked strange. I told him he knew very well that I was taking a bath; and that he could have very well checked up to see what I was doing.

Suddenly I noticed that I was unwell. I felt very badly and uncomfortable; moreover, it made me very unhappy, for I reflected that he was going away on the following day and that we would have no opportunity for intimacy any more. He had told me also that he was waiting only for his laundry; that forenoon he had mentioned that he was still wearing the shirt he had worn on our excursion and he found that very unpleasant. I had said to him: "But your shirt looks quite clean!"

On going downstairs I stepped into the writing room first, to write mother a card: only a couple of words, but it was terribly difficult for me to write them. As on the previous day *I felt as if my hand were paralyzed.* It was a great effort for me,—especially to write the address.[70] Then I went back to the dining room. It was empty, except that "he" was sitting and drawing at his parents' table. He asked me what my husband had said. I told him. He was very concerned over that and said: "Perhaps he is coming down now and would find us together." I said: "That is impossible; he is lying in bed."

At that moment I reflected *that I was neglecting all my duties;* that several days ago I had taken a sack of flour to a baker to bake some special biscuits for my husband and I had not called for them as yet. I decided to go for the biscuits,[71] although I should have preferred to stay with him. I told him that I was going out to mail the card which I had written with much difficulty and to call for the biscuits and I asked him meanwhile to take care of my dog because the dog did not like to go out in the rain.

I went to mail the card and called on the baker. On my return I took the village road towards the hotel. There was an entrance from that side directly into the second, higher dining room; but I had never used that entrance. I had always turned the corner and had always gone directly into the first dining room. But this time, as if obeying a compulsion, I went from the village road directly into the second dining room, and when I entered I saw him sitting there at a table, with a lady and her gentleman,—a man with whom he had played cards the previous evening.

The dog was at his side. At that moment the feeling came over me that I had obeyed a hypnotic suggestion to come through that door, which I had never used, directly into the second dining room, and that he had confided to the lady his telepathic message for me. As I was about to pass their table he said to me: "I have introduced your dog to the company, may I now introduce you?" I said, in the hearing of that lady: "No!" and continued on my way to the second dining room, where I took a seat at another table.[72]

He followed me within a few minutes and seated himself at my table. A strange gentleman who had been there but a few days sat behind me; the table in front of me was occupied by the sickly Count, whose grotesque appearance he had found so interesting that he had drawn four sketches of him. I looked at the sketches and found them more grotesque than the original. Incidentally I looked at the stranger; he had told me the man was from the same town as he and had a wife and three children. He asked me whether I could fall in love with the strange man. I told him that I never know a thing like that beforehand: that it depends whether the person in question wants it or not; and if he is very persistent, I cannot guarantee anything.[73] At that, he remarked: "So, I must tell this to the Count." Then he added that the man, after all, was uninteresting. I said that I, too, found him likewise. He said: "He lives only for his wife's abdomen."[74] I asked: "Why the abdomen?" At that he replied: "Well, that man has had three children already." And I answered with a feeling as if the words had been dictated by him: "That makes the Count even more sympathetic in my eyes." Then pointing to an elderly, uninteresting woman who was alone at a table I asked him whether she was a newcomer or whether he had seen her before. He said he did not know, he had not noticed her, she was extremely uninteresting and added, "One might as well be dead as to be of no interest to anybody, is that not true?" I said: "Perhaps she interests her husband." But he answered: "She has none."

He asked me whether I intended to go to the afternoon concert. I said: "No!" He remarked: "You would be interested to inspect the interior of the building." At that I said: "But I should not care to go with that disgusting Roumanian girl." He exclaimed: "Dear Madam, you said that like a 12-year-old, like a wilful child, and at the same time you left an opening in case you should have to go after all." I asked: "What should I have

said?" He answered: "One says simply: No, I won't go." I said: "You are right about the opening, I always leave a return path for myself." He said: "How can you lie so cleverly to your husband; have you also lied at school to your teachers?" After some reflection I said: "Lie I did not, but I was the most impudent creature." He nodded, as if to say that he himself had thought so.

Then I told him that he had always *suggested to me things which were unpleasant and which had no sense.* I said: "Why don't you sometimes suggest something which is pleasant and useful at the same time, for instance, that I should stay in my room this afternoon and darn my stockings; that would be something very necessary, I haven't a single wearable pair; yet I do no darning on my own initiative—I don't like the task. I find it too irksome." When I said this to him I really intended to remain in my room that afternoon, so as not to have to go to the concert hall, but I wanted to do it with his knowledge. He said: "I shall suggest that you darn the stockings sitting at the table,—here in the restaurant." I said: "I won't do that."

I went upstairs to call my husband for lunch. As I sat at the table with him I ate with relish for the first time.[75] The dish was something I liked, venison with stewed fruit. Absorbed in eating, I had forgotten "him" for a few moments. Suddenly my arms felt paralyzed, I could not carry the fork to my mouth, and it fell on the plate. I knew at once that this was "his" influence. But I did not want to yield and made a strenuous effort to carry the fork to my mouth, but it fell back on the plate. *I began to weep* and had barely strength enough to say to my husband: "I don't feel well." Then I arose and left the dining room. A few minutes before the old gentleman, who was always in Mrs. M.'s company, although he did not live at the hotel, had seated himself at our table.[76]

I went upstairs in the elevator. When I reached our door I found that I had forgotten to get the key from the clerk. I ran downstairs; in the lobby, a clerk told me: "Your husband has just taken the elevator to go upstairs." I ran upstairs. At the door I met my husband. He asked me what was the matter. I told him: "I am unwell and have probably *over-fatigued myself yesterday on the excursion.*"[77] The first thing I did when I entered the room was to take off the marriage ring, which I had been wearing on my little finger, and put it away in the drawer. My husband said he did not understand why I had

burst into tears; usually I was not so whimpering when something was the matter with me. I told him that the fatigue had made me nervous; that I would lie down at once; and I begged him to go downstairs because he had not had his dessert. At last he went, and I breathed relief to be alone once more. I went to bed with the firm resolution not to get up that day. In a short while my husband came upstairs and I told him I was feeling better already. I lay quietly in bed, but could not sleep. At four o'clock my husband went downstairs again. I said that, as I was feeling better, I would follow him shortly, and promised to bring him some of his special bread. But after he left I lay there, unable to execute my resolution to rise. *I lay there motionless, but all sorts of possible thoughts and feelings fleeted through my brain. I concluded that I was a bad woman, unworthy of "him."* [78] I reflected: how could he love such a person as I? *The bath trouble and my inability to eat at noon, I regarded as a penance, which "he" must have imposed on me. Then I reproached myself* because I never bowed to his mother,[79] for whom he had great respect; and because I ridiculed her before I knew who she was, by asking my husband if I looked like her, when the hotel manager had mistaken me for her. I was also thinking that I must go downstairs to take to my husband the promised bread; but instead of doing so I remained in bed, unable to stir.

Suddenly some one in the corridor shut a door with a bang and I heard some one whistling lightly. Then I knew that this was a signal for me to get up and I jumped out of my bed with both feet at once, as if electrified. I made my toilette very hurriedly. I put on precisely the same underwear and clothes that I had worn in the forenoon and on the excursion of the previous day. While I did up my hair, my hands shook so that I was barely able to stick in my hair pins. When I held my arms high, at the toilette table and while doing up my hair, *I noticed under my armpit a red mark, such as "he" had on his arm.* I looked carefully, to note whether it was not an optical illusion on my part, but the thing was real. I did not powder myself as usual, but went downstairs as I was.[80]

When I entered the dining room, he was there with a number of people; we exchanged greetings from a distance. I walked over to my husband, who was playing cards, and gave him his bread, then without ordering tea for myself, I went out with my dog. I walked as far as the little park and there I sat down on the farthest bench with the intention of spending there the

rest of the afternoon by myself. In my hand I held a piece of biscuit which I broke into crumbs for the dog. After sitting there for about five minutes I saw "him" from a distance coming toward me. He greeted me smilingly as he approached my bench. When I saw him coming *I suddenly felt cramps in my neck.* It seemed as if a hand was forcibly turning my head in the opposite direction from that from which he came.[81] I looked away until he sat down near me. He asked me, smilingly: "What happened this noon?" I said: "I need not tell you that, you know it very well, since it is your fault." He answered: "You *must* tell me, at once." Then I told him that I could not eat because my arms felt as if they were paralyzed, that I had to drop my fork, and that I fled weeping to my room and stayed in bed. He asked: "What did you think about while you were lying in your bed so long? Surely you were thinking about the baby you are going to have by me." I said: "No; I won't have any baby by you." He asked, why not? I did not want to tell him, but he again compelled me and at last, I managed to say, with difficulty: "Because I have become unwell." I also told him: "The mark you have on your hand I now have under my arm." He said: "It will be all right to-morrow." And then he added: "There is no mark to-day where I bit you yesterday." The fact was he had bitten me on the lip during our excursion on the previous day. When I looked in my mirror I saw a swelling under my lip. When I called his attention to it he was very sorry and said: "To-morrow it will be gone." I had forgotten all about it, but when he mentioned it, I recalled that I had not seen the swelling. Looking in the mirror I now saw the swelling, but it was very faint.

He said to me: "Shall we go now to inspect the interior of the assembly room?" The suggestion pleased me immensely. I had always wished to see the interior of the larger building with its social room; it was open for inspection only three times a week during certain hours. While going there, I was again very happy; my mood was pleasant; all cares were forgotten. On the way we met Mrs. M. with the elderly gentleman; they said they had waited for us so long it was too late and the building was probably closed already. Mrs. M. asked me whether I felt better; she had heard that I was unwell at the table; was it true? I said, I thought *the excursion was too strenuous for me,* I was a little nervous and unable to eat. He remarked: "The fork remained stuck in the meat." [82]

They went back to the building with us and he prevailed upon the porter to let us in, although it was after hours. We were shown, first, the assembly rooms; he called my attention to the costly rugs, mentioning their prices. I reflected that the price of the rugs did not interest me. There were also some picture paintings on exhibition and I looked them over cursorily; I recall a snow landscape, which I liked.[83] Then we were shown a couple of sleeping rooms. He went over to a corner, raised a frame and showed me a bidé. When we entered the second room he did the same thing. I felt very embarrassed. When we left the building he said to me: "I have rhymed to-day a very pretty riddle: *Des Morgens früh im Rosenhof macht die Frau M.* ——" He asked me whether I could guess the rhyme. I said yes, I thought the verse very pretty. He repeated it to Mrs. M., but she did not understand it. We parted from the lady and the elderly gentleman and he asked me whether I would walk up with him to the little shop where we had seen the cakes and the colored candy on the previous day. It meant an uphill walk of at least three-quarters of an hour. I consented. Suddenly I recalled that I did not have my purse with me; I looked for it before I left and could not find it. I said to him: "I have lost my bag, *hope I won't find it.*" He asked me what was in it. I said, there was not much money in it, possibly 20 kronen, but it contained the lieutenant's photograph. He asked: "What will you do if you find it?" I said: "I shall throw it into the water." Then he asked me whether I would like to adopt him.[84] I did not know what he meant by that. I asked: "How can I adopt you?"

When we passed by the hotel, he said again something about "Nora." I believe he said that for me marriage was a child's play, that I had a doll's house. Then our conversation turned on what I was thinking about while I lay alone that afternoon in my room and I told him *I had been reflecting on all my sins.* He asked: "What have you done, have you forged checks?" I said: "No, I haven't done that; but I have deceived my husband four times, that was bad enough."

Suddenly I felt the need of telling him everything that was on my conscience. I told him that I reflected about not greeting his mother; I might have done this very properly, even though we had not been formally introduced. He remarked very pleasantly: "You can make up for that by greeting her from now on." Then I told him that on the first day of our arrival the

hotel manager had mistaken me for his mother and that thereafter I always asked my husband in jest, whether I looked like her. This confession he took with very little grace.

We reached the little store with the dog biscuits and the coloured candy in the show window. He bought a package of biscuits and asked me what kind of candy I wanted. I pointed it out to him. He asked me, how much of it to buy. I asked the price. The merchant said 2.50 kronen 10 decagrams. I said: "Ten decagrams." He asked: "Isn't that too little?" I said: "Make it 20 decagrams." He began munching a biscuit and gave me one. He said: "They are very nice; my parents always eat them at the table." I said: "I had never noticed it." I tasted the biscuit, and found it very unappetizing, like Fattinger's dog biscuits, and I asked: "Do your parents eat them for health?" That made him laugh. I reflected, they are so tasteless, surely nobody eats these biscuits for pleasure. While he reached out for the candies, *I, on a sudden impulse, gave the whole package of biscuits* to a little boy who happened to be standing in the store.[85] When "he" saw that, he bought another package. I said: "I want to give the candy also to the child." He asked: "All of them?" I said: "Yes." He wanted to hinder me, saying: "Give him only a few." I said: "No, I want to give him the whole package, he has already overheard us and rejoices." And I gave the whole package of candy to the child.

We returned to the road. He was carrying the package of biscuits in his hand; I still had the morsel of it in my mouth and could not swallow it. It pricked my gums and my throat was cramped tight. I said to him: "I cannot swallow it."[86] He inserted his finger in my mouth and cleared my teeth. He said: "Now you will be able to swallow it."

I had the feeling that I would be able to swallow only if I told him first everything that oppressed my heart. I said: "Do you know, I find it difficult to speak about the most natural things and yet I do swinish things." He asked: "What do you hesitate about?" I said: "To mention that I am unwell." He asked: "Was what we did yesterday swinish?" I said: "No; but that which I did with the doctor in Vienna was."[87]

After I said that I was able to swallow. He, walking a couple of paces ahead, began munching the crackers; I walked behind him with my dog. Suddenly I ran to him, exclaiming in a voice choked with tears: "Don't eat that, don't eat that, it is dog food, I have told you, and you are not a dog."[88]

He looked at me with astonishment, but I took the package out of his hand. I was about to give one of the crackers to the dog when the thought came to me that there are so many poor children who have nothing to eat. I did not know what to do; perhaps it would be an insult to the children to give them dog biscuits; again, it may be unfair to the hungry children who have nothing to eat to give the crackers to the dog. I decided to give them away to children when one of the biscuits fell to the ground. I was about to pick it up and add it to the others when the thought occurred to me that what fell on the ground belonged to the dog. I stopped to give it to the dog. Meanwhile "he" walked on. I ran after a child to whom I gave the biscuits. Other children were standing around; I thought, I must give them something, too. As I did not have my pocketbook with me, I went over to him and asked him to give me some money for the children. He took several two kronen banknotes out of his letter-case and handed them to me. Meanwhile the children had scattered. There were hordes of children on the village road. I asked him which were the children to whom I wanted to give the money. He helped me look for the children. I gave each one a two kronen note. He said to me: "You will insult these children, they are not of a beggarly class, they belong to tradesfolk." I said: "It does not matter, they will find some use for the money." Other children gathered around and I wanted more money. He said: "I haven't so much money." But I barred his way, crying, and said: "You must have more." He gave me a few more notes, saying: "Dear Madam, what is the matter with you to-day, you are very hysterical." I said: "True, but it will pass, isn't that so?" We sought a few children among whom I distributed the money. Then another child came along. He said: "I have nothing more." [89]

It occurred to me that being charitable with another's money is no trick and as I had no money of my own with me I reflected what I could give this child. I recalled that I had my gold watch with me; taking it off I asked him: "May I give it to this child?" He exclaimed, very much alarmed: "No, no, don't you do that," and I pinned the watch back in place. He said to me: "It is well enough to be charitable, but one should have a system about it, you understand, a system." I said: "Yes."

Then I had a feeling that I owed him an explanation and I

told him that, as a child, *I had resolved* to buy no candy for one-half year, so as not to fail at school. I prevailed upon my brother to do likewise, and for six months we laid aside the money intended for candy. On the day of examination each of us took a sackful of coppers and nickels to school. At the end of the exercises he called for me at my school; we had both passed; so we went to the Schottenhof, where most beggars congregate and there we distributed the two sacks of coins among the beggars, who were astonished at our prodigality.[90] I said to him: "Think how foolish I was, to make an oath like that, instead of studying, but I believe that even if I had failed, I would have distributed the money among the beggars, because it would not have been their fault that I was so lazy." I told him also that, when I was a child, I threw once a two kronen piece into the courtyard for a poor man who, however, could not find it, because the money had fallen into a sand pile.

Again I felt the need of telling him everything that was on my mind, because otherwise I would not be able to swallow. I told him that when my husband felt very badly during the winter I had said to him in a jest, that he ought to join the beggars in the Schottenhof and he would earn much money. He did not feel offended, because I had said it facetiously; nevertheless it was heartless of me to utter such a silly witticism. Then I said to him: "And do you know, yesterday about the matter of the boundary crossing, that was not merely stupid of me, you have rendered me thereby a great favor; you had to go in a roundabout way for me, no other acquaintance of mine would have done it for me." At that he remarked: "Nice acquaintances you must have." I said: "Of course, *my poor associations are responsible for my miserable state,* these stupid, superficial women friends who always want to imitate the fast women; and you are entirely in the right when you say that I have poor taste; about clothes my taste is perhaps good enough, but in literature and music my taste runs low, I like only superficial things." He said: "In clothes, too, your taste is poor if you imitate the fast women. And a lady does not forget to draw down the curtains when she prepares her toilette in front of an open window."[91]

We were near the hotel by that time. It was late and very dark. I had again completely calmed down. Suddenly he stopped, reached his hand out to me and said ardently: "Whatever hap-

pens, I shall *always* be your friend." I reflected: "What does that mean, is this a parting?" Then he said: *"And now tell your husband* EVERYTHING."

That scared me very much. I reflected, how can I do it,—that is out of the question. And what must I tell, what does he mean by "everything"? I said to him: "Only yesterday I thought that I had courage, but I am the most cowardly person you ever saw." He gave me a look, as if to say: "You see, you, too, are a coward." I thought of Nora. I reflected, I would do it, if he would only tell me what to say and how to say it. I was about to ask him, but I reflected I must decide that for myself, and I resolved to do it for his sake, to prove to him that I can offer him the greatest, the most difficult sacrifice conceivable; I reflected: *That is the fire test of my love."*

Shortly before this conversation I had also told him that it was unfair on my part to regard my dog as a child, to treat it as a child. I had mentioned that it always slept in my bed. He remarked at that: "Look out that it does not suck on your white breasts." [92]

We reached the hotel square. My husband and several hotel guests were standing at the door, in the dark. Very agitatedly my husband came up toward me and in a loud voice he exclaimed in front of all the people: "What have you been doing all this time, what makes you run around at night alone with Mr. N.?" I noticed that "he" was looking at my husband. I said: "Don't talk so loud in front of all these people; let's go to our room; there we can talk over everything."

We went upstairs together in the elevator. He started again to reproach me, but I said: "I have something important to tell you, but I cannot do it in the elevator; wait until we get to our room." When we reached our room my husband sat down, and I said calmly: *"I am going to divorce you and marry Mr. N."* He looked at me, astonished, and said: "Is that true? What do you mean? What put the idea into your head?" I answered: "It is my firm resolution, but you need not feel sorry, for I have deceived you already four different times." He gazed at me, horrified, and said: "Is that true? Have you deceived me four times? But with whom?" I counted up the men for him, in their order. He said: "Have you really done all that? And with the doctor, of all men. But how and when did you do it?" I gave him a few dates and said: "Indeed, the doctor was the vilest of them, he did not even care for me, he has only used

me for his swinish doings. That vile creature has betrayed your confidence; you were his patient, and he always sent me messages through you." He said: "Did you tell N. all that?" I said: "Yes." "And notwithstanding all that he is willing to marry you?"

It occurred to me that "he" had not really said so; that it was only my own belief, because I could not see any other sense to his request that I tell my husband everything. I said: "He did not actually say so, but he did say he would *always* be my friend, so that even if he did not marry me, I could always be his 'friend.' And this is the best arrangement, he has hypnotized me and he has me under his telepathic influence. I love him more than anybody else in the world; I have never loved any one so much. I am entirely under his influence, I have no will of my own, I want to do only his bidding. I realize only now how dependent I am." My husband said: "In God's name what shall we do? What will the hotel folks say about it!" I said: "The folks in the hotel need not know anything about it,—that was not his intention. The best thing is for us to go downstairs to dinner, as if nothing had happened. After dinner I'll go upstairs; you must remain down there; he will come over to you and you will talk it over between yourselves. Whatever he says must be done; he is so bright, he knows everything, he knows what is right, and we must obey and follow whatever he decides."

We went downstairs together. Before we entered the dining room I had a hallucination. I saw his parents pass by and greeted them; they returned the greeting very cordially. I know positively that it was merely a hallucination, for the moment we stepped into the dining room I saw his parents seated quietly with him at their table. But this contradiction did not baffle me at the time.

As we sat at the table I ordered a glass of beer for myself, although I do not drink beer. The drink was served in high cup-shaped glasses. As soon as it was served I drank the beverage. I had the feeling that I had drunk much, but when I put down the glass, to my great astonishment, it was still full, as if I had not touched it.[93] I noticed that "he" was looking at me from his table and I reflected again that he surely had instigated me to order the beer, although ordinarily I never take beer; furthermore I thought that this was surely some more of his sorcery when I saw that the glass was still full after I drank

from it. I drank again; this time there was really less beer in the glass. I ate with fairly good appetite and ceased looking over at him or at his table. After the meal was over I told my husband to remain there and talk to him while I would go upstairs.

I reached my room in a cheerful, elated frame of mind. I stepped over to the open window and looked out, as I did on that first evening when I saw him standing under the window; *suddenly I began to pray* and I thanked God for having ordained that I should meet him and I begged God *to forgive my sins,* to protect all who were dear to me, including my husband, and above all, "him." I prayed that all may end well, as I always prayed when I was a child.[94]

Then it occurred to me that I must go out with the dog. I must not neglect the dog. I went out with the dog on the dark hotel square. In the dark I presently saw a figure; I thought it was "he." I walked in that direction, but the figure resembling him kept moving steadily ahead of me on the village road where we had often strolled together.[95]

Suddenly the thought came to me that he would think it unseemly for me to pass the night with my husband after what had happened and I had the notion that he expected me to spend the night either with him or alone elsewhere. I discerned his figure in the dark moving ahead of me, but at a distance, so that I could not see him clearly; I thought also that he was about to whistle for me to follow. Finally he disappeared into a house.

I entered that house, went one flight up and walked over to a chamber door which I opened. I saw a bedroom with two beds in it dimly lit under the glow of a red shade. Some one asked: "What do you want?"

At that moment I realized that it was an error. I said: "I have made a mistake," and turned back.

I suddenly felt downcast and depressed.

Accompanied by my dog, I went down the village road back toward the hotel. A soldier was walking at a distance. I reflected: *only prostitutes go out at night with a dog,* to pick up a soldier (at Baden I always went out evenings with my dog to meet Lieutenant L.) and only a dog answers the call of a whistle. I also reflected that prostitutes go out with dogs to make the acquaintance of men.

When I reached the hotel I went promptly upstairs to our room. I was there but a few minutes when my husband came

in and he looked agitated. I asked: "What is it? What have you said to him?" He answered: "I haven't spoken with him at all; some acquaintances joined him and his parents at their table and he did not come over to me and I did not want to wait any longer so I came upstairs." I was badly disappointed because things did not go as I had expected.

My eye was suddenly arrested by a *blue ribbon* lying on the table. It was the little ribbon with which our napkins were always tied. That was the custom at this hotel; instead of napkin rings they had ribbons in different colours and our colour was blue. Obviously I had forgotten to roll up the napkins after our meal so as to tie them with the blue ribbon and, without knowing it, I had taken the ribbon upstairs. When I saw that I reflected: I must take the ribbon downstairs to the dining room; it does not belong to me; I must not keep it. I took it and walked down the stairs with it. On the first floor stairway I met his mother's maid, who was just going upstairs.[96] On seeing her I decided not to go down and turned back. In front of our door, my hand jerked with a sudden, involuntary motion and the little ribbon disappeared out of my sight, as if by magic.[97]

Without being surprised at this occurrence I entered our room.

My husband was tremendously agitated and in despair; he persistently asked me whether what I told him was really true and what we were to do. I told him it was all true, but he must not get excited; I, too, did not know what to do, but "he" would decide everything, and we must implicitly obey. I said: "Let us go to sleep, that is the best thing for us to do for the present. You must lie down at once; you have come here for the cure; you must not irritate yourself; 'he' is so wise, perhaps during the night he will vouchsafe us a sign, an intimation, what to do. He knows everything that is going on in our room even when he is not here." I insisted until my husband, at last, went to bed.

I, too, began to undress; and when I crawled into my bed *I found there the pocketbook* which I thought I had lost. I took out the photograph which was wrapped in a rose paper and, without looking at it, tore it to pieces in its wrapper and threw the pieces into the slop jar. Then I went to bed and turned out the light. As I lay in my bed, in the dark, I was disconsolate. I reflected: What shall I do? What is going to happen next? My husband talked to me persistently. He said *I must not leave him, he was so accustomed to me, he was afraid of*

being alone.[98] I said: "Why should you care for such a wife as I have been to you? Think what I have done!" He said: "Did you really do all that? I cannot believe it. You have such trusting eyes." At that I replied: "Nevertheless, I am the most untrustworthy creature on earth."

Presently I recalled that I had neglected to prepare his foot compress. I turned on the light and, sitting at his bedside, I applied the compress to his knee. I did not allow the dog to lie with me in bed, as usual; instead, I had him lie on the sofa.[99] The dog tried persistently to get back to my bed, continually pawing at my bed covers. But I chased him back to the sofa every time and scolded him severely without using the customary pet names. I said to my husband: "I must refer to the dog as *'she,'* not *'it'*; 'he' wants it so." I said also: "I am very thirsty, but I must not drink the water from the pitcher, I must drink only blueberry juice."

My husband asked me particulars about the various men whom I had previously enumerated. He asked me when and where I had done those various things. He said: "That man in Baden,—you met him only now and then at the restaurant." I said: "I also had daily appointments with him, while you were taking your baths; that baby I had in the fall was by him." Then I added: "And as to F., he had horrible quarters in N. Street; we met there; but, thank God, with him I did not do it for nothing; he had to pay me twenty kronen every time."

My husband said he was afraid to be alone; I must stay by him. I said: "What are you really afraid of? You are not a child any more. You must try to sleep alone in the room, and you will get accustomed to it. And you must not play with my hands any more,—that is too childish. Nor should you call me *Dorerl* or *Dollerl* any more,—you must call me Dora. And we must not pamper the dog so much,—we are not children any longer." He was in despair because he had to call me Dora, but every time he said Dorerl I corrected him. Finally he called me only Dora.

Meanwhile I had to get up at least ten times to tighten the compress around his knee and as many times again to put the dog back in his place on the sofa because he tried to climb on the bed.

I told my husband, not only had I been untrue to him, but I had also laughed at him behind his back and had made a fool of him; I seemed to hold nothing in the world as sacred; even

during our marriage ceremony, I laughed at the altar (which was not true).[100] I asked him: "Would you have me stay with you, in spite of all that?" He said "Yes." I said: "Very well, I shall do it as a sacrifice for your sake, but on the one condition that you *never again* play cards."

He protested; he would not agree to that. So I said to him: "You see, this little sacrifice you do not care to make for me; nevertheless you ask of me a greater sacrifice,—to give up N. for your sake. Give up 'him' whom I love above all else on earth, whom I love as I have never loved any one in my life."[101] He asked: "Do you really love him so much? *Do you love him more than your husband?*" I said: *"Not more."*[102] He asked: "And more than you love your brother?" I said: "Yes; I love him more than I do my brother; more than I love anything or anybody else on earth."[103]

At that my husband exclaimed in despair: "And don't you love me at all?" I said: "Oh, yes, I love you, too, but not as a man, you are not a man, you are impotent. I love you as I would a cousin, or an uncle; yes, as I would an uncle,—that is how I love you!" Then I said: "But you must not have any regrets about me, I am not the right wife for you anyway. I shall let you have my dowry and my jewels, and you can also keep the furniture; I don't like my home furnishings anyway. Besides, you are already old and ailing; you need not work hard to earn money for me any more; you have had nothing; heretofore all your earnings were squandered on new rags for me. Your requirements are much more modest, you will be able to get along with much less. And as to my women friends, those stupid and superficial creatures, I am through with them as well; their influence on me has been baneful throughout. I promise you never to have anything to do with Mrs. B. hereafter." This statement particularly astonished him. Then I said to him also: "It were best that *you go to your mother,* you have not seen her anyway for a long time; I had always prevented you from going to see her because the doctor[104] had told me that everything was her fault." He said he would prefer not to return to Vienna; he would feel terribly ashamed to meet the men with whom I had deceived him.

At last he fell asleep. In my loneliness as I lay awake in the dark my thoughts turned to "him" and I reflected: I wish he would indicate by some sign or symbol what I must do.

Suddenly the thought came to me that mother was ill; she

may have pneumonia; how heartless I had been not to have thought of it; and I felt that I must positively go to her on the first train. I reflected: this was the sign; the suggestion came from him; I must leave on the first train.[105]

I calculated that the first thing to do was to find out when the first train leaves. I looked at the watch: it was four o'clock in the morning. I got up; my husband awoke; he asked me why I was up. I told him that I must leave on the first train, because mother was ill and that I was going downstairs to find out the time when the earliest train started. I put on my shoes, threw a mantle over my shoulders and walked through the corridor which was lit all night. The first thing I saw was *the blue ribbon,* which had disappeared out of my hand on the previous night; it was lying on the red carpet in front of my door. I picked it up. Then I went to the servants' quarters on the fourth floor. I thought I would find some one there who could tell me when the train left. But I found everything quiet and dark upstairs, so I went down to the first floor. There I met a porter collecting shoes and clothes for cleaning. But I did not see him coming; I discovered him suddenly standing in front of me, like the appearance of persons in a dream, when we do not know whence they came. I asked him when the earliest train was to leave; I told him that my mother was ill and I must go to her on the first train. He said, five-forty-five, or something like that. I went upstairs again and told my husband that the train was to leave at five-forty-five and that I had enough time, and crawled back to bed. My husband said he wanted to go along; he did not want to stay alone. I said, that would not do; if he did not want to remain alone, he must get a nurse, or wire for a relative; he must not be so dependent. I said to him: "What good is a woman who is not a faithful wife, a woman who has lied to you and who has been unfaithful?" He asked: "Have you deceived me with the painter, too?" I said: "Yes, yesterday on the excursion." Then I said: "You see, he is a man to whom I shall always be faithful; I will never deceive him because I love him and he completely dominates me."[106]

Then I got up with a start and began to wash and dress myself. My husband, too, wanted to jump out of bed, but I forced him to lie down. Before I started washing myself I pinned the window curtains together. I laid out a few necessary things to carry in my bag. But I did everything without any order.

I laid the things out on various chairs and on the table and did not know what was already in the bag. I put on new underwear, but the same blouse and hat that I had worn on the previous day and on the excursion. When I was ready, I tore up all the correspondence which had accumulated on my shelf, including the letters signed "Melanie"; I preserved only three postal cards, which I had received from my mother, and put them in my bag. Then I took my jewels and the marriage ring and put them on the wash stand for my husband; I kept only two rings which my brother had given me and the watch, which was a present from my grandmother. I had kept the jewels in a little pearl bag which had been given me by that man from N. Street. I threw it on the floor and said to my husband: "This little bag was given me by that monster, I have probably given him a kiss for it; where shall I throw it away? Shall I drop it into the water closet?" My husband said: "Throw it away elsewhere, perhaps somebody will find it." I said: "Nobody shall find this, I am going to drop it there." I went out and dropped it there. Then I returned to the room and stuck the keys into all the drawers. I took along only a small amount of cash, 200 kronen in Bohemian and 100 kronen in Austrian money.

I walked over to my husband's bed and kissed him good-by. I said that I was leaving all my clothes and things there and that I would come back for them. Then I went downstairs with my dog and my bag. The dining room was not yet open when I came downstairs; a servant girl, whom I had not seen before, was sweeping the stairs. I went to the porter and told him that I wanted to leave on the first train; I was told that the first train had already left and that the next train was not due to leave before 8 o'clock. I demanded my passport, which was in the hotel manager's keeping. I reflected that if I had taken the first train I should have had to leave without my passport because the hotel manager was not yet up and he had to be informed in advance.

As I had to wait a long time and the dining room was not yet open I went upstairs again. When I entered the room my husband was already up and dressing. I said I can leave only at 8 o'clock and he said he would take me to the station. *I asked him repeatedly whether he thought I was insane.* He said: "No" each time.

When he got ready we went down to breakfast. At the

breakfast table, I found that he had forgotten his sacharin. I told him to use no sugar, as it might do him harm, and ran upstairs to fetch the sacharin for him.

He said he felt chilly, so I told him I would bring him his overcoat; I ran up to the third floor again, without using the elevator, although I was unwell and it was not easy for me to climb the stairs. When I came down he asked me where his overcoat was; I had forgotten that I had gone up to fetch it. Again I ran upstairs for the overcoat. Passing by "his" door I obeyed a sudden impulse and, without reflecting, I opened the door to his room. He was in bed and awoke scared out of his sleep. I said to him: "I am leaving to go to my mother.[107] I wanted merely to say good-bye to you." Instead of looking at him while saying this, I felt constrained to look towards the opposite corner of the room. I talked a little more with him, but I do not recall what I said; *I had the feeling that I was reciting like an actress.* He said: "I am coming right down! I want only to dress." I stepped out and went to fetch the overcoat, but presently I again tore open the door to his room in spite of the fact that I saw one of the maids coming up the stairs. He was sitting on the edge of the bed putting on his stockings and was alarmed when he saw me. I said: "Mr. N., am I insane?" He said: "No." I asked: "Do you like me?" He answered: "Yes." I remarked: "But not so much as I like you, isn't that true?" He said again that he was coming down, presently. I went downstairs and gave my husband his overcoat. I told him at once: "Listen, I have just been in 'his' room." My husband looked at me in despair. I started to drink my coffee. But I poured the milk into the cup first and drank the milk separately, then I poured the coffee and drank it strong and bitter.[108] I used no sugar. The waiter brought me my passport. It seemed to me that he handed the passport over to me with the exaggerated, mocking gestures one sees on the stage. I told him that I was leaving because my mother was ill and that I expected to come back. I repeated the same thing to the two waitresses, although they had not asked me any questions.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I had left upstairs, in our room, the blue ribbon with which we tied our napkins. I reflected: I must bring it down; it does not belong to me. Once more I ran upstairs, without using the elevator.[109] When I returned "he" was standing at the foot of the stairs. He asked me: "Where are you going?" I answered: "I am going to my

mother; I should have thought of it long ago." Then he said: "I will write you; let me have your mother's address." I gave him my mother's address. But *while I did it I had a sensation of strangling so that I could barely utter the words.*

I had not given him my mother's name. We went together into the dining room; at the door, the moment he saw my husband sitting at his place, he asked me quickly, in a whisper: "Does he know *everything?*"

When my husband saw him coming, he got up and advanced towards him with that peculiar expression which I knew his face always assumed when he felt offended. "He," too, stood in the middle of the dining room, lost in his embarrassment. I said very energetically, addressing my husband: "Fritz, shake hands with Mr. N., it is not his fault that I am so mad after men!" As I said this tears came to my eyes. The two men shook hands. Turning to "him," I said: "I won't miss my train, isn't that so?" He reassured me that there was plenty of time. I asked for a dish to pack away for my dog; I happened to recall that on the journey to the place I had forgotten to take along a dish and the dog got thirsty and there was not a dish out of which he could drink. It took some time before a dish was brought. I was very fidgety. The little blue ribbon I laid down on a table near by, not on our table.

At last I was ready for the journey and walked to the door with my husband. "He" accompanied us as far as the door and said: "I'll follow you presently to the station." I said: "That would be too noticeable; you must stay here and first have breakfast."

After a few steps, accompanied by my husband, I recalled that I did not have the traveling bag with me. I exclaimed: "I have forgotten my bag!" But my husband said that the porter had taken it to carry it to the station.

When we reached the station we found the porter already there; he had bought a ticket for me; he said he bought a ticket to Eger; there I must get off and buy my ticket for Vienna. The train was waiting. Before I stepped into the coach I said to my husband, when he reached out his hand to me: "It is *not shameful to kiss some one with whom one has lived for twelve years, isn't that so?*" He said: "No."

We kissed; then I stepped into the coach; and, standing at the coach window, I said: "That kiss was also a mockery and a hypocrisy."

My husband stood in front of the coach window; he wished me a happy journey and asked me to greet everybody for him.

I kept looking to see whether "he" was coming as he had promised. But he did not arrive. My despair grew every minute; I confidently expected that he would come.

When the train started I was at the nadir of despair. I reflected: he did not come; he did not keep his word; he won't even write me. I sat listless and dumb.

One half hour later we had to change cars. When I alighted I was addressed by a gentleman to whom I had been introduced on the previous day by Mrs. M. He offered to carry my bag. I declined his proffered aid very curtly. I had the feeling that it would have been an act of disloyalty towards "him" for me to speak to any one.

I was again in a coach and we journeyed for another half hour. As we approached the town of Eger, I was in the depths of despair. I did not know what to do. *I had the feeling that I did what Nora had done,* that after a quarrel with my husband I left him, taking with me only a little hand bag and the barest amount of funds. But I was at a loss to know what to do next and I tried to think what Nora did after she went away. I reflected: the play does not disclose what she did next. Suddenly there flashed through my mind "the miracle" to which Nora refers when she declares: "Now comes the miracle."

I thought "the miracle" refers to telepathy. Telepathy means influencing some one at a distance; he will exert his influence on me also from a distance; he will indicate by a sign what I should do.

At that moment the train entered the station at Eger. I got off and on seeing the numerous inscriptions at the station it occurred to me that through these inscriptions and announcements "he" would indicate what I must do.

The first inscription I read was: "To the trains for Vienna." I concluded, therefore, that my destination was Vienna.

I went over to the ticket booth and asked: "What is the quickest and most direct route to Vienna?" I was asked: "What class?" I said: "Third class."

I supposed that, since I was not a "lady," I must travel third class. I was given my ticket and then I asked for a ticket for my dog. I was told to get that at the next booth. I asked at what time the train left and was told, at four. It was ten o'clock at the time. I checked my satchel and bought a dog ticket.

I did all this only with the greatest difficulty. At the baggage checking window I let pass ahead of me even those whose turn was after me.

I supposed that I must not ask for anything; that I must wait until I am addressed. In that connection I recalled that on starting on the journey I had smuggled along the dog without the requisite ticket. Finally, after a good half-hour, I obtained the dog ticket.

Then I read an inscription in the waiting room: "To the ladies' toilette and wash room." I reflected that I should like very much to go to the wash room, but I must not, because I was not a lady; *I must go only where the inscription read: "For women,"* and where no wash basin was provided.

I recalled that when we drank the blueberry juice at the excursion "he" had said to me, "That means becoming constipated," and that I was constipated thereafter, although I had never been troubled in that way before.

I stepped out of the toilette and went to the square in front of the station, to give the dog exercise. I held the dog by the chain and walked around with my eyes shut; I imagined I had to go whither the dog led me.[110] Then I returned again to the waiting room and visited the women's toilette repeatedly, but without results. I imagined that to be *verstopft* (*i.e.,* constipated) meant as much as being *verstockt* (*i.e.,* stubborn, obdurate), and that so long as I was constipated I would not see "him" again.

At noon I went to the restaurant (first and second class) to eat. I sat down at a table, but thought that I must not call a waiter; I must wait until he comes and asks me what I want. Presently a waiter stood before me; he bowed ultra-ceremoniously[111] and handed me the bill of fare with a theatrical gesture. He seemed very pleasant and obliging, and he reminded me of Docent W., and of a waiter who resembled W., the docent.

On the bill of fare I read: "*Ochsenfleisch* (beef, *lit.,* ox meat)." I reflected: I must not order that because *Ochs* (ox) is a swear word. I ordered soup, broiled steak and potatoes. Also water. I was sitting near the buffet. I heard the waiters continually coming and delivering their orders. All the time I heard: "One portion, two portions," and so forth. That is how the waiters always called out their orders at the hotel in J—— for those of the guests who boarded there.

I gave some of my food to the dog, using the dish I had taken along for that purpose. I would have liked to have dessert, too,

but I imagined I must not order it. I thought I must limit myself to the barest amount in order not to go hungry; I must not eat for pleasure.

After eating I left the dining hall, and took the satchel out of the baggage room so as to be sure not to miss the four o'clock train and went back to the third class waiting room. But I was a couple of hours too early. I changed my seat many times. I sat first on one bench, then, without any reason, I moved over to another on the opposite side of the waiting room. This I did several times. Each time I had to carry the satchel, the dog, the umbrella and my little bag containing my passport and money, and it was very troublesome.

An announcement posted in the waiting room read: "Eight minutes before the departure of a train the starter calls out once." I tried to be attentive so as to hear when the train was called. There was also a clock hanging in the waiting room. The starter came in frequently to call departing trains, but for other destinations than Vienna. It was ten minutes past four, the time when the train was scheduled to leave, but the train was not called. I imagined I must wait for the train to be announced and that I must not start before that.[112]

Finally I got up and stepped out on the platform. There I asked some one when the train left for Vienna. I was told there was no train to Vienna; a train left for Budweis, connecting with Vienna; but it was leaving just then. I saw a train slowly moving out. I thought, perhaps I can catch it; I started to run after it, encumbered with my dog, my bag and my umbrella. It was like a nightmare,—one of those dreams in which you try to move your feet but seem glued to the spot. Presently the train was off. I asked when the next train left for Vienna. I was told the next train, a local, was scheduled to leave at ten o'clock at night. I reflected, now I shall have to wait six hours in the third class waiting room. I went with the dog to the station square, then to the toilet "for women," and back again to the waiting room. There I sat down to wait. *Again I frequently changed my seat.*

When it grew dark I started to watch the persons who were sitting there, or who were going in and out. I saw a plainly dressed woman with two children, a boy and a girl, approximately of the same age. The little girl was ugly and her face twitched. I reflected, I, too, had been like that,—a nervous child. The two children talked and laughed, telling each other

secrets, which were *not intended for their mother's ears.* They also played with and fondled a doll,[113] or a child, which I could not see, but which was lying there. And the mother, too, continually played with it and fondled it. This woman was continually taking bottles and things out of a basket or a satchel and putting them back. The impression I had was that everything she did was both senseless and useless, *and I reflected, she is like my mother, who always did most foolish things.* The little boy, who was very handsome and attractive and wore a blue sailor hat *like the one my brother always wore when he was a small boy,* started to read and to do number work in a little notebook. I reflected, he is like my brother, who works and calculates for mother and myself because we are too stupid to do it for ourselves. Presently I saw an older boy who resembled the little boy, but who seemed a few years older; he stretched himself on the bench so that I could not see him, and then the little boy scampered off. *I reflected, the older boy is my father, who is dead, while the younger boy is my brother, his successor.*[114] I watched this family with absorbing attention and with the keenest interest. The little boy made a grimace denoting disgust and held his handkerchief to the mouth, as if he were about to vomit. I reflected, it is my brother, who is disgusted with women. Then the two children walked off arm in arm. I reflected, *they go off, leaving their mother alone.* But presently they returned. Then the woman got up and went away, telling the children to wait. The children, meanwhile, amused themselves with the doll, or child, which I could not see. I reflected, the mother is going to her relatives to obtain support for her children. She returned bringing them cakes. Everybody ate and they were very jolly.

I reflected, my mother has brought us cakes instead of bread; she had always provided us with luxuries which she obtained from her relatives for us,—that was surely very nice of her. I saw coarse strangers at a table consuming enormous quantities of food; they turned their back to the woman with the two children. I reflected, they were our relatives, who thought only of themselves, who had left mother with her children in the lurch, and whose sole concern was to make sure that they themselves had enough to eat.

I saw an attractive young girl sitting with an elderly lady on a bench opposite the family with the two children. I reflected, I was such a girl. I stayed with my mother. Then I saw a

common girl, leaning on another girl, giggling and talking in a continuous stream and staring boldly at the men while she walked back and forth through the waiting room. I reflected, *I was also like that as a girl.* This girl went to the buffet to fetch beer, giggling and flirting brazenly. She always gazed at everybody around her while she walked.

Two servant girls were holding a conversation behind me. I listened to hear what they were saying. I reflected, I was thus as a child, I always wanted to eavesdrop whenever the servants carried on a conversation among themselves. I saw a soldier writing an illustrated postcard. I reflected, only servant girls and soldiers write illustrated postcards and love letters. I reflected, my correspondence with that lieutenant was as if a servant girl had corresponded with a soldier. Across from me a soldier wearing a helmet sat at a table. His great blue eyes were turned on me with a cool and heartless glare. I reflected, he is Hugo,[115] who also has blue eyes and a cold heart. There was a strong resemblance between them.

At the same table where I was a young boy was sitting on the next bench with a fatherly companion who was giving him advice. He looked at me in a friendly manner, smoking his pipe. I reflected, I too was such a stubborn tomboy. Again, I saw the refined girl who sat with the elderly lady walking over to exchange a few friendly words with the mother of the two children. She was talking continuously and I reflected, she tells the story of my life, she is now telling everything, there is much to tell!

I saw "him," clad in a fantastic robe, standing at the buffet; his back was turned to all those present as he stood there, motionless. Everybody who went to the buffet for beer had to walk past him, but he stood motionless with his arms crossed. The waiting room, very dark, was but dimly lit by the gas jets. I kept looking at "him," as he stood so motionless at the buffet. I could not see his face. I knew that if I should walk up to him he would disappear; I wanted him to stay, that I might look at him; I reflected, he was there for me; I am not alone; he won't abandon me.

I saw by the clock which hung over the buffet that it was nearly nine o'clock. I reflected, time has flown rapidly, after all. I got up and went to the first-and-second-class restaurant for my evening meal, taking along my dog and the satchel. I sat down at a table and again thought, I must wait until the

waiter asks me what I want. Suddenly there stood before me the same waiter who had waited on me at noon. Again he looked to me very much like W., the *docent;* he was very amiable and very respectful towards me as he handed me the bill of fare. I ordered the same kind of meat as I had at noon, but asked for green peas instead of potatoes. I asked him also to bring me something for the dog. He said, if he had known that I would come back, he would have kept some of the meat I had left on my plate at noon for the dog, but it must have been thrown away. He brought something else for the dog. After the dog had eaten it I gave him some water in his dish. Then I asked the waiter to throw out the water; he looked at me, very astonished, but went to the door leading to the platform and poured it out. I reflected, this time I must not miss the train. I paid my bill and went upon the platform. I walked as far as the placard which announced: "Next train leaves at 10.10." The gate was shut. I opened it and went through. I walked into the darkness. Suddenly a railroad employee rushed towards me and asked me where I was going. I told him I wanted to take the 10.10 train for Vienna. He said: "You have time, you must wait until all the arriving passengers first clear the platform; go back quickly! You may find it unpleasant here." I went back; I asked several persons whether the 10.10 train was positively the Vienna train. I was told: "You don't go direct to Vienna (from here)."

As it was too early I sat down at a table on the platform and ordered black coffee. Finally I saw people gathering in front of the gate. I too went there. I found it troublesome to carry the dog, the bag, my little bag and the umbrella. I was standing directly behind the woman with the two children; she also carried a tiny baby in her arms, and the pretty little girl was also there; she belonged with them. I was very glad and I felt reassured to know that this family was taking the same train. I felt no longer quite so lonely.

Finally we boarded the train. I sat alone in a dark third class compartment. Before boarding the train I had again asked where the train was going. A guard flung open the door and said impressively, in a commanding tone: "You go straight to Vienna, but baggage is examined at Gmünd." I reflected, the guard (in German, *Schaffner, i.e.,* lit., orderly), is he who orders, "he" is the orderly. *"He" travels with me, disguised as the Schaffner* (*i.e.,* the man who orders), *and I must do whatever he com-*

mands. I heard the sound of many doors opening and shutting and then the train started.

I sat at the window with the dog on the seat across from me. The dog persistently tried to get to my side, but each time I put him back on the seat across and harshly ordered him to stay there. Finally he remained still and slept.

I wondered what I should do when I arrived in Vienna. I thought, I cannot go by street car with the dog, and I would not have enough money for a carriage. Shall I go straight to mother or shall I go first to our home? Who knows whether the cook is in the house to open the door for me? And suddenly it occurred to me that I had left the key to our home at the resort.[116] I had left at J—— the key to the box containing all my things as well as all my other house keys. I reflected: "The key is in J——!" Suddenly I was at a loss to know what to do. I thought perhaps I ought to go back to get my key. *I knew I did not particularly care* to go to Vienna. I reflected, what shall I do when I get there? I haven't even a change of clothes with me. Shall I stay with my mother, as "he" had told me his lady friend was living with her mother at Vienna? Will he visit me there and will he write me as he promised he would? Is that what Nora did when she left her husband? Suddenly the thought again came to me that I must proceed to Vienna, because the orderly (*Schaffner*) had so ordered. I must do everything precisely as the *Schaffner* commands. I have no will of my own, I am not self-dependent. Then, I thought again, "he" would vouchsafe me a sign, "he" will indicate by some sign what must be done.

I peered through the window at the darkness outside. I saw a brightly lit watchman's hut in the forest. I reflected: "There is room in the smallest hut for a happy loving pair!" Then the beginning of a stanza also came to my mind and I repeated several times: "Hark, the forest echoes sing and the brook ripples clear. There is room in the smallest hut for a happy loving pair."

The train stopped next at the Marienbad station. I saw the bright light of an electric arc light. I reflected: *"Marienbad, Mary's bath! Here is where one is purified, washed clean; here is where the Virgin Mary bathes, the Holy Virgin Mary!"* The train made a long stop there; at last it plunged again into the dark night. Suddenly I thought of a stanza from *The Maid of Orleans.* I reflected: "False heart, you deny the Eternal

Light; you fail to follow the chaste voice of compassion." But I knew that the expression, "false heart," was not the correct one. I pondered whether it was "evil heart" or "faithless heart," but I knew that neither of these was the correct rendering. I could not think of the right word.

I had the sensation that the train suddenly started to run *backwards* instead of *forwards*.[117]

It scared me very much; I thought that the train was running backwards because I could not recall the right word and that I would not reach Vienna. *I reflected, mother's illness was not at all the reason why I had left; after all, I did not want to go to Vienna.* The chaste voice of compassion (*des Mitleids fromme Stimme*) had not called me to mother; it was a pretext and a lie when I told my husband that this was the reason for my journey. *I had left merely because I did not know what else to do after what I had told my husband.* Because after that confession I could not stay with him any more! Because I did not know how to act towards my husband or towards "him" on the next day! Because, at "his" expressed wish and at "his" request, I had told my husband everything and because "he" had left me in the lurch after that.

Suddenly the train again moved forward. In my mind I repeated the lines: "Cunning heart (*arglistig Herz*), you deny the Eternal Light. You fail to follow the chaste voice of compassion." I thought that Joan had broken her vow when she fell in love with Talbot.

The train stopped at a dark station. I heard the slamming of doors and had the feeling that all the passengers were getting off. I saw a guard with lanterns running back and forth. I could not make out the name of the Czech station. I had the feeling of being left alone in the train. I thought, perhaps I too ought to get off, perhaps everybody ought to get off here for the examination of the baggage. I wanted to ask some one, but I thought I must not ask, *I myself must know what to do.* Finally I took the dog in my arm, fetched the bag and the umbrella and went out in the car vestibule. I asked a guard: "Where is the baggage examination?" He shouted: *"Im Gratzen!"* and slammed the door. I thought, he said that merely because I must not ask questions. He meant, *im Gratzen, i.e., ich soll mich kratzen* (a colloquialism, corresponding to our slang expression: go and scratch yourself!). I returned to my seat. As the train stood still and did not move, I decided to ask again;

I was afraid to stay alone in the dark compartment. Again I stepped out, lugging the dog, my baggage and the umbrella, and looked for a guard. Through the platform window I saw one standing below. I shouted through the window: "Where is the baggage examination?" In very unfriendly voice he called back: *"Im Gratzen."* I reflected, he tells me again to scratch myself, because I must ask no questions. I reflected, I must know without anybody's aid whether to get off or stay on the train, I must decide for myself, I must ask no questions. But I was at a loss to know what to do. Three times I was about to alight and each time I returned to my seat. Finally I decided that I must get off, after all. Again taking the dog and my whole baggage, I walked to the vestibule and started to go down the steps. I was on the point of alighting when I changed my mind and once more I turned and went back to my place in the coach. In a few minutes the train started. I reflected, after all, it was right that I did not get off. I looked out of the window as we passed the station. But it seemed to me that it was already daylight. On the station platform I saw in bright daylight an elderly woman sitting down and a young girl who was carrying a little bag in her hand running towards her. The girl had a striking gait; she wiggled sideways, and walked rapidly with *nervous, twitching motions.*[118]

I thought I was that girl—how ugly she behaved! I resolved not to behave thus any more. I believe people entered my car. I heard doors slamming. A clergyman was sitting across from me. But the car was very dark. I thought, I must not look at any one, I must not be interested in anybody.

Suddenly "he" was sitting on the same bench with me, but at some distance. He did not look at me.

I reflected, I must not look in his direction or he will vanish. I was very glad that he was travelling at my side. I made up my mind not to look in his direction, so that he would stay. I turned my face completely around and peered through the window in that cramped position.

At this juncture memory fails me. I believe I fell asleep or I must have lost consciousness. My eyes were shut, but through the closed eyelids I had the feeling that it was bright daylight and that the sun was shining. I knew I was riding on a train. I heard much noise and many women were talking excitedly in the Czech language. Doors were pulled open and slammed shut. People shook me and shouted in Bohemian at me. I heard con-

siderable noise. I had the feeling that I could not, or would not, open my eyes. They shouted to me that I must wake up and get off. I had the feeling that I must not do so. That I would do it only if the *Schaffner* ordered it! The *Schaffner* had said: "You go straight to Vienna and the baggage is inspected at Gmünd." Therefore, I reflected, I must not stir from my place until we get to Gmünd, where the baggage is inspected. *I made up my mind to resist all temptation,* to show no curiosity, to keep my eyes shut and not stir from my place until we arrived at Gmünd. I reflected, thus will I prove to him my love and my obedience.[119] Everything that happens is only to test me and I want to stand the test. They kept shouting at me, louder and louder, in Bohemian; a woman's voice cried very excitedly in German: "It is a convulsion, a hypnosis. A doctor, quick, call a doctor." When I heard the word "doctor" I turned my face to the wall and I perceived very plainly the odour of anæsthetic and, afterwards, the odour of roses. That brought to my mind the bouquet of roses which had always stood in front of *his mother's door.* The rose odour gave me a pleasurable feeling, I reflected, the bouquet now belonged to me! Men came into the coach and shook me; one of them stuck his fist under my chin. They shouted for me to wake up and get off. I felt the dog pawing at my knees, as if he were trying to stand up on my lap. I shoved him off. Women shouted in Bohemian: "Pess, pess, heski." (Dog, dog, nice!) I felt they were trying to carry me out of the car. I shouted: *"I won't go, I won't go, I have a will of my own!"* I clenched my fists and I controlled my curiosity to open my eyes. I reflected, I must remain steadfast! I thought the whole thing was a test, as in *The Magic Flute,* where one goes through fire and water to prove one's love. I shouted: "I am going directly to Vienna, and my baggage is inspected at Gmünd." I thought I must not leave the coach before arriving at Gmünd, because the orderly had so ordered and I must resist all temptations. I had the feeling that men were standing around me. I tore off my hat and all the hair pins out of my hair; I threw away the hair pins and dug my hands in my hair. I cried, suddenly: "My name is Dora . . ." and I gave my maiden name; I did not want to bear my husband's name any more. I believe somebody must have asked me what my name was. I had the feeling that several persons were asking me questions. I held myself very much on guard. I opened my eyes for a moment and I saw I was being carried down

some stairs at a railroad station,—the place looked like the South Station (Vienna). I saw many people; I had the feeling that I would arouse attention, and reflected that I was not behaving like a "lady." That was not in "his" intentions; a lady does not behave in a notorious manner. Then I again opened my eyes for a moment; I saw myself lying on a sheet on the ground; four soldiers were standing around me, one at each end, and they were looking down at me.

Again I had the sensation of riding, but it did not seem to be a train, it felt as if I were riding in a carriage. It was very warm; the sun seemed to shine directly on me; I was very glad and reflected, *I am driving with my husband to the Tannenkogel; I had promised it to him and now I am fulfilling my promise.*[120] I felt that a man was sitting near me, while I was there without a hat and with my hair down. The man sitting by me remarked: "It is warm!" Thereupon I drew my jacket more tightly around me, as if I felt cold and raised the collar and held it around the neck with my hand.

I stood in the long corridor of a very handsome building. There was a broad stairway and an elevator. In the corridor I saw nuns running back and forth and people who looked poor and ailing, in hospital clothes, hobbling around with bandaged heads or limbs. I thought that a certain elderly, ailing man who walked with difficulty, supporting himself on a cane, was my husband. At the end of the corridor I saw from the distance a very old sick woman lying on a stretcher; I wanted to run to her and asked some one: "Is that my mother?" Receiving no answer, I thought, perhaps she is not my mother after all. I opened a number of doors one after another and, to my greatest horror, I saw only washrooms and baths. This scared me very much, for I reflected that something was not right when I see so many bathrooms in a row; it must be a hallucination.

I asked a sister: "Where is my room? Take me quickly to my room!" She answered, rather unfriendly: "Now, wait, not so fast!" She led me to a room at the end of the long hall. It was a handsome white room with a large window. It looked like a sanitarium. It contained two beds, one with and the other without a metal trellis around it. There were also two wash stands of white enamelled iron in the room. I said to the sister: "Give me an enema, quick, I am constipated, *verstopft!*" (I meant *verstockt, i.e.*, obdurate.) She looked at me with uncom-

prehending eyes. I repeated: "An enema, a flushing, you understand?" She said: "Yes, when the doctor comes." [121]

Then I was alone in the room. I tore all the clothes off me, and threw the clothes and my underwear to the floor with a gesture of disgust. I believe I stood for a moment at the window, but it was barred. I stretched myself entirely naked on the bed without the trellis, which stood near the window; I felt the warm sun on me; I had the feeling that the sun would do me good, that I was taking a warm, pleasant sun bath.

The sister came in again and said: "Pfui, what are you lying all naked in front of the window for! Put on your shirt." She put over me a shirt which she had brought along; it seemed to have been a child's size. I sat at the edge of the trellised bed and said, pointing to the heap of clothes on the floor: "Clear away this trash." [122]

I noticed that I still had a little chain around my neck; I took it off and threw it to the ground. She picked it up and asked me why I had thrown it away. I said: "It is for a child, and I am not a child; give it to a child." She asked whether a medallion hung on it. I said: "No, that is now the fashion." With bitter irony I added: "And I wore it because it is the fashion."

She showed me paper money which was lying on my bed. I said: "That is not mine, it belongs to a *poor, sick man;* give it back to him." [123]

The sister put me to bed and drew the metal trellis around it. I reflected, perhaps I am a child after all, I wear a child's shirt and I am put to bed in a trellised bed, as when I was a child.

Then I was alone. I shut my eyes and thought that it was all a dream—an evil dream. I shall go to sleep now and then wake up again in my bed in J. and everything will have been but a bad dream. After a time I opened my eyes; but the situation unfortunately had not changed. On the roof of the bed, which was also trellis-work, I saw a board on which something had been marked with chalk. I thought, perhaps, it contains some explanation. So I sat up in bed and tried to read the board from underneath. There was written on it: "Dora N., Aug. 28," and a figure of four digits.

There were several persons in the room and a young man who sat on my bed said to me in a friendly tone: "Tell me what ails you; do have confidence in me." I exclaimed: "No, you are too

young for me; let the old man come over." I repulsed every one who approached my bed.

I was again alone; the rest did me much good. The door opened; two frumpily dressed women, without stockings and wearing straw slippers, came into my room; they carried tin cups on a wooden tray and they put one on my wash stand. The contents looked like coffee. I tasted it, but it seemed to have no taste, and it looked horrible. I had the feeling that the whole occurrence was unreal. A fly was on my bed cover; I picked it up with my fingers and threw it off, but I had the feeling that my fingers were numb.

A little girl came in. She stood in front of my bed, looking at me. I said to her: *"I want a father confessor; let them call quickly a father confessor."* She stepped out, returned presently and said: "The father confessor has been called away, he won't return before evening." I had the feeling that I was told this for consolation, but that they had no intention of sending after him for me.

I looked at the child and saw that it had an inflamed eye. I asked her whether she was ill. She said: "Yes." I asked her whether she will have to stay there until her eye gets well. The little girl answered: "Yes." I reflected, I must also remain in the place until the girl's eye was no longer inflamed.[124]

I looked at the eye and the swelling seemed to have already subsided. The child took from the wash stand drawer, which was open, the belt line which belonged to my waist. She asked: "What is this?" I said: "That is a *Schlussband* (*i.e*, belt line)." And I had the feeling as if I had said, that is *the end* (*Schluss, i.e.*, end)! The child rolled up the tape between her fingers and walked backwards towards the door and out, looking at me. I watched this as an interesting play scene on a stage.

Then there came into my room an extremely stupid looking young man who wore a doctor's white coat and carried a notebook in his hand; he sat down on a chair at some distance from me. He asked me my name, where I came from and my Vienna address. I gave him the information. He asked: "Shall your husband come here?" I said: "I am not anxious that he should." He said: "Shall we keep you here under observation?" I answered: "You must have seen such things before." Then he left.

After a time he came back accompanied by a dreadful old man also clad in a white coat, who looked and talked like a

peasant and who had horrible grey side whiskers and a red face. The electric lights were already burning in the room. The old man sat down on my bed, looked coolly and stupidly at me and asked me what my name was, and so forth. I reflected, I must gather my wits and answer correctly so that they won't think I am insane. I asked whether I was at a sanitarium. I thought I had been taken to Steinhof. I was told that I am at the General Hospital in B. I did not believe it. I said: "In Vienna we also have a General Hospital." They said: "Yes." I said I came from J. and was on my way back to Vienna to my mother, who was ill. I was asked what ailed her. I said: "Pneumonia." I was asked where my husband was. I said, he was at J., he was ill, he had rheumatism of the knee joint.

The old man asked me whether I wanted them to wire to my husband. I said: "Yes." He gave me a sheet of paper and a pencil and said I should write the telegram. He said: "Write, 'I am at the General Hospital in B.'" I said: "I must tell him first that I became ill on the way, otherwise he won't understand how I got here." He said: "Very well." I wrote: "Became ill on the way, am at the General Hospital in B. Don't worry; condition not serious. Wire whether I go to Vienna or return to you." As I wrote I pronounced the words aloud so that they might hear what I wrote. At the words, "condition not serious," I looked questioningly at the doctors and both nodded, saying the condition was not serious. The old man said to the other: "The telegram may be sent as it stands, but abbreviated." Then he examined me. He bent my knees and wanted to stick his fingers into my eyes. He said something to the other man, who remarked: "It was different before."

Presently some one mentioned the name, "Dr. L." I said: "Dr. L. is my brother-in-law." A strange man was called in and I was asked whether he is my brother-in-law. I said: "No." Then all left the room.

I reflected, perhaps it was my brother-in-law, after all, and I have failed to recognize him. I asked the stupid-looking young doctor whether that man may have been my brother-in-law. He said, "I don't know," and walked out.

I had also asked where my dog was. The old man had turned to the young doctor to ask him what dog I meant. The young man had said: "There was a dog with her; the orderly told me that the station doctor took him along." To me they said: "The dog is with Doctor Caro, who also owns a dog; he will

be taken good care of there." I thought that sounded unreal because they had said Doctor Caro. I reflected Caro is a dog—a Caro.

I was again alone. On my wash stand next to the tin cup with the coffee there stood a tin plate, such as is used for dogs, containing a horrible pap and a very disgusting looking tin spoon. I reflected, it serves me right that I should have to eat dog feed, and I took the spoon and ate a few spoonfuls. The stuff had no odour and no taste. I thought I was surely in Steinhof (the asylum for the insane at Vienna); *I had predicted to my husband so often he would get there; as punishment I myself landed there.* As I held the spoon, I had no sensation in my fingers. I did not feel the spoon in my hand.[125]

A stout, elegant physician, clad in white mantle, came in. But his face *twitched nervously*. I asked him whether he was the psychiatrist. He said: "No, I am from the surgical division." I asked him: "Then how do you come to me?" He said: "I come to you only out of human sympathy; I happened to be on service when you were brought in; I have the feeling that you are in trouble, that you are burdened with a great mental anguish." I said: "Yes, that is true; I have left my husband; I have deceived him four times and I told him so." He asked: "Have you really said this to him?" I said: "Yes; but I believe somebody has hypnotized me and has made me do it." I asked him, since he had seen me when I was brought in, whether the condition in which I was at the time could have been brought on through hypnotism. He said: "Yes, that might have been hypnotism." I said: "But now I am better, hypnotism loses its hold at a distance, isn't that so?" He said: "Yes, hypnotism does not work at a distance."

I asked him what time it was and what day; whether the inscription on the board over my bed gave the date of my arrival. He said, yes, I had arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. The train which left Eger at ten o'clock at night must have arrived at B. not later than at eight o'clock in the morning, if it was a local, because an express covers the distance from Eger to B. in six hours.

What happened to me from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock of that afternoon I do not know, for I remember only the few scraps which I have written down.

I asked the doctor whether the number of the board over

my bed was the number of the room. He said: "That is the hospital admission number." He asked me whether I recalled that I had ordered him once out of the room. I said, yes, because he was so young. He said that in the admission office I had given him very bright answers. I did not even know that I had been through the admission office. Then he said to me: "Madam, your arms are black and blue; you must have gone through quite an experience." I said I thought that the soldiers who carried me out of the train must have given me those black and blue marks. Presently I myself saw on both arms, as well as on my hands, large patches of discoloration; but they were not at all painful. Then he also said to me: "It seems to me, madam, that you have heart trouble." I said: "Yes, that is so, my heart is troubled, I have an unfortunate love affair." He looked at the dog fodder in the little tin plate and asked me whether I ate. I said: "Yes, I have eaten something." He asked me: "Was it appetizing?" I said: "Appetizing, it was not."

He turned off the light and left the room. I had the feeling that I had offended him because I had said that the food was not appetizing. I reflected, I am always obdurate (*verstockt*).

Before leaving he had let down the trellis around the bed so that I was not caged in any more.

Lying alone in that dimly lit room, I began once more to realize my situation. I wrung my hands in despair, wondering what to do, what was going to happen with me. What would my husband say to my telegram, after all that had happened and after what I had confessed to him, will he answer me at all? Was I ill or was I well—and how long would I be kept at this place which is like a prison? I tossed restlessly in bed; I could not sleep.

Suddenly I had to get up to move my bowels and I felt much relieved at once; I knew I was no longer constipated (nicht mehr verstopft), I was no longer obdurate (nich mehr verstockt), the blueberry spell, too, was broken.[126] I had said that afternoon to the young doctor who had first come to see me that I was constipated and that I could not pass my water. He remarked at that: "Then we must catheterize you." This had quieted me very much at the time, then I forgot all about it. Now it happened in a natural way and I fell quietly asleep. I was still flowing, though not as much as usual.

When I awoke at daylight, I did not know at first where I was. Then I recalled the previous day's incidents and thought

I was at Steinhof. I arose and went to the window; it was a large window, but shut and barred. I looked out on a very pretty garden; the building was situated in the open; there was a large stone verandah around it—it looked like a very elegant sanitarium. I saw at a distance buildings bearing Bohemian signs—the word Budejovice was painted on one building; I reflected, it was true that I was in B., I was not at Steinhof, although the places looked alike.

I went back to bed. A frumpy, barefooted woman came in and swept the floor without first opening the window. I told her to open the window; she answered in Bohemian. I indicate by signs what I wanted her to do and she called a nurse. The sister said: "But you won't do such foolish things as you did yesterday?" and with a key she released the window bars. Only then could the window be opened. I told her to carry out the night vessel. She was very much surprised at this request, but did it. Her surprise was even greater when I asked her for a basin in which to wash. She brought me a very tiny one, of tin, a towel which was not larger than a handkerchief, and, at my insistent request, her own soap, another patient's little mirror, which she obtained in another room, and a broken piece of comb.

Again two barefooted women came in; they were very friendly and left a little pot of coffee for me. But I said I would not drink it without milk and they brought me another little pot of light grey coffee. A very handsome, friendly nun, assisted by the little girl of yesterday, distributed bread from a basket; she asked me whether I wanted white or dark bread. I said: "Naturally, white." She gave me a couple of pieces. I ate both pieces at once and swallowed the terrible coffee; nothing had any taste, but I was in a pleasant mood; I found the hospital very interesting.[127]

Again the old doctor came along with the young one. He was the chief. I told him that I was getting along very nicely; he said: "Certainly, you have over-fatigued yourself, you only need to rest here a couple of days." He said that I might get up. Towards the end of his visit he stated also that the telegram which I had written had not been sent, because the office had discovered my Vienna address through my passport and had wired to my husband to Vienna. I said he won't get the message as he was not at Vienna. He asked me whether they ought to send another telegram to J. I said, they might get him on the

telephone; there was a telephone at the hotel; I should like to speak to him.

The porter then came and told me that the ambulance orderly who had brought me was there and had left for me a note with Dr. Caro's address. Dr. Caro and his wife sent word that the dog was having good care and for me to call before I left.

I was glad to know that the dog was in good hands, but I was much worried because a telegram had been sent to Vienna. I knew that all the letters and telegrams addressed to my husband were turned over to my brother for disposition, and I was horrified to think what a scare such a telegram would give him and mother.

I asked what the telegram was. I was told it was worded: "Mrs. L. ill at General Hospital in B. Come at once."

Meanwhile Dr. M. called to see me. I told him that the thought that my brother might come to the hospital for me was very annoying. I reflected, it would be much better if my husband came, because he knew already what it was about, and I did not intend to confide to my brother the least information about what had happened. *But on the other hand I had a longing to see him;* and it did not occur to me at all that I could wire again to say that I was better and that nobody need come. I imagined that my second telegram would get there too late, anyway; he must have left as soon as he received the first telegram.

A fatalistic feeling came over me; I did not want to do a thing and left to mere chance whether *my husband or my brother* should come to take me home.

The sister came and said I might get up. She brought me a ridiculous white petticoat and a little white night jacket, which I pulled over my night shirt, and a pair of straw slippers without stockings. I could not do up my hair because I had been given only a couple of hair pins.

I looked like a "humble penitent." But I thought it was perfectly proper. I had the feeling that the place was a *combination of nunnery, insane hospital and prison.* I reflected it served me right, I did not deserve anything better.

Dr. M., in great embarrassment, told me that there was found but little money in my pocketbook; that on the admission to the hospital an advance payment for 14 days was customary, and that I had been placed in the third class division because I had not enough money with me. He said he would be glad to arrange for me to be transferred to a better class division, because

the food and the service were superior. I said that I did not desire a change, that I am entirely satisfied and that I hoped to leave soon. He said I would have to be called for because patients are not permitted to go forth alone. The sister said she would take me to the porch, where I could lie in the sun. I felt very embarrassed to go through the corridor dressed as I was. I saw horrible men and women strolling around in the corridor; all stared at me and conversed loudly in the Czech language among themselves. When I arrived on the porch I saw there bandaged men and women lying around on invalid chairs. I said to the sister, I won't stay here; I thought I would be alone on the porch; I preferred to go back to my room rather than stay with all those people. I returned to my room.

A woman brought me another cup of coffee for a second breakfast; I told her in sign language that she might drink the coffee. She was very glad and brought me a tin of soup, which I could not swallow because it was abominable.

Then the sister brought me my bag and satchel. In the bag I had my pocketbook, which contained around seventy Czech and around twenty Austrian kronen. The two rings which my brother had given me were also in it. *At Eger, shortly after my arrival, I had taken them off my finger* and had put them in the pocketbook; and I thought at the time that I would sell them as soon as I got to Vienna and with the money settle the account of Dr. H., the orthopedist. My watch and third class ticket were also in the pocketbook; also several dog cards. The ticket was marked "Neudorf." I wondered very much why I had a ticket for Neudorf. I recalled that on the Baden local there was a station called Wiener-Neudorf and that my husband had always said to me in jest to get off there because a woman's prison was located at the place. I could not understand how I happened to have a ticket for Neudorf in my possession. Then I was told that Neudorf was the nearest station to B., and that all passengers for B. go as far as Neudorf. I was given at Eger a ticket to B., because there was no direct train to Vienna from that place. In my fairly capacious travel bag I was amazed to find nothing more than a very elegant nightgown, toothbrush and paste, a couple of handkerchiefs, a quantity of menstruation pads and the dog's bowl; no comb, no soap, no mirror, no sponge —not even a wash rag. I thought I had done much packing in J. But except for the above-mentioned articles the bag was empty.

Dr. M. called to see me. I thanked him very much for his

interest. I said, I wish he would come as often as he could spare a little time, because he was the only person in the place with whom I could talk.

I told him some of the occurrences which had happened in J. Dr. M. said to me: "On hearing this one would think that you really must have been out of your mind. I do not believe that you told your husband all this."

I assured him that I had really done so.

I asked him whether he thought I had done it under hypnotic influence. He said he could not believe that the gentleman in question had asked me to do such a thing. I said that what I most desired to know was whether he had really suggested: "And now tell your husband *everything*."

I asked him further whether he thought that my husband would come for me to B., after my revelations. He asked whether my husband was a kind-hearted man and whether he had treated me kindly. I told him, my husband was very kind, that he had always treated me well, but that he was sick and impotent. He thought my husband would forgive me. Then he said to me: "Dear madam, you are from Vienna; in Vienna there is a physician, a certain Dr. Stekel, go and ask him." I said: "I know Dr. Stekel, but he is not for me; he is only for persons who do not know what is the matter with them, but I know what's wrong with me; I am suffering on account of an unfortunate love, nobody can help that."

At three o'clock a porter rushed in to call me down to the office in a hurry. I could talk with J. He said: "But hurry, hurry!" Going downstairs my knees shook so that I could hardly walk; I realized only then how weak I was.

In the office there hung a looking-glass mirror; I looked horribly bad. I felt uncomfortable facing the personnel, on account of my petticoat and little night jacket.

I spoke with my husband. I said: "I am at Budweis in the hospital; come in the morning and take me; if you start early in the morning you can get here around three o'clock." My husband asked: "What is the matter with you?" I said: "I don't know." I asked him whether he had spoken with "him." He said "yes." I asked: "Did he hypnotize me?" My husband answered: "He is not what you think."

He promised that he would positively start in the morning; then the conversation was over.

I was visibly reassured to know that he would come. In the

evening I again became depressed. I felt bored and very lonely. The sister brought me an issue of the *Kronenzeitung* which was several days old; but the reading taxed my strength very badly. Dr. M. called frequently on me. Around seven o'clock I was called to the telephone. J. wanted to talk to me. But only the room clerk was at the telephone. He said my husband had pressed for a connection, but was not to be found anywhere around the hotel. I asked whether I could talk to Mr. N. (the painter). I was told he had left at two o'clock. I asked him to tell my husband that I was feeling better and that I wanted him to start positively in the morning.

I slept better than on the previous night, but had to get up once. When I started to go out I found that I was locked in my room. The third day was Sunday. The chief of service came at eight o'clock and told me that on the previous afternoon J. had called him on the telephone but that he was out. He said I must not venture to go out alone; I must wait until some one comes to escort me, otherwise I may again commit follies. Shortly after that the porter came and told me that I had been called on the telephone at 11 o'clock at night, but that he could not get to me because my room was locked and the sister who had the key to my room could not be located.

I got up. As there was no wash bowl in my room, I went to the washroom. On this occasion I convinced myself that a number of bathrooms and washrooms were actually strung in a row along the corridor—a discovery which had so badly frightened me on my arrival. The bathtubs roused my indescribable aversion; I should not have bathed there under any consideration. Horrible men and women were strolling along the corridor, wearing straw slippers, with terrible limbs, without stockings. Their ugly limbs repelled me. I was afraid that while I washed myself, a man might enter the bathroom and I begged the sister to stand on guard, because the door could not be locked. The sister gave me also a second tiny towel. While I washed myself nuns and children came in and looked at me with astonishment. They had never seen a person washing or brushing the teeth. The children, in particular, were lost in astonishment. Besides myself nobody in the whole hospital used the washrooms. One of the sisters said I was clean and handsome anyway—I did not need to go through such ablutions. I was followed by a whole crowd as I went back to my room. There I was surprised to find my white waist, which I had

worn on the journey, and the bodice. I put them on at once and felt a little more human; with them I wore also that remarkable petticoat. At 11 o'clock I was again called to the telephone. My husband was on the wire. I asked him why he had not started. He said, he had asked his doctor, who told him it might do him harm to interrupt his treatment; I must proceed alone to Vienna. He had called me at 11 o'clock on the previous night, but I was already in bed. I said I could not leave alone; I could not get my clothes; I surmised they considered me irresponsible. He asked why I was at the hospital. I said, I had an attack of unconsciousness. I asked him to come for me—we would then talk over everything. He asked what was to be done with all my clothes which I had left there. I said for him to leave everything,—that I would return to J. with him. He promised that he would positively leave on the following morning and would come to get me.

The conversation had excited me very much; I thought he might change his mind again and I might never get away.

Then I spoke with the office girl in the admission room. She asked me if I felt better. She told me that when I was brought I was kept for some time in the admission room; I had no recollection of this. She said I had answered very adroitly all questions. I had also asked where I was, and on being told that I was at a hospital, I seemed very much relieved. I knew nothing of this. I asked her how I got to the hospital. She said the station doctor had sent me in the ambulance with the diagnosis, "Mental aberration"; what had happened at the railroad station she did not know.

Then I went upstairs and in the corridor I met Dr. M. He asked the nurse, in the Czech language, to bring me my stockings and shoes. I thought this was very nice of him. The sister was prevailed upon to do this only after some persuasion. She brought me my shoes, stockings, and my bodice, because without it I could have not held up my stockings. I was happy not to have to roam around any longer barefoot and in those sloppy straw slippers which I lost at every step.

Dr. M. came to my room. I asked him if he did not think it strange that I should be unable to recall at all the appearance of the gentleman who had hypnotized me.[128] He said that frequently happens when we are very fond of some one. I told him also that I had lost all sensation in my finger tips. He said that was a hysterical symptom.

My sense of taste had improved; I could now distinguish what I ate. The weather was beautiful; Dr. M. sat with me at the open window, in the sun. I said to him: "The weather is so beautiful and I must linger here as in a prison and eat poor food. How beautiful it must be at J.! There everything was so elegant; and on Sunday the menu was always so appetizing! *How foolish I had been to leave; I had no real reason for doing so.*" He said: "Well, why did you leave when you were so comfortable there? This surely was folly on your part!" I said: "But I was hypnotized; I was under the influence of another's will! I wish I knew whether 'he' had really said that I must tell my husband *everything.*"

He brought me bread and apples; I believe it was his breakfast. I thought that was very nice of him. He said also that he wanted to divide his food with me because the physicians received better fare; but I refused to accept this offer. I imagined that the sisters were scandalized because he called on me so frequently.

That afternoon a sister invited me for a stroll in the garden. At six o'clock we returned and went upstairs. As time hung heavy on my hands, I went to bed early—at seven o'clock. Four sisters came in whom I had not seen before. I said: "To-morrow I leave, my husband is coming for me." They were extremely jealous because I had a husband.

Next day I went first of all to the office to put in a call for J.; I wanted to know whether my husband had really started, at last. I got fairly prompt connection with the hotel. The porter told me that my husband had left that morning and that he ought to arrive at B. around three o'clock. I was appreciably relieved. I also pondered over the fact that I had not heard from Vienna, and I decided to wire and write to Vienna at once. I wired: "Had a nervous attack in B., am already well, returning to-morrow to J. with husband. Wire mother's condition." Then I wrote my brother an extensive letter, stating that I have had myself hypnotized, for fun, at J.; this had made me so nervous that I thought mother's condition had grown worse and that I had to go to Vienna at once. The excitement had brought on a nervous shock on the way and I was taken to the hospital in B.; but I was well again.

To the girl in the office, to whom I delivered the telegram for transmission, I told that the reason for my nervous breakdown was that I started to go to my mother, who was ill in Vienna;

I had left my sick husband alone and the conflict whether I ought to go to mother or stay with my husband had unsettled my nerves so that I broke down.[129]

At last the physician-in-chief came. After lengthy formalities he issued permission for me to put on my clothes and go to the railroad station for my husband. He said, my husband would have to stay with me in my hospital room that night because we could not leave before the following day.

I wanted to go first for the dog. Dr. M. accompanied me to the City, which was situated at some distance from the hospital. I asked him whether I should tell my husband the truth and beg him to forgive me or whether I should merely say that the hypnosis had befuddled my brain and that what I had told was but the fancy of a disordered mind. He said: "My advice to you is, don't say too much; it is not always advisable to tell the whole truth."

He accompanied me to Dr. Caro's residence. I celebrated a touching reunion with my dog, who was beside himself with joy.

I asked Dr. C., what had happened at the station, what had I done? He answered, dodgingly: "Such occurrences are not infrequent when one has been to Carlsbad." I said: "I was not at Carlsbad. I had been at J.; to-day my husband comes for me." I said I thought I had been hypnotized. He said: "I don't believe it; one cannot be hypnotized against one's will!" He also asked me: "But tell me, what made you so shy of the people?" I knew nothing about it.

He said also: "At any rate your behaviour was very striking. There was a lady in the train who said she knew your brother and mentioned your maiden name. Then you, too, called out this name. But subsequently we found your passport and we did not need the lady; she continued on her way to Vienna."

I reflected; this must have been the lady who had called out in German: "That is a convulsion, that is hypnotism!"

Then I went to the station. The porter greeted me in a kindly manner and asked me whether I felt better. On the platform the railway guards who had carried me out came towards me and asked me how I felt. Also, the man with the bell, who announces the trains, and the girl in charge of the newspaper stand came up and greeted me and the dog.

I asked what had been the trouble with me. One soldier said: "You were asleep yet gazing around you." Another said: "You took something into your head; one mustn't take something into

one's head." The news-stand girl told me I had been roaming around for a long time with my eyes shut; the ladies' room attendant walked behind me with outstretched hands to save me from falling. Then she told me also that I sat on a bench on the platform, that I had thrown down my hat and my hair pins and that every time these things were picked up and put back on my bench I shoved them off again. I repulsed the dog unmercifully. The dog cowered near me on the floor.

Finally the train arrived. My husband did not come. I was very depressed. I asked when the next train was due. I was told, at nine o'clock in the evening. I was told, my husband could not have made connection with this train. It had left Eger at seven o'clock in the morning.

I walked back to the City. I went to a hairdresser who washed and waved my hair very prettily and, much to the amusement of the employees, I had her also wash the dog and dry him with the electric drier. Then I telephoned to the hospital that I would return late because my husband would not arrive before nine o'clock.

I took the dog with me to the restaurant; there I drank coffee, ate many goodies and read the newspapers. I felt well, was glad to know that my husband was coming for me, and did not worry for a moment over the talk I should have with him.

Around six o'clock I walked all the way to the hospital. Then I walked back to the station with Dr. M. I said to him: "Our first meeting will undoubtedly be very distressing. I don't quite know what to say to him." Dr. M. said: "I advise you, don't say too much." I told him: *"Now I have really had enough of men; never again will I have anything to do with one; you can see to what a pass they bring one. My husband, after all, is the best man of all; he is sick, yet he breaks his course of treatment to come here for me, after everything I had done and after what I had told him. Not another one of those men would have made such a sacrifice for me; they were merely pursuing their own pleasure."* I added: "I had deceived him so often, only because he was impotent; but I don't care for that sort of thing any more; I am already a woman in years; that sort of thing must end some time." Dr. M. said: "One is never too old for that; I advise you, Madam, get yourself a sturdy lover; that will be the best thing for you." [130]

Then I went alone to the station. All my acquaintances were again there and they greeted me and the dog: the four soldiers,

the man with the bell, the porter, the matron and the news-stand girl. I told them, this time my husband would surely come. I was volubly glad over it. I reflected, if he would not come this time to take me away, I should have to stay forever in that horrible hospital.

When the train pulled into the station, I was still undecided whether to tell my husband the truth and ask his forgiveness or whether to lie to him and say that it was not true, that I had told such nonsense only because hypnotism had befuddled my brain.

I was very excited as the last passengers stepped off the train. My husband was one of the last to alight; I had already begun to fear that he would not come.

When I saw him looking so badly as he leaned on his cane and limped towards me, I fell on his neck; I kissed him, embraced him and, filled with compassion and pity, *I said that everything I had told him in J. was untrue:* the hypnosis had made me ill and had befuddled my brain; everything I had then told him had been said while I was out of my mind. He was visibly relieved; he really did not look like a man able to stand the truth; I was glad that at the decisive moment I was prompted to say the right thing.

We dined together at the hotel. We both had a very good appetite. I told him about my illness and about what I had gone through at the hospital. I was very keen to hear what conversation he had had with "him." He told me the conversation, which he had had immediately upon his return from the station. He had said to him: "Mr. N., you have deceived me with my wife." He wanted to deny it, but my husband said to him: "Excuse me, sir, but my wife herself has confessed it to me." After that he admitted it with his silence. Then he told my husband that I had given him the impression of being mentally unbalanced; he should have not permitted me to leave alone.[181] My husband's retort to this was that I talked very sensibly to him, except that I seemed changed; all my evil traits had been transformed into their opposite. I seemed a person who had been refined. My husband told him that after what had happened, of course, he would divorce me; that he could not continue to live with a woman who named to him offhand the five different persons with whom she had deceived him. "He" thought I was not normal, and that it was my husband's duty to place me under Prof. Freud's care at Vienna. My husband said to him: "If I were

in your place I would marry this woman. When a woman loves one as devotedly as my wife seems to love you, and as she has described her affection to me, it is the best thing to marry her. She has told me that you completely dominate her. She won't deceive you; she will always be true to you." He retorted that it was not his intention ever to marry.

For two days after that my husband and he maintained the best relations. Saturday, shortly before I telephoned for the first time, "he" left. Before he went away he said good-by to my husband and *asked him the amount of my dowry*. My husband said he surmised I would write him and asked him to let him know whether I had arrived safely in Vienna.

We passed the whole night at the hotel conversing and we did not sleep. Sometimes my husband showed signs of doubting whether I told him the truth; each time I promptly dispelled his uncertainty.

He told me, Mr. N., after all, had admitted with his silence that something had happened between us; I said, he did this so as to pass for a potent man. Then my husband told me also that "he" had said, I was a person through whom Freud could learn a thing or two. But he was very glad that everything was untrue,—glad that what I had told him was but an ugly dream.

On the following day we returned to J.

I devoted myself exclusively to the care of my husband; but at the same time my thoughts were always on the painter. I feel that I love him terribly; but I do not have the heart to forget my dear, brave husband.

Only once he asked me again whether anything had happened between me and Mr. N. I said: "He did want to do something to me, but he was impotent!" That amused my husband very much and he laughed heartily.

My other confessions he regarded as fabrications and he never referred to them again.

On the way back to Vienna I began again to flirt and I reflected: "You are a shameless person! Is that true love?"

I endeavored to think only of the painter; his image accompanied me to Vienna.

Dear Doctor: My confession is ended. I have recorded accurately everything as it happened. I want to conclude my account with a little epilogue.

The patient concluded her lengthy account with an epilogue in the form of a poem which showed that she had regained her humor. Her love for the painter is entirely over. The image which fills her is her brother, to whom the painter in question bears some resemblance, a fact which explains some things.

The important question whether the painter had ordered her to tell her husband everything was settled by means of after inquiries. He had not asked her to do anything of the kind. Nevertheless Dora endeavored to pick up the threads again in Vienna. She sought and found his sweetheart and was gratified to see that she could well afford to measure her charms with that woman. But the latter,—a very intelligent and resourceful woman,—gave her to understand that the painter had had many little adventures but could not live without her. They would have married long ago but for the opposition of his parents. Meanwhile the analysis demolished her idol by showing him up in his true light. In fact she had perceived the truth, though dimly, and that was the reason for her flight. She needed the love merely as a justification for her conduct.

She showed the best intentions of carrying on the task to the end and I encouraged her. She gave up her relations with the frivolous women companions. The scoundrel attempted to approach her again but she behaved coolly. He even called at her home but was dismissed once for all. Then the scoundrel threatened her with blackmail, wanting to compel her to give herself to him, and threatened to tell her husband everything. The threats were without effect. Her husband was not dangerous; in fact he was not anxious to get at the truth and was happy to be able to hold on to his wife. The officer's letters remain unanswered and the orthopedist who, on meeting her on the street once, tried to induce her to resume their old love alphabet, was also repulsed (not without inner resistance). To be sure, the longing for a child is not allayed. She feels that she will never become a mother and has moments when she feels very unhappy over that. From the painter she received a couple of cards during the first few weeks, after that he did not write again.

As her poem indicated, her moral change could not endure for long. I made it plain to her that she would never find gratification with a man to whom she was not married, and advised her to give up trying. That made her very unhappy. She would like to add another to her string of lovers in spite of her experiences in J.

It would trespass the limits of this work if I recorded here the whole analysis. But I introduce one dream which depicts her behaviour, and renders it comprehensible:

One of my brother's friends calls to persuade me to go on an excursion with him. First I have to go on an errand to get some money. I look for my booth at the bank; I am shown the correct door. In the anteroom there is an invalided soldier, wounded on the knee. I feel great pity for him and want to give him some money. I haven't any. I must first draw it from the bank. At the booth I am told that my brother has already drawn all my money. I said to my brother: Then you don't want me to go on the excursion?

The dream is fairly transparent. Her brother's friend has the figure and appearance of the painter. She is to go on an excursion with him. The reality of the *Ausflug* (*i.e.*, excursion, outing, but literally "out-flight"), so vividly described in her autobiographic account, is annulled. It is yet in her power to abandon the project. Money stands for love. She must first lift her affection from her brother and bestow it upon the painter. The invalid soldier is her husband. She would like to give him her love. She must first draw it from the bank (the innermost recess of her heart—her emotional fixation—her childhood), but her brother is in possession of her whole love. She married her husband in order to remain true to her brother. The theme of excursion, outing, running away, again recurs. It is in her brother's power to prevent the *Ausflug*.

Her flight was to the brother, whom she had regarded as the wisest man in the world. For a short time she thought that the painter was wiser and more resourceful. She felt herself wholly his obedient slave.

The motive of her fleeing home was the inner realization

of her humiliating plight. She noticed that the painter made love to every woman in the place and she was jealous, though unwilling to admit it to herself. She felt herself as his creature, but only emphasized and overstressed and caricatured her weakness, so as to be able to justify her conduct under that pretext. She was in love with her husband, calling him uncle, and she lived with him in brotherly harmony. That explains the fact that she stood for his impotence so long without a murmur. She was overwhelmed by his kindness and suffered tortures under the reproaches of her conscience. Finally she fled to her mother, in order to wind up the situation. Thus her moral impulse proved stronger than the amoral. She felt the need of confessing and that made her think the painter said what he had really never said, but she wanted much to hear: "Tell your husband everything. Confess. Hold nothing back." That was also her revenge. He boasted that she was in his power. She had noticed that he was very much afraid of scandal and a coward. She was going to show him that even "telepathy" had its limits. He had talked her into thinking that she was a Nora. Now she wanted to act like a genuine Ibsen character and go through the great episode of confessing.

But how shall I characterize the other hero of this story, the precious painter? One must not think that he was an obscure artist. He has a very high reputation, ranking as one of the chief modern painters. I have seen many of his paintings. They are grotesquely ugly and disclose the disorder within his soul. His paintings are as ugly as the conversations which he carried on with Dora. The brutal manner in which he told her of his secret observations does not bespeak a "fine artistic soul," as we represent it to ourselves when we endeavour to endow the concept of artist with life. He speaks of his paraphilias as of heroic deeds. He strikes a weak, fascinated woman in the face and imagines having done something great. He drives Dora into illness and does not find it worth his while to escort her to the station, or to bring her to Vienna, although he must have seen that she was seriously ill. Dora languished for a poetic experience, for an adventure, for rapturous episodes, to animate her

colourless existence. Instead of that she meets with coarseness. She became acquainted with the vilest side of the artist type. Justly she reproached him: "Why don't you command me to do something useful, something that would improve me at the same time?"

The case is also of forensic interest. Many lay persons take pleasure in using waking suggestion and even hypnosis, partly as a social pastime, partly to indulge in the fiction of possessing an unusually strong personality. The case illustrates the dangers of this irresponsible form of conduct. The woman might have easily been led to her death by the painter's experiments in suggestion. What might not have happened to her during the hypnotic spell—she imitated a hypnotic séance which she had attended. She was lucky to meet kindly persons who did not take advantage of the situation.

Finally we must understand that she already regretted her fleeing home while she was on her way and wanted to return to her husband. The whole attack was distinctly an adroit preparation for attaining this end and not coming to Vienna. Already the missing of the first train indicated this tendency. The flight impulse was an imitation of the Nora conflict. Nora left her husband, therefore Dora had to do likewise.

The painter's abuse of her personality fostered a parapathiac reaction. If he had conquered her without effort, like his predecessors, without compelling her to submit to the various unpleasant telepathic experiments, she might have perhaps gone through the experience without damage. But her sexual anesthesia shows that she can not submit herself to any man. She is afraid to awaken her senses. She knows that she would be lost and she utilizes her fixation on the brother which protects her from becoming outright a prostitute. To be sure the prostitute is her ideal but it is also her horror. She played the flirt as one plays with fire, in order to accustom herself to the fire. At bottom she is a good, average, respectable wife, with the average housewife's instincts. Her flight from the health resort is a return to respectability. The amoral imperative which drove her from man to man has a strong counterforce in an inner moral

imperative, which will finally change her into a pious devotee, as soon as she will have rounded safely the rocky promontory represented by the climacterium.

Dora, at bottom, is of a respectable nature. Deep within her there slumbers the longing for a higher life, such as the artist represents to her. In her sexualized state she could indulge in the illusion of having found a nobler man. Was her ideal an artist, or a respectable citizen possessing artistic talent? Or was her ideal a fusion of both? Werner Sombart distinguishes two fundamental types in life: the practical-minded man (*Wirtschaftmensch*) and the artist. He speaks of their contrasting natures as follows: "But the perception forces itself almost spontaneously that the difference between these two fundamental types, in the last analysis, depends on a difference in their love life. For obviously the latter determines man's whole conduct like a supreme, invisible power. The polar opposites in the world are the practical-minded and the erotic characters."

Is this contrast correct? Is the painter of an erotic and Dora fundamentally of a practical-minded temperament? Unfortunately such schematization of human nature does not hold. Both forces, obviously, dwell in every human being, as I have shown already in my *Language of Dreams.* In this instance Dora was the victim of a fiction. Her erotic nature sought an artistic objective, the "love artist," and she found a practical-minded individual who wanted to learn from her husband the amount of her dowry. . . .

I must not forget to mention that the whole delirium took place just before and during menstruation. Her awakening coincided with the end of the menstruation period. That proves an old truth, that women during that period are under the control of endocrinic toxins. They are sexualized, so that the conflicts between instinct and repression become fiercer and the impulses require stronger inhibitions than usual.

IV

NARCOTOMANIA (DRUG ADDICTION)

> Man's whole life shows one continual need: to find himself, to understand himself.
>
> FEUCHTERSLEBEN.

We have already shown that man's eagerness for euphoria leads him to adopt also forbidden ways for achieving gratification. Often the forbidden act becomes a source of pleasure merely because it involves the cancelling of a prohibition. This form of pleasure we have described as an expression of the life urge. If the life urge decreases we are confronted with a state of lowered vitality, there is a shrinking of the life zest, which we call depression. But life is a continual flux between pleasure and unpleasure, between tension and release, between euphoria, or the state of well-being, and the reverse state, which we call dysphoria. Naturally, human beings always endeavor to achieve a state of enhanced well-being, the all-is-well feeling, in a word, euphoria, by various indulgences. Indulgence, in itself, is a pleasurable experience.

All food and drink may be divided into stimulants, which rouse, or excite, and sedatives, which lower, or depress. Some of the food or drink substances ingested combine the two effects, for instance, alcohol, which at first stimulates and subsequently depresses.

It is an error to suppose that the true drinker, particularly the periodic drinker, always enjoys his sprees. There are drinkers who indulge with a sense of aversion but who feel themselves driven to drink. They drink partly in spite of their inner aversion and drink to become intoxicated, *i.e.*, they strive to attain narcosis.[1]

The craving for narcosis increases from year to year. On the one hand sleeplessness is on the increase, on the other our chemical industry has devised many new soporifics, so that in addition to the morphine and opium addicts we now

have a large number of adalinists, veronalists, sulphonal eaters, etc.

Let us proceed to the crux of the matter: *all these narcotic drug addicts are persons of impulsive temperament impelled to induce narcosis in themselves in order to suppress some unbidden impulse.* The drug addicts are always parapathiacs who are afraid of themselves and, through the use of the narcotic drugs, they render themselves socially adjustable.

In the preceding chapters we have given the case histories of drinkers who combined wanderlust (uneasiness, inner unrest, anxiety) with inebriety. Other narcotomaniacs show similar associations. They are restless, tremendously excited (hence often sleepless), they run aimlessly around the streets, cannot get along at home, and at last intoxicate themselves (with drink or drugs) in order to quiet down.

All cases of this character harbor impulses which are asocial and which must be suppressed. The particular impulse in a given case undergoes transformation in the course of time. It becomes an impulsive craving for the narcotic drug, because leaving out the narcotic is associated with tremendous anxiety. Thus far the agitation has been regarded, mostly, a somatic symptom (manifestation of abstinence). But my professional experience shows that the feeling of agitation preceded the narcotomania. The addicts suffer from agitation, or depression, and that is what led them in the first place to indulge in narcotic drugs. Through their narcotic indulgences they seek peace and forgetfulness.

All cases of this type disclose a serious parapathy, which leads to some impulsive outbreak. That is why many persons of this impulsive temperament become narcotomaniacs. They flee from their depression as well as from the feeling of restlessness which accompanies the depression.

The best known type is the drinker, and we see him in two clinical forms: (1) the habitual inebriate; (2) the periodic drinker.

The habitual drinker is always a parapathiac. Certain psychiatrists claim that they have often found hysteria or neurasthenia among dipsomaniacs and regard these troubles as a consequence of the alcoholic intoxication, but that is an

erroneous conclusion. The drink craving is traceable to the parapathy. There is always a serious mental conflict; the subject is in conflict with himself, with the environment or with society as a whole. The causes of this conflict are various. Next to wounded pride, morbid sexual life plays the chief rôle. Drunkards suffer from serious paraphilias (sadism, necrophilia, pædophilia, zoophilia, etc.); nearly all of them are latent homosexuals; they are incestuously fixed (parents, children, sisters or brothers, grandparents, aunts, etc.); in milder instances they are the victims of an unhappy love affair.[2] They are unable to attain their sexual objective or else have lost it.[3]

It is very significant that many drunkards suffer from "a feeling of loneliness."[4] They have no one to whom they can talk themselves out, no one understands them, there is none who can penetrate the depths of their soul. That feeling of loneliness often precedes the drinking spree. Company is sought as a means of overcoming the sense of loneliness. Alcohol unloosens the tongue. Often the personality changes. Loquacious persons become quiet, while the taciturn begin to babble, displaying an uncontrollable impulse to talk, lecture, advise, speak out, or confess.

There are two types of drinkers: the solitary and the social. The solitary is the type that appears very frequently a confirmed dipsomaniac.

Bleuler, in his excellent *Lehrbuch der Psychiatrie*, gives an exhaustive account of chronic alcoholism—the continual drinker. He points out that the ethical degradation, the blunting of the feelings associated with the drink habit, is met but occasionally. "The majority are drinkers of better disposition, still capable of higher feelings." Next in frequency are the degenerates and, lastly, the innately brutal and the defective. There are various transitional stages as well as combinations between these groups. Naturally I am concerned with the first group, inasmuch as I have had no opportunity to familiarize myself with the others. Bleuler emphasizes the sudden shifting of the alcoholic's disposition from meekness to brutality, their lack of resistance, the unstable character of their emotional life, and the all-is-well predisposition of

their affectivity, which, according to my professional experience, often is intended merely to cover an underlying anxiety and depression or to stifle the voice of conscience.

An extensive account of the alcoholic would carry us beyond the limits of this work. The alcoholic's chief traits are: avoidance of work, infantile, unsteady character, markedly heightened irritability, predisposition to wandering, in most cases restricted sexual activity combined with a heightened predisposition to jealousy, unstable emotionality, and, frequently, during the intoxication, a mixed sense of dread and humor, which seems characteristic of the subject's whole life course as well, so that his spells of depression and elation succeed frequently one another. It is not true that the alcoholic is mentally inferior. Alcoholics frequently belong to the specially gifted type; they are found also among persons of genius. The large number of habitual drinkers among the prominent artists is enough to dispel that assumption. Drinkers display relatively often the character traits of a spoiled genius, of a talented person gone to seed. On the whole, there are among them many talented and ambitious persons; of course, there are also many victims of psychopathic inferiority.[5]

Preisig and K. Amadau (*Sind die Trinker Degenerierte? Are Drinkers Degenerates?* Internat. Monatschr. zur Erforschung des Alkoholismus u. Bekämpfung d. Trinksitten, H. 3 u. 4, 1918) investigating 100 cured drinkers (after five years of abstinence) arrive at the following conclusions:

"1. It is not fair to apply to all cases the conclusions reached through the study of inebriates interned at the Asylums, because the respective observations pertain only to a particular category of drinkers. There are many alcoholics who cannot be looked upon as degenerates whether they be viewed physically, mentally, or from the standpoint of their social worth.

"2. To assume that alcoholics are degenerates, as is done in order that the inferiority of the offspring of alcoholics may be explained on the theory of hereditary inferiority, is wholly erroneous. Reduced to the simplest terms we must assume that alcoholism is either a cause or a sign of degeneration. It cannot be assumed to be both at the same time, or either,

according to the necessity of a given case. Alcohol often awakens latent psychopathy. But that does not disprove that it may not be at the same time also a factor in degeneration.

"3. Predisposition and inner causes are not sufficient in themselves to explain alcoholism. In the etiology of alcoholism other external factors (custom, suggestion, habit) undeniably also play an important rôle.

"4. The campaign against the abuse of alcohol has an important place in the prophylaxis of mental disorders."

These authors corroborate my findings. Degeneration is not the cause of the drink habit.

We can always trace psychic roots.

Wounded pride is one of the roots of the drink habit. The spree represents an escape from reality into the world of fantasy, which in the milder as well as in the more serious "borderland" mental states replaces the reality norm with the pleasure norm. Many of the drinkers are engrossed so deeply in their fantasies and dreams as to be no longer capable of rousing in themselves sufficient will power to settle down to work. They seek oblivion. They are prone to complain against the world at large, or against some clique, that does not allow them to come to the top; they ridicule their successful contemporaries, but never admit that genius without diligence and patience is useless.

Upon investigating these fantasies, it is surprising to find how often sadistic, criminal impulses furnish the content of their day dreams.[6] In advanced cases the subjects are unaware of their day dreams and wishes, they have grown accustomed to indulge in their fantasies coconsciously. They possess the oft-mentioned peculiarity of double thinking. Therefore they are always distracted and unable to concentrate on any task.

It is the disillusioned and the discouraged in life's struggle who become drinkers. Analysis always reveals a gap between capacity and ambition, or an inner obstinacy traceable to an infantile sexual objective which conscience would not permit to appear on the surface, so that the parallel conflict between intelligence and instinct keeps on.

Usually the drink impulse breaks out after a depression.

The drinker is animated by the best of intentions, he resolves never to touch a drop, he gives solemn promises. Then he falls into a deep depression combined with a vague but strong inner unrest. It seems that within him there strives for expression a voice that he must silence at any cost. The hopelessness of existence drives him to a spree. He fears the light of knowledge, he runs away from the truth. He seeks and drinks Lethe,—oblivion.[7]

One thing is certain: The cause of dipsomania is not the craving for alcohol, but a deep depression of the spirits, a dysphoric state. One victim of this state tries to evade it by running away (flight from self!), another seeks oblivion in alcohol, or some other narcotic. Well-known examples are de Quincey, the opiomaniac, whose dreams and opium visions I have analyzed in my *Träume der Dichter,* Baudelaire, Verlaine, Grabbe, Leuthold, Edgar Allan Poe and Fritz Reuter, to mention only a few names.

Poe, as Karl Birnbaum points out in his well-documented and suggestive work, *Psychopathologische Dokumente,*[8] was led to drink not by the æsthete's craving for novel experience, but by the pathologic compulsion of his morbid temperament which turned him into a victim of alcohol as well as of opium. He was a victim whose manner of death, closely associated as it was with his dipsomania, epitomized once more, a whole life course woven through with the tragedy of illness. Poe's animal visions are described by Birnbaum as very characteristic. Once he visioned a rat, another time a gigantic pig. Perhaps the most meaningful is his vision of the raven immortalized in one of the most touching poems in the world's literature. The raven represents the evil conscience. The narcotic relieves the depression and brings about a euphoric disposition.

Poe himself describes this change in disposition in a letter to a friend.

It is decidedly unfair to the dipsomaniacs for us to look upon the drink habit as the cause of their social demoralization. Birnbaum is altogether in the right when he contends that neither frivolity and weakness of character, nor intemperance was the primary factor in the case of Fritz Reuter.

"For that," states Birnbaum, "we must look to the periodic illnesses, the recurrent morbid moods which affected him deeply." These moods eventually led Reuter to attempt another form of mental release—impulsive wandering. Very significant is what Reuter wrote his teacher while he was an agricultural student, in 1845, about his mental state at the time of his drinking bouts:

"I know not whether you ever found yourself in a mood wherein one feels close to insanity—I hope not; but I know that an unkind fate has dragged me down to that terrible state. . . . Bodily unwell, mentally likewise ill, torn asunder by regrets, in the strivings to secure my future, jumping from one plan to another, only to reject each of them in the end as beyond me, what am I but a plaything abandoned to the most abject thoughts and fears. In a state of mind such as this, of what use can I be to you—my very presence must be intolerable . . . there remains, therefore, nothing for me to do but to run away from you; I must run away this very day; yesterday I did not come downstairs so as not to intrude upon the little ones, with my troubled mood, right in the midst of their entertainment. . . ."

And to his father he wrote:

"Days, weeks, and months pass in which the thought of drinking does not so much as cross my mind,—in which I do not feel the least craving for it; and then, all of a sudden, the worst happens. How it happened this time I cannot tell you, I do not myself know; I am too upset inwardly to be able to give an account of any particular occurrences. But you may be sure of that much, that I will shake off the drink habit in time; for I do not deliberately go out to get drunk,—it comes on me without my will or knowledge."

The drinker's good nature, his partly humorous, partly tragic mood, is often a mask covering the deeper passions. We often find drinkers who are apparently resigned and who seem to manifest a sober calmness of spirits. I say "apparently," because suddenly the storm of the pent-up emotions breaks through transforming the good-natured drunkard into

a raving wild man. The drinker is always on his guard. He fears depreciations and may even provoke them so as to raise himself above them. A splendid example is the old wit, Karamazoff, in Dostoievsky's *The Brothers Karamazoff.*

I call attention also to the well-known drinker's jealousy, which may attain the morbid proportions of a jealousy paranoia. In certain cases this sentiment seems absent. I know drinkers who claim that it is a matter of indifference to them what their wife does; whether she deceives them, or finds consolation elsewhere. That is a pose. The drinker wants to be loved, he craves to be loved by the whole world, he has an insatiable longing for affection and during the spree this shows itself in the tendency to kiss and embrace everybody, or in the negativistic feeling-attitude of hatred and anger towards the whole world.

Elsewhere I have pointed out the relations of jealousy to homosexuality and I have shown that homosexuality as well as the other repressed tendencies often overcome the inhibitions and break openly to surface during the drinking episodes.

The morbid impulse transforms itself into the drink impulse.

The inner conflict betrays itself in the ordinary spree as well as in delirium tremens,—the drinker's paralogic crisis; we may say: it shows itself in his "spells." The state of delirium tremens is brought about not only by the intoxication. It involves an important psychic component, which all investigators have thus far overlooked. When the drinker is no longer able to intensify the spree to a degree sufficient to stifle the voice of his conscience and prevent consciousness from becoming aware of what is going on within, he takes refuge in a "spell." That attack may be epileptic (epileptoid) or a delirium. The psychic mechanism is the same, except that the epileptic spell discloses a deeper split. The frequency of epileptic attacks among drinkers varies between 10 and 30 percent, according to the calculations of various authors. Readers unacquainted with my views on epilepsy I refer to the chapter on the psychic treatment of epilepsy in my work, *The Anxiety States* (Disorders of the Instincts and Emotions).

Already Magnan doubted whether these cases should be considered genuine epilepsy; and Wartmann [9] is of the same opinion. Often the delirium and the epileptic attacks are combined. Any one who is familiar with the language of symbolism knows that the small animals, seen by the drinker in his delirium, often appear in dreams where they stand for reproaches. Snakes, bed-bugs and wild beasts play a great rôle; but so do criminal thoughts also as well as a distinct feeling of guilt which cannot fail to impress any observer: the fear of police, court and officers. During the delirium many a drinker rehearses his arrest and trial; he is accused of gruesome crimes, castrated, the motives of jealousy and morbid excitations break to the surface; he is horribly punished, tortured; he is torn asunder limb by limb; the dread held in check by drink breaks through all over, even while the victim of the delirium sometimes still tries to hold it back by a sort of "Galgenhumor."

With regard to the other alcoholic paralogies (Kraepelin's hallucinatory insanity of drinkers and the alcoholic psychosis, or Korsakow's disease) my experience is not sufficiently extensive. Probably they are also psychically determined.

All narcotomaniacs, particularly the drinkers, admit that they indulge in order to overcome an inexplainable dread. It is the fear of a crime that thus manifests itself,—the fear of self. The fear renders the drinking victim uneasy, often impelling him to wander from place to place, or to commit various deeds. Ethical inhibitions change the impulse into a fear of the impulsive prompting. When that state of mind becomes unbearable, the victim flees into paralogy,—he becomes delirious or has an epileptic attack, sometimes the two conditions alternating. Often he betrays the content of his dread, as when he hears voices accusing him that he is a child murderer, or that he has maltreated, or crippled children, or that he has committed wholesale murders, maltreated corpses, eaten them, etc.

Kraepelin calls our attention to the fact that not all drinkers become delirious, even when they otherwise attain all the earmarks of chronic alcoholism. "It even happens that the disease clears up in a few days, while the alcohol is still

being administered, or that the disease reappears after a lengthy period of abstinence. These considerations seem to me to indicate that in addition to the misuse of alcohol, some other, special determinant, which remains unknown, as yet, must be responsible for the development of the delirium." Kraepelin looks to organic changes and metabolic disorders, while I am of the opinion that this second factor, hitherto unknown—since the extent to which the intoxication plays its rôle is obvious—must be psychic.

When the polar tension, the difference between the integrated personality and its antagonistic trends becomes unbearable, when the pressing impulse involves a criminal deed, an asocial action, repellent to the conscious self, the impulse is discharged either in an epileptic attack or in an attack of delirium.

Of course, that does not prevent the impulse from breaking through after all, so that the crime may be committed during the delirium.

This is a problem that should be investigated and solved psychoanalytically in a clinic, or at an asylum for inebriates, where abundant data are available. Naturally I see but seldom the more serious cases of this type. On the other hand I come frequently in contact with persons who drink occasionally, or at definite intervals. The periodic drinkers, in fact, are cyclothemiacs with a tendency to depression alternating with euphoria. What I have written elsewhere on the relations of depression to homosexuality holds true of them. Usually pronounced bisexuality leads to drink during homosexual flare-up. I saw only once a homosexual who drowned in alcohol his heterosexual period,—every six or seven months. But to reduce all cases of periodic drinking to one particular mechanism would be hasty. Undoubtedly the causes are various. One thing is certain: the impulse repellent to the consciousness breaks out in drink. Hence the drinker's well-known fantasies, during which the unbidden acts are carried out vicariously in a dream state. The morning-after feeling, —the drinker's *Katzenjammer,*—is not wholly toxic. It includes a psychic component: disgust at self (self-depreciation).

In the drinker's spree we have a toxically generated hypnotic

state, wherein the fantasies, otherwise strongly suppressed by the consciousness, are lived through.

The implied depreciation of self often leads the drinker to deeds of revenge. For that reason arson is a common offence committed by drinkers. The aboriginal man-of-instinct (primal reactions) triumphs over the man of culture. Man's most primitive impulse is revenge. Many a victim of the habit has taken to drink in order to revenge himself against his parents. An excellent illustration of the wandering impulse is the case of Master Leukhardt,[10] who lived in the 18th Century. Master Leukhardt got into debt and his father refused to pay up the obligations. A serious illness weakened his resistance. In order to avenge himself and worry his father he joined the army. This impulsive deed is very excellently described:

"The fever soon left me, but my health was broken and my spirits were low. I kept up my hopes to the last mail day before the festival; but, on receiving no word, I did not know, after that, what to do. The mail delivery I was waiting for came around, but, unfortunately, no letter for me. Put yourself in my place and measure, if you can, the storm and stress of my emotions. In the evening I ran through the streets, entirely beside myself,—it was the holy Christmas Eve. Koester met me and asked me how I was getting on. I shoved him back without answering and kept going. Koester followed me, though I tried to shake him off. At last I entered a place where I had never been before. That joint, for me and for my mental make-up so significant, was a brandy shop at the so-called *Beckershoff zu Halle am Markt.* Soldiers and civilians were sitting around in groups. The folks were hilarious, jubilant; they danced, hopped, played, had fun among themselves, and disclosed not the least trace of care or discouragement. Oh! how I envied these fellows and these soldiers. Soldiers, yet happy! And you, Master, and so unhappy! Soldiers! That thought gripped my whole soul, it struck me, again and again, sinking more deeply each time. Koester asked for brandy, sat down, and began talking to me in Latin, pressing me persistently to get at the reason for my distraught state. But I was dumb; I had vague intimations of what I should do. We left that hilarious hole. Again I ran through the streets, joining a drinking party, and around 11 o'clock I

reached home,—sober. Full of sorrow I threw my bedding on the floor and lay on it. But I was too restless, I could not stay in one place, I did not know where I was or what I was doing. It was a horrible state! Early in the morning I was dressed. I went to the barber's, and then I ran swiftly to the Christmas matins at six o'clock. From the service I rushed out of the gate, before I knew it, and to the innkeeper's at the "Pulverweiden." There I ordered *Breuhahn,* and the good folks wondered that I should want to drink *Breuhahn* so early in the day. I sat there for nearly three hours, before I came to myself, all the time analyzing my feelings. Yesterday's care-free soldiers first came to my mind again; and in the midst of my inchoate feelings the thought: it would be great for you to be a soldier! At first, this thought, naturally, shook me up a great deal, but my mind reverted to it again and again until, at last, I became more friendly to the idea. It was only an idea but now I began to reflect seriously upon it. If you become a soldier, I reflected, you are rid once for all of the *Halle Manicæans,* and at the same time you are also avenged on your brother and father. On your father? Your dear old father? Oh! forgive this insane thought, —and consider the situation in which I was. And, lastly, this provides one with the ways and means for settling down to an unruffled existence. Peace, of some kind, at any cost whatsoever! In the midst of my tremendous restlessness, peace seemed to me the highest good on earth at the time.

"But where should I join the army? That question soon solved itself. At Halle, and at no other place. It was at Halle that I had suffered, there is where I should find my vengeance. So childishly revengeful did I, in my predicament, feel at the time. Absorbed in these reflections I sat until around 3 o'clock in the afternoon at my philosopher's—that was what we then called the innkeeper at the "Pulverweiden." He tried all along to engage me in conversation, but he could not get many words out of me; my mind was far away, being entirely absorbed with the idea of joining the army. Towards evening I returned to the City and went to the "Knochenkammer." On the way I dropped in also at the Rathskeller.

"From the Rathskeller I went straight to the house where Hanauer Puff, my brother, had lived once. Cheminon lived there now with her husband, a soldier in Captain v. Muffling's Company. I knew that man, Cheminon, and decided to acquaint him with my resolution. After imbibing several glasses of

whiskey—in my intense desire to forget everything—I took him aside and begged him to give me a chance to meet any one of the officers. Naturally, he praised his own Captain to me, v. Muffling, and promised to take me to him the very next morning. Therefore I stayed that night in Cheminon's house and drank myself full of the plain bad liquor which is what Madame Cheminon was then dispensing as drink. That is how I joined the army."

It is characteristic of these persons of impulsive temperament that the impulses of which they are the victims are never single. In connection with our discussion of Janet's case of Dromomania (Case 2) and my own (Case 16), I have pointed out that various impulses combine. The drinker often shows a morbid wandering impulse, so that at times he turns into a tramp; or he becomes a cleptomaniac, or a pyromaniac, and lands in jail. Other impulses may assert themselves: the spending and the gambling mania. Very often the gambler is also a drinker, and reversely. His attitude towards money is a morbid one. He is a spendthrift if wealthy, but likewise unable to hold on to his money when poor. (The well-known type of the worker who goes on a spree with his Saturday night money and lets his family starve!) Sometimes the spree is but a means for throwing away the money. The drinker orders the costliest wines; he invites strangers to his table and stages a big carousal.

The spendthrift—I know well the type through numerous analyses—often manifests an affectative attitude towards parents, grandparents or uncle. The "strange" money he throws out of the window. It is of no value to him. We find always that he feels he is not sufficiently loved and that to him money means love. (*"Auf diese Liebe pfeife ich!"*—colloquialism for: "I don't care for this kind of love!") The drinking bouts serve as a means for throwing away the money and at the same time help him stifle the revenge impulse. Often we note that the drink habit as well as the spendthriftiness are given up after the "tyrant's" death. Illustrative cases will be found in abundance in my other volumes of the present Series.

A number of authors, including Juliusburger,[11] and Ferenczi,[12] the analysts, have already drawn our attention to the relations between sexuality and alcoholism. Ferenczi points out the intolerance to alcohol of certain neurotics, their *"Rauschdisposition,"* as I may call this peculiarity. Birstein [13] also recognizes this susceptibility to drink. That explains the remarkable peculiarity that the morning-after feeling (*Katzenjammer*) often bears no direct relationship to the amount of alcohol imbibed. Ferenczi saw a patient for whom the sight of a filled glass was exciting enough to precipitate the conduct of inebriety. Another patient presented a typical picture of intoxication after partaking only a few sips. "In both instances," states Ferenczi, "the symptoms of intoxication betrayed themselves in the fact that the subjects became aware of their fantasies, talked aggressively, or scornfully, and lent themselves to deeds which they would repress altogether in their sober state; along with this expression of the complexes there was noticeable an improvement in their customary psychoneurotic condition. These alcohol-less sprees were followed by a morning-after *Katzenjammer* similar to that which follows actual over-indulgence in alcohol." This observation, undoubtedly, is as correct as it is significant. I know a woman who after a few sips of an almost alcohol-free beer imagined she was becoming intoxicated and acted accordingly.

The significance of the alcohol problem for differential psychology (*Individualpsychologie*) has been pointed out also by Eppelbaum and Strasser.[14]

These authors quote an observation by Strasser, which brings to the foreground the significance of the feeling of inferiority.

Case 26. This slender, tall patient suffered a great deal as a child from an inferiority complex involving the gastro-intestinal tract. In spite of his extraordinary stature he has, since his earliest childhood, felt himself a coward,—"unmanly," as he himself expresses it,—and, according to his earliest reminiscences bearing on his drink habit, he endeavors to cover up that feeling of unmanliness by imitating the free habits of drinkers. He himself relates that he drank the first glass for the same reason

for which he smoked the first cigarette, he did it to assure himself that he is, at last, a grown-up man. As a consequence he prefers the company of students; and he goes out drinking with them, especially when he is touched on some sensitive spot pertaining to his manliness, as for instance, a reflection on his calling—he was originally a merchant—or on the showing he made at examinations—later he studied chemistry. During his school period he defended the honor code of the student corps (in order to prove to himself his manliness), and while deeply intoxicated challenged, over a trifle, a harmless stranger sitting across from him. The following morning confronted, in his sober state, by the very serious duty of duelling with pistols, he weakened and tried to back out. . . . From then on that episode comes to the subject's mind whenever he becomes aware of the old conflict within him. The contrast between his physically strong, manly appearance and his inner weakness and lack of resoluteness exasperates him and he cannot bear it; he turns to alcohol in order to drown in the drink narcosis his inner misery; the following morning the double downfall, his new plight, looms up before his partly sobered eyes, gnawing him inwardly, so that he finds new reason to drink himself into forgetfulness.

"It is characteristic that what led him subsequently to consult a physician was not his alcoholism, but the accompanying serious neurotic symptoms, his compulsive self-depreciation and suicidal thoughts. But these fulfilled the same purpose as his alcoholism, that is, they stifled the feeling of inferiority; while, on the other hand, that very feeling gave him renewed impetus to strive on; they buoyed his sense of personality by shifting the responsibility for his lack of success to the morbid and compulsive character of his behaviour. Blaming his compulsions for his failure served the same purpose as inducing narcosis through alcohol. By way of a summary we may state: the subject's large stature was an embodiment of the great man, of his great personality, the hero part of him; at the same time his psychically perceived weakness impelled him to test his manliness by newer and stronger means. It led him to formulate for himself a lofty personality ideal, and brought on the various conflicts which he tried to circumvent by his alcoholic intoxication and with his compulsion neurosis, instead of solving them manfully

with strength and determination and without recourse to roundabout subterfuges."

We now turn to some personal observations. The case histories at my disposal I am preserving for another work, but I quote briefly a few cases to serve as proof material for the analysis of this disorder.

Case 27. Mr. Arthur Z., an attorney, 37 years of age, suffers from light depressions and turns to drink two or three times a week. He drinks without enjoying the indulgence; every two or three weeks he drinks to intoxication; but usually he is satisfied with a lighter effect. After his more serious sprees his brother sometimes has to take him home; next morning he wakes up with a heavy head and a terrible *Katzenjammer* which he himself perceives as psychic. He feels ashamed of his new "defeat" and resolves never to drink again. He plunges into work, hoping to forget. Being a very shrewd man he is very successful in his profession. He is very lucky in his legal affairs and enjoys a large income. Nevertheless he has saved up no money. He lives with his parents, uses their home, eats at their table, consequently his living expenses are small. Except for a small sum which he gives his mother, all his income he spends on his own needs: smokes, clothes, women and—drink. He is a familiar figure in dramshops and "cabarets" and very much in favor on account of his liberality. He is extremely liberal with his tips; he always throws money offerings to the musicians and performers. He passes for the best fellow in the world; has numerous friends who regard him as a successful, clever man. During his sprees he avoids his intellectual friends, prefering the company of drinkers and rounders and carouses with them through the nights.

Physically he is in good health and comes from a healthy family. His father is a physician, and quite a Don Juan, in spite of his advanced age. His mother is a simple, rather quiet, woman who therefore quarrels with the father and pursues him with her (wholly justified) jealousy. His brother, two years younger and unmarried, has achieved a leading position in his calling. This brother often participates in his drinking sprees but drinks much more moderately and is also more careful with his money. Arthur is strongly potent, he always has on hand a number of affairs with girls and frivolous women. A certain divorced woman who lives in the Country comes every Saturday

into town expressly to have sexual intercourse with him. This woman is an exception. He has never paid her any money. That is a point of pride with him. He thinks a great deal of his Saturday affair; but he shows no particular love attraction for the woman who physically satisfies him well enough.

Spiritually he is now in love with a girl belonging to a prominent family. He must always have an ideal love affair on hand. When he has none his drinking sprees become much worse. Sometimes he has abstained from drink for weeks at a time for the sake of his ideal love. But all his love affairs have an unhappy ending. While the love affair lasts he is a very happy man, and feels the buoyancy of intoxication without recourse to alcohol (*Affektrausch,* emotional spree). He then feels himself a purer and nobler man, avoids the cabaret girls and frivolous women, begins to take a greater interest in art and turns his attention again to writing poetry.

He shows considerable talent and he might have become quite a poet had he cultivated his natural gifts. Now he writes poetry only for his ideal love, on whom he showers these poetic proofs of his passion. He thinks only of "her" and of his poems, and dreams of a rosy future in which he sees himself a successful poet and loving husband. He has never touched his ideal women; his feelings for them he always keeps on a platonic level. He has gone so far as to devote one of his precious Saturdays to his ideal. But at the last moment he always holds himself in check. He cannot conceive possessing physically a girl for whom he entertains an ideal love. But the ideal love doesn't last very long. In a few months, or weeks, he begins to belittle his ideal. She is too superficial; or else he discovers some sensual traits that are repellent to him; her feet are unshapely; or perhaps the fault he finds is that there is an unpleasant odor about her,—and thus that love episode is at an end.

He comes to me for treatment while he is in the midst of such a love affair. This time the love that animates him is the genuine, great, and true love; he must get well at any cost so as to marry this ideal. If I should only cure him of his depressions and compulsive drinking he would be the happiest man in the world!

Analysis discloses some very remarkable facts. In the first

place the new "ideal" is a sister of one of his brother's friends, with whom he has also become acquainted only of late. That friend and the two brothers now make up a spree trio.

They are familiar with every place where one may get "soused" in the midst of music and dancing. The future brother-in-law is the most dissolute of the three. That man's and the brother's attitude towards women is the same as Arthur's. They run only after frivolous, care-free women. Ofttimes they exchange these women among themselves.

Arthur is homosexually in love with that friend and transfers that affection to the friend's sister. In the second place it turns out that he starts on one of his drinking sprees whenever his brother starts a new love affair and on each occasion he is afraid that this time his brother may "get stuck." Then it sometimes happens that he finds himself alone, or with another friend. On such occasions he drinks a great deal more. His depressions come on whenever his brother goes out with a frivolous woman, leaving him behind.

He is in love with his brother and insanely jealous of him. But he is aware neither of this love nor of his homosexual feeling-attitude. He denies the least homosexual inclination. Furthermore, the analysis discloses a similar feeling-attitude towards the father and a dependence-relationship to the mother which makes him, emotionally, a family slave. His mother knows his needs down to the least particulars. She takes care of everything; she supplies him with whatever he wants. No other woman could do all that. At home he is treated like a child and he enjoys that infantile rôle in spite of his 37 years. Therefore, the thought of becoming independent, or of leaving the parental home, is remote from his mind. He trembles at the suggestion. Whatever of spiritual love he possesses is devoted to his mother and to the rest of his family.

After two weeks of analysis he confesses to me a sin which he had theretofore deliberately kept from me. After the drinking spree, even when not completely intoxicated, he masturbates at home. Often he masturbates mornings when he awakens half-drunk. He cannot recall at all his fantasies

accompanying this masturbation act. But he knows that while masturbating he assumes a peculiar posture. He sits up in bed and bends over as if he were leaning over some one.

Later in the course of the analysis it appears that he thus imitates a *fellatio* which he had once carried out on his brother.

We thus discover that he strives to repeat that act. Now we know the impulse which drives him to drink. It is the craving for a repetition of the act. His drinking fulfills a double function. He thereby cancels his craving as well as the unattainable character of his wish which brings on the depression. On the other hand, the narcotization of his inhibitions makes it possible for his fantasy to reënact the deed as masturbation.

The analysis led to complete recovery. He parted from his family and married his ideal. At any rate, we note that the healing tendency was already present, inasmuch as he went to the consultant precisely because he wanted to get well. *And the will to get well is an integral part of success.*

This case shows the relationship between masturbation and alcoholism. We are surprised when we first come across this relationship. It is seldom absent. Now we understand the apparently diminished sexual activity of the alcoholics. They have a secret sexual objective and gratify their cravings mostly through masturbation. When they abandon the masturbation habit, for hygienic reasons, they become depressed. Depressions are frequently observed as a consequence of masturbation abstinence.

Other narcotomaniacs suffer from pollutions and awaken from their narcosis without even knowing that they have had a pollution, much less that they have indulged in dream fancies. They only find on their underwear the marks of the pollution. My view is well known: pollutions and onanistic acts with suspension of consciousness occur on the pleasure-without-guilt principle.

Occasionally the tendency to masturbation is wholly conscious and the subject faces the choice either of masturbating or of drinking. He drinks, then goes to a prostitute, but instead of carrying out sexual intercourse with her, is satisfied

with hand manipulations. Often such acts are but a repetition of some definite infantile episode.

Case 28. Mr. Robert G., 36 years of age, in spite of his talents, has achieved nothing. He is unable to stay at one place any length of time, and shows a morbid inclination to wander and change places. He has no stability. Particularly around the month of April he grows restless. Either he takes a vacation, going on long journeys and wandering around, or he starts drinking. The feeling is that of having to get over something. The most important root of his trouble disclosed in the course of the analysis is that his sister married in the month of April. I chanced to come upon this fact while analyzing his compulsive playing with numbers (arithmomania). He has the mannerism of clinging to a figure, and he is constantly dwelling on certain numbers. (It would lead us too far afield to record here the whole analysis. I give here only the record of a single sitting.) The patient had a dream in which the figure 124 occurred. The dream was as follows:

I am in a primeval forest, unable to find my way out. I know I must be back home by eight o'clock. It is already ten o'clock. Then I see a placard and I say to myself: Aha, here is the announcement of a tourists' club. I turn on the light of my pocket electric flashlight and see nothing but the figure 124 and it makes a tremendous impression on me. I have the feeling that some spirit is decreeing that I must keep on wandering around for the next 124 hours before getting back home. Then I hear a lion roaring and I decide to hide. The lion must not find me. I want to climb a tree but my limbs feel paralyzed. "Shall I thus perish miserably?" I reflect with bitterness. Then a little boy approaches and taking me by the hand leads me to a clearing from which I can see the first houses of the town. I hear the church tower clock striking ten. It seems to me it is going to strike eighteen. I wake up with palpitation.

I knew that the patient was emotionally fixed on his sister. I asked him to give me any number that may come to his mind. I had first requested him to give me his associations to 124, 8 and 10. But nothing had come to his mind.

"Give me any figure that happens to come to you."

"34."

"Who is 34 years of age?"

"My sister."

Then it occurred to me that April, the fourth month, was his critical month. I thought that the 4 may refer to April and asked him:

"Does the date 12.IV mean anything in your life?"

"Of course. It is the date of my sister's wedding."

And now the meaning of the other figures cleared up. The numbers 8 and 10 were determined by the fact that at the age of 10 he had made his first coitus attempts while playing with his sister, who was two years younger than himself. Then there followed a period of latency. At 18 years of age he again crawled into his sister's bed and carried out sexual intercourse with her. That happened repeatedly during the two vacation months. He was not at home the rest of the time.

Brother and sister never spoke of their intimacy. But he hoped that the sister would never marry but share his life. He was very much surprised when she told him that she was engaged and when she spoke, as she did repeatedly, of her good fortune, he was tremendously jealous and thought of revenge, of killing the brother-in-law, etc.

He came home no longer so as not to suffer. He wanted to tell the future brother-in-law of his intimacy with the sister, but was provident enough not to do so. Then he fell in love with a girl, became engaged to her (transference), and induced her to indulge in sexual relations before marriage. He forgot his jealousy and was now able to attend his sister's marriage ceremony. He took along his bride and was strikingly happy on the eve of the ceremony. But he drank himself senseless. On the following day he heard his sister was off on her bridal journey, and he thought to himself: "It is better so!" Then the whole episode slipped out of his mind. At that critical time he had again tried sexual intercourse with his bride but, much to his consternation, proved impotent. (Thoughts about the sister!) The impotence was followed by depression. In order to find out whether he was really impotent he tried masturbation and his erections proved so strong that it astonished him. (Obvious fantasies about his sister!) The depression, naturally, was not due to impotence but was due to his moping over the loss of his sister.

After two months he was again able to have intercourse with his bride, but either his ejaculation failed him or he experienced

very mild orgasm. At that time there set in the various parapathic disorders, his spells of anxiety, the compulsive numbers, his morbid doubt. But he had nearly forgotten his sister.

He visited his sister and found himself indifferent towards her. His relations with the brother-in-law were excellent. The brother-in-law had been one of his best friends in the first place, a fact which made it possible for his sister to transfer her affections to her lover. The friendship was apparently not disturbed.

The analysis disclosed that the depression, the wanderlust, and the drink impulsion developed early in April after the marriage. This time relationship became stronger every succeeding year and did not abate two years later when he married his sweetheart.

It turned out that in April he always celebrated the marriage anniversary by getting drunk, and that the whole month of April was dedicated, so to speak, to the memory of his old relationships. Then he recovered and was fairly free of his parapathic disorders except for his arithmomania (compulsive numbers). But the numbers always referred to his relations with the sister.

The analysis was followed by complete disappearance of the compulsive drinking and of the April depressions.

In all cases of inexplainable depressions with compulsive drinking mania which set in at definite periods we must try to ferret out the subject's "secret calendar." There is a cryptomnesia covering the various dates in life and it is always surprising to find how rich the parapathiacs' secret calendar turns out to be. They not only note birthdays and death anniversaries; their discouragements, their defeats, as well as their little victories, are also accurately registered. It is often possible to discover the cause of apparently inexplainable depression when the trouble is related to definite dates.

Among the narcotomaniacs we meet very frequently subjects who endeavor to sleep through certain dates. The following is a most interesting case:

Case 29. S. B., Bulgarian physician, comes to beg me for help to sleep through a certain four days in March. He is a

normal being until the 12th of March comes around. Then he is seized with a vague unrest and terrible anxiety. He leaves his home and wanders forth or runs away. The days from the 12th to the 16th of March are a period of torture for him. A course of treatment by Isserlin and by Löwenfeld brought no relief. Löwenfeld advised him to sleep through these four days. He wants me to place him in a sanitarium and keep him under narcosis through the four days. After the critical four days he will take up analysis. I advise him to go through the four days with my help. He falls at my feet, wails and begs me not to leave him in the lurch; he will positively take up the treatment afterwards. He is afraid he will do some mischief, perhaps commit suicide. He is a normal person, very efficient in his calling, and enjoys a good standing. All he wants is to be helped over these four days.

I helped him according to his desire. He was fed on morphin and adalin until he was drowsy.

On the 16th he was without any narcotics but still somewhat drowsy. Then he told me his remarkable story. When he was 10 years of age, there returned to school a pupil who had been absent four days. The boy wore mourning and told that his mother had died. The insane notion struck him that his mother or his father will surely die also *if he should resemble that pupil.* He began to be studiously different from that boy in every possible respect. If the boy wore his hair straight down, he combed his hair straight. If the boy wore a light suit, next day he appeared at school in a dark suit. If that pupil did well in the school, he tried not to do likewise. His antagonist spoke in a high-pitched voice, therefore he tried to give his own voice a lower pitch. Years later, after he left the school, it occurred to him that the date of that death must have been between the 13th and the 15th of March. These days consequently became for him days of expiation and a period of extreme restlessness. The older he grew, the easier he found it to overcome his compulsion neurosis. But the four days in March persisted as days of extreme torture, unrest, and agitation which he could hardly understand.

I pointed out to him that he was commemorating the historic *Ides* of March (March 13 or 15th) when Cæsar was

slain. He admitted that his attitude towards his father was antagonistic, but on the other hand he was very affectionately attached to his mother.

He was to begin the analysis on the 17th. But he pleaded important business engagements and ran off. For four years he came again at the same period. Each time he promised to undertake to rid himself of his trouble, once for all, through analysis. The fifth year he told me that he had married and that he was very happy in his married life. He could not complain of a thing. Only that period of four days continually looms before his mind like a horrible nightmare. But he neither had the courage to go through the ominous four days alone, nor did he find himself able to accept my suggestion of going through them without narcosis under my supervision. The sixth year he came back in a terrible state and confessed having suffered very much also in the interval. He had intended this time to go through the four days by himself. But he suddenly left the house, on a moment's impulse, without telling his wife anything about the reason for his leaving. (She had no inkling of his trouble.) He went again to the usual Sanitarium. This time I refused to prescribe the medicinal palliative and insisted that the trouble should be cleared once for all through analysis. Two days later his wife came to Vienna. She had learned something accidentally and figured out that he had come to me. (A telegram which he had forwarded to me and of which a copy was lying on his desk!) I referred her to the Sanitarium. There she found him narcotized and when he woke up she heard for the first time his remarkable story. She agreed that he ought to take up psychoanalytic treatment. He promised both of us with great earnestness that he would positively take up the treatment within the next few months. That was the last I heard from him.

Other parapathiacs narcotize themselves so as to forget a painful memory or to overcome a criminal impulse, usually having its roots in jealousy. I see year by year many subjects who have thus accustomed themselves to Adalin, Veronal, Bromural, Somacetin and other narcotics. In all such cases the drug is taken for sleeplessness. The insomnia is a result of the heightened activity. In many subjects a morbid impulse arises that prevents sleep, lest a crime be committed

during sleep. This type of insomnia is very interesting. The victims fall asleep easily, but within a few minutes, or even seconds, they wake up with a start and with a feeling of dread. Often they have the sensation of falling into an abyss.

The morphin users are also parapathiacs. I have noted long ago that, as mentioned in my *Anxiety States,* persons who use morphin merely to allay their physical pain, wean themselves, or may be weaned easily, whereas parapathiacs transpose their morbid impulses into the morphin impulse, becoming morphinomaniacs. They seek to get away from the world. It is interesting to note that as morphinists they fall a prey to their criminal impulses in the end. They pose, they lie, they steal. I know a physician who broke into a drug store to get hold of morphin.

Many of these disorders break out periodically, as, for example, in periodic drinking. The latter propensity is not a clear-cut clinical entity. It is interwoven with all the impulsive disorders of a parapathic nature. The periodically threatening impulse is silenced through intoxication, the brain is lulled to sleep. Dipsomaniacs may drown in alcohol the most varied array of impulses. Not the thirst for alcohol is periodic, but the morbid impulse which is being stifled by the alcohol. The various drug addicts (toximaniacs) are led by the same motive, though it is very difficult for them to limit themselves to the periodic character of their drug habit. These victims become so accustomed to the drug poison as to crave it even during their impulse-free intervals. Finally their morbid impulse shifts entirely to the drug itself. They turn into liars, thieves, and even become murderers in order to procure for themselves the keenly craved drug.[15]

All the patients of the type described in this book show a strong predisposition in favor of narcotic drugs. Any of them may come under the influence of morphin. It is therefore ridiculous to go through any of the various "habit cures," so-called, without psychonanalysis. The habit cure must go hand in hand with the analysis. How difficult this task is will be shown in connection with the psychoanalysis of an opiomaniac in Vol. VIII of the Series. Most of these cases belong to the category of Sadism.

Here I record an interesting case by Max Kirschbaum[18] which furnishes an excellent illustration:

Case 30. Dr. A., æt. 30, of good heredity, takes up the habit cure. He states that he has never had normal sexual intercourse, never masturbated and never indulged in any homosexual acts. He puts on women's clothes and in that manner brings on erections and ejaculations. He considers himself a *dégénéré;* states that he is very irritable, very sensitive and moody. Physical examination reveals nothing noteworthy. After a protracted cure he is released.

Patient's own statement:

"Concerning (my) transvestitism, combined with masochism: First sexual manifestations date back to my fifth or sixth year. I remember that one evening my nightgown could not be found. Thereupon mother had me put on sister's nightgown, fringed with handwork. To this day I recall the pleasurable feelings which the wearing of that gown evoked in me at the time. There follows a long hiatus in my memory. Around my 14th or 15th year began my true sexual life, although I was unaware of the fact, for being Catholics we were brought up very strictly. At about that time we children went often to father's factory on Sundays because it was very convenient to play in that roomy place. Our games were always of the kind involving a certain amount of roughness. I was always a captured woman and this rôle was made more realistic by the use of an apron, or of some other article of feminine attire which we took from our servant girls. These games brought on strong erections but I had no ejaculations. In my fantasy I conceived all sorts of games, always around the motive mentioned above. The first ejaculation I experienced was a pollution in connection with a dream of the above character. That experience excited me to such an extent that I had the feeling of being unclean. I have never masturbated. But afterwards, when we moved to another city and I was facing the final examinations, I experienced often nightly pollutions while wearing my landlady's daughter's nightgown which I found hanging in a closet in my room. Later on I went to Berlin as a student. There I had a large circle of friends who indulged in relations with women. After a night of drinking I, too, made one attempt at sexual intercourse, but

found myself unable to accomplish anything. It was then that I purchased, for the first time, feminine articles of wear, at first only a few pieces at a time and afterwards larger quantities. I wore these articles in the privacy of my own room and it made me feel very happy. Of course, I was extremely careful that neither my landlady nor my friends should know anything about it. While wearing those clothes I had occasional erections, but no ejaculations, for I avoided handling my parts. Later on I fell into the habit of tying myself up in these clothes and of assuming postures which roused strong erections and often I kept myself tied in such postures for hours at a time. This I did usually in front of the looking glass. Sometimes this brought on spontaneous ejaculations. After such an occurrence I tore the clothes off my body in disgust and for hours afterwards I felt disgusted with myself. After a couple of days the storm blew over. Then I again repeated the game of tying myself up in the clothes. I kept this up for 3-4 years. Later on the impulse to tie myself up in the clothes subsided and in its stead there arose the inclination to put on servant girls' clothes. Doing this and looking on in the mirror brought on erections. On the whole, I may say that the masochistic cravings have subsided, though not completely. Until I went to the war, I always carried with me a trunkful of feminine wearing apparel; later on, when I was drafted into the army, I burned it up. In 1918, around November, I took up the morphin habit, whereupon my libido subsided altogether."

This case is in many respects very instructive. In the first place it shows that the use of morphin serves an antisexual tendency. The subject's libido disappears after addiction to morphin. During the morphin intoxication and sleeplike state he lives over again the specific events of his life. That illustrates the power of first impressions. Our colleague traces his trouble back to an impression in his 6th or 7th year, when he put on his sister's nightgown. Interesting also is the masochistic act of strapping and lacing oneself up, a peculiar conduct which we frequently encounter and will be dealt with at greater length later on. Lastly, I want to point out also the subject's masturbation and his inability to carry on sexual intercourse with women.

Such cases naturally invite analysis. Significant is the

memory lapse from the 6th to the 14th year. It is the task of analysis to clear up such amnesias and bring to light the developmental course of the trouble by tracing the subject's morbid emotional fixations. Kirschbaum calls this a case of transvestitism, following the suggestion of Magnus Hirschfeld, who considers the tendency to wear the clothes of the opposite sex something innate, a disease *sui generis*. But transvestitism, as I have shown elsewhere, has various determinants. This case shows identification with the sister and, later on, with a servant girl. Transvestitism is but a form of erotic symbolism, it is a shifting from the objective to the clothing which renders possible identification with the (true) objective. (Masturbating in front of the mirror!) We shall discuss similar cases in the next volume.

I am about to bring my remarks to a close. The only rational method for the treatment of dipsomania and narcotomania is psychoanalysis, which must be at the same time educational. The anagogic tendency of the analysis works wonders in such cases. The hidden interplay of the psychic forces must be brought to light. The subject must acquire an insight into his conflicts so as to openly overcome his impulses.

Readers familiar with my other volumes in this Series will recall a series of cases in which the causes of narcotomania were traced through analysis. But these very cases are among the most difficult to analyze. The subject dreads giving up the drug-induced narcosis, he trembles with fear lest his secret thoughts break through, he is ready to lie to his analyst, even to claim that he is through with the drug when he is not. I recall a certain physician's wife who, after going through a successful habit cure, submitted to psychoanalytic treatment. For a time the analysis proceeded smoothly. It disclosed that she had taken to morphin on account of an unhappy marriage and because of a cleverly hidden paraphilia (homosexuality). Even long before that she required the strongest narcotics to induce sleep because she suffered from a stubborn insomnia. Suddenly there was a halt. I claimed that she had gone back to morphin. She denied it

and was very much peeved, even angry, and gave me her word of honor: she would be the first to confess to me. Every physician is acquainted with the utter unreliability of these patients. After a while the woman's daughter came to me in despair. She had taken the morphin away from her mother and locked it up. Now the mother broke open that box.[17] I gave up the treatment. After a couple of weeks the unfortunate woman appeared again and told me that there was something which she had kept from me all along. She had a weakness for little children and has assaulted a number of children, including her own daughter. There was but one way out for her—death. She could not be prevailed upon to continue the analysis because she was certain that her condition was inborn. Shortly thereafter she committed suicide.

Narcotomaniacs, not only drinkers, but all who are addicted to the use of drugs for whatever reason, are trying to run away from some truth. One drug addict had done something he tries to forget, another wants to carry out some deed which is not socially permissible and which means civic ostracism. The true motive cannot be traced even through analysis if the subjects are allowed free reins and the secret is not ferreted out of them. A woman, under medical care for three years, became an inveterate narcotomaniac, so that she kept herself under the influence of the narcotic day and night, yet during all that time she did not reveal the asocial deed she committed. The following is a brief account of one of my recent experiences:

Case 31. Mr. Victor U., æt. 30, manufacturer, married, entirely well, except for anxiety attacks during which his heart nearly stops beating, fears he will die. For these spells he takes bromides; and because he fears that the spells may come upon him during the night he takes also two tablets of adalin at bedtime. He has been taking the adalin for months and on no account could he be induced to give up this drug. Without it the fear of a spell would keep him from falling asleep. Concerning his sexual life, he relates, to begin with, the usual facts.

His married life is happy, he carries out sexual intercourse daily with his wife.

I take this opportunity of pointing out that paraphilias are often covered up by such daily gratifications. The normal individual has times when his sexual needs are great, other times when he is relatively cool. He displays a certain periodicity. On the other hand persons indulging in intercourse daily require such regular release of sex on account of their hidden fear of some paraphilia. It is therefore wrong to assume that because A. or B. indulges daily in sexual intercourse he is sexually gratified. *The decisive question is whether he has found the form of gratification which is adequate for him.*

That something was amiss in Victor's marriage is shown by his attitude towards his wife. He is tremendously jealous, always suspicious, driving and tyrannizing her. Many unpleasant episodes break out between them over trifles. He admits that he is not suited for married life and he regrets having married at all. He is strongly fixed on his family. He displays a certain predisposition towards homosexuality, traceable in part to his early memories and partly to his army experiences. After four weeks the analysis reaches a standstill. No further associations come to his mind and the longing for adalin returns as bad as ever. A strict attitude is required to convince him that if he narcotizes himself again, thus effectively walling off the gates to his dream life, he cannot get anywhere with the analysis. I am about to give up the analysis as a hopeless task when, after a night free from adalin, he brings me the following dream:

I am about to enter a cabaret. At the entrance a somewhat shabby appearing man, obviously drunk, takes me by the arm and leads me away. We come to a water closet. I see a couple of prostitutes going in and I step into the neighboring compartment to watch them.

The interpretation is perfectly plain. The intoxicated man is his antagonist. The latter leads him to a water closet where he behaves like a *voyeur*. Is this dream meaningless? Not

in the least; it leads to hidden complexes. As a matter of fact the patient confesses that, since his early youth, *he has been passionately fond of watching children and women in the act of defecating.* Up to the time of his marriage he yielded to his inclination. He frequented urinals and often found convenient holes through which to peep. He was afraid of getting into trouble with the police. For that reason he decided to suppress his paraphilia by getting married. Apparently he no longer harbors the desire. But the longing still asserts itself through these attacks. In order not to yield and not to dream, he must take adalin.

From that point on the analysis proceeded smoothly and brought to light a number of infantilisms. Four more weeks of analysis led to complete recovery,—quiet sleep without adalin. The infantile root proved to be the fact that when he was a little boy the father as well as the mother had the habit of taking him to the urinal when he woke up at night, if nobody else was around, in order to look after him.

In another case of addiction to veronal I was able to ferret out a father's intense affection for his daughter. The narcotomania set in only at 40 years of age, after a period of extreme sleeplessness. The affection was wholly unconscious. It was brought out for the first time through the analysis, consciously met and annulled.

V

STEALING (THEFT)

Every one is a thief in his way.
Proverb.

It is beyond my task to attempt the formulation of a comprehensive psychology of theft. But it is undeniably a fact that stealing is a propensity deeply ingrained in human nature so that, in spite of punishments, in spite of all educational and religious proscriptions, it cannot be uprooted. The safety of personal ownership depends on the concept of property. But the well-known adage, "Property is theft!" alone shows that things may be turned topsy-turvy. Property rights have been seriously jeopardized during the war. On the one hand enemy property was outlawed and often treated as free booty, not unlike the custom which prevailed during the middle ages; on the other hand the State reached out, encroaching upon the property rights of the individuals to the limit. The rights of the individuals gradually diminished. Precious metals and money had to be turned over for the common good.

Analytical scrutiny discloses that, as a matter of fact, the concept of property always differs according to local and particular conditions. Coast inhabitants regard the floating objects brought in by the tides as their property upon recovering them. So also with the found articles: I know persons of strong social conscience and high moral principles who regard the articles they find as their own property. Every one has to fight against the tendency of holding on to the found articles and goes through a more or less severe conflict before turning any found article over to the community (and thus eventually, to the rightful owner). The matter is often rationalized with the supposition that, in the hands of the police, the article in question will be lost track of or that the waiter, or the proprietor, will keep the article anyway; there-

fore the original finder thinks he may as well enjoy the possession of it. The law has taken cognizance of this tendency by establishing the principle of a "legal finder's reward."

Freud has pertinently called our attention to the little tricks at games which add zest to the play. His *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* gives a number of relevant illustrations.

There are various petty thefts whereby the unconscious helps us appropriate foreign belongings. The tendency of keeping borrowed books is tremendously pronounced. Every owner of a library knows that fact very well. Every book borrower knows through personal experience how difficult it is sometimes to return a borrowed book; through "neglect" or sheer "forgetfulness" books are sometimes kept for months and even for years.[1] Cheating the street railways also belongs to the petty slips of the average man; of course, this amounts to a cheating of the respective community. I know a number of liberal, spendthrifty persons who, nevertheless, are happy if the conductor overlooks them and they avoid paying the trifling amount of their fare. Indeed, they get off a station ahead of their destination in order to avoid paying. Others become engrossed in reading or feign distraction while waiting for developments with an inner tension of expectancy. Such petty tricks are general indicators of mankind's criminal instincts.

The withholding of pencils, an article often borrowed and but seldom returned, also belongs to the category of everyday petty stealing and usually carries a sexual symbolism. Strangers' umbrellas, too, seem to exert a great attraction, as I have found to my discomfiture. That is true also of borrowed handkerchiefs, which are seldom returned.

The extension of the sense of ownership to the whole world is obviously one of the most significant primordial reactions. The primitive man felt himself in the possession of the whole world. Something of that feeling seems to persevere in every human being as a relic of bygone ages and to be still active as a determinant of conduct. Therefore, the impulse to steal may overwhelm persons who thought themselves absolutely secure against such temptations.

Very interesting are the relations of theft and superstition.

Folklore discloses the relics of an earlier, more archaic conception of theft, according to which the disposition to steal was not considered a crime, but a sort of a special aptitude, deserving envy. Any successful highway robber is held to this day in a certain popularity. I recall a Hungarian government clerk, Ketcskemeti, who ran off to America with a large amount of stolen money before the police could get hold of him. In the discussions about the occurrence I have heard numerous expressions of admiration for the man: "What a smart man he must have been!"

In Gross's Archiv (Vol. XIX), Dr. A. Hellwig writes on the folklore of theft: "I am in a position to record some new illustrations from Germany. In the Lippe district there prevails the belief that he who builds a house must use bought, stolen, and donated wood, otherwise he will be unlucky. That is said to have been formerly so settled a belief that even the wealthiest builders who owned their own woods stole a tree whenever they constructed a building, paying for it afterwards.

"According to a formula for achieving invisibility, found in a book of which thousands of copies are still in circulation, one must steal a black cat in order to extract from its tail vertebræ, in the mysterious manner therein described, the precious bone of invisibility.

"From Hungary it is reported that at the new moon the girl steals honey and flour, and, adding some of her menstrual flow, bakes a cake to give to the young man whose love affection she is eager to secure.

"Among the Jews a certain Samuel Primo, a man renowned as a prophet, is said to have achieved some miraculous cures with stolen pieces of parchment.

"The gypsies use for fortune telling an instrument sounding not unlike the Hungarian *Zaubertrömmel* which they make out of a piece of stolen animal skin stretched over a wooden hoop. . . ."

Particularly interesting, among these customs and superstitions, is the inclusion of something stolen in the building of a new house. The new house is one's own. The evil conscience which holds that the property is really not one's

own, and that no good comes to one's own, finds thus a cryptic expression. This stands for rebellion against the public morality which accords one no rights except to what is strictly one's own. (*"Ungerechtes Gut, gedeiht nicht gut!"*) The self somehow rebels within us against this conception, especially since we often see certain individuals getting on very well with stolen goods. A remnant of the old belief in Satan's power and in witchcraft still lurks in our minds. He who "signs himself up" with the devil has good luck on earth. This satanism, which is always linked with anal eroticism, corresponds also with the custom prevalent among thieves and porch climbers of polluting with their excreta the scene of their deeds. (The so-called *grumus merdæ.*) The thieves thus exhibit the infantilism of leaving behind a precious substitute for the stolen goods.

Literary theft is interesting. I have repeatedly pointed out the relationship between criminality and artistic predisposition.[2] The history of plagiarism is well worth an extensive account of its own. Among musicians this reproach is always hurled with a certain harshness. This is particularly true of those who serve the lighter muse. I have noted that operetta composers frequently accuse one another of the offence. A composer whom I analyzed, speaking of a colleague of his, said to me: "We all plagiarize. But such shameless stealing as this fellow carries on is beyond all limits!" Of course, it is often very hard to tell where unconscious reproduction from memory (*cryptomnesia*) ends and deliberate plagiarizing begins. During my student years I composed a valse. I was much angered when a musician, for whom I proudly played my piece, pointed out that the theme occurs in the *Freischütz.* It was a very original minor theme, and I thought a great deal of it. Great was my surprise when I finally convinced myself that my critic was right. Up until that time I had heard the *Freischütz* but once, and had never played the piano accompaniment. Obviously the memory of it must have become deeply embedded in the music center of my brain and my artistic effort must have been but a reproduction.

We are always inclined to hear something evil of our fellowmen more readily than what is favorable. That is a

general human peculiarity.[3] Suspicions find a more willing ear than praises. Certain evils have thus become embedded in our daily life, and very few persons seem to possess any unbiased judgment of good and evil, or right and wrong. If we hear a new melody with a familiar air at once we proclaim it is stolen! The poor musician-creator is branded a musician-thief by the turn of a hand.

Familiarity with the classical music scores convinces the penetrating observers that the same melodies are found in the works of numerous prominent musicians. Who is not familiar with Zerlinchen's touching appeal in *Don Juan: "Batti, batti, o mio Masetto"?*

The same melody in B major instead of F major is found in Beethoven's famous E♭ major piano quartet as *Adagio;* and Brahms opens a plaintive phrase in one of his chamber music compositions with the same theme.

In his richly melodious septette (*op.* 20), Beethoven winds the rounds of charming variations on a subtle, touching melody. Subsequent researches have shown that the melody in question was already well known on the Rhine and belonged to *"Die Losgekaufte,"* a folksong. Nevertheless the melody, like the expressive *"Sah ein Knab ein Röslein steh'n,"* bears his immortal name.

After the unfortunate Dagali fight (1887), Gabriele d'Annunzio published a noteworthy poem, closing with the following words:

Noi, toi figli, veglieremo
In silenzio—il tuo supremo
Giorno, Patria, attenderemo.

E. Thovez, writing in the *Revue des Revues,* shows that the whole poem is almost word for word an imitation of an older poem by Tommaseo. The same word pictures, the same measure, the same number of stanzas. Compare the above with Tommaseo's last verse:

Se morriam, pianti morremo
E temuti. O se supremo
Il tuo giorno attenderemo.

The same critic accuses d'Annunzio of numerous plagiarisms from Flaubert, de Goncourt, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, and Shelley.

Such alleged plagiarisms are far from uncommon in literature. A few years ago F. Sarcey pointed out that Sydney Grundy's highly praised *A Pair of Spectacles* was but a repetition of *Les Petits Oiseaux,* a forgotten play by Labiche. A few years ago the literary controversy between Rostand and a certain American preoccupied the attention of the whole literary world. (Re *Cyrano de Bergerac.*)

German literature discloses a large number of similar identities. The following illustration is particularly interesting: The much talented and equally melodious lyricist, Joh. Chr. Günther, who died in 1723, begins a lengthy poem with the following stanza:

Wie gedacht,
Vor geliebt, ist ausgelacht,
Gestern in die Schoss gerissen,
Heute vor der Brust geschmissen,
Morgen in die Gruft gebracht.

Hauff, the poet, who died in 1827, expresses the same thought in his famous *Reiterlied,* which has become a folksong, and does it in a similar form:

Kaum gedacht,
War der Lust ein End' gemacht.
Gestern noch auf stolzen Rossen,
Heute durch die Brust geschossen,
Morgen in das kühle Grab.

Compare the similarity in rhythm, tone coloring, thought! It is noticeable at once that the second poem is an unconscious free imitation of the first.

Victor Recko, in the *Euphorion,* discloses a remarkable parallelism between Ovid and Geibel,—probably another instance of unconscious imitation, such as might easily occur in the creative work of so thorough a philologist as Geibel, who undoubtedly knew by heart the respective passage ir

Ovid (*Met.* I, 127). It is well known that close preoccupation with an author often leaves unsuspected traces in the poet-philologist.

Illustrations of this type could be easily gathered by the thousands and might fill volumes.

In contrast with this avalanche of material an essay by Rudolf Fürst on the subject sounds unconvincing. He tries to prove plagiarism between Nestroy and Reuter, Dickens and Ebner-Eschenbach, Eugène Sue and Edmond Rostand, because these writers have used similar material. He is particularly sharp in his criticism of Heinz Tovote, whom he accuses of having lifted the plot for his well-known novel, *Liebesrausch,* from Keller's *Sinngedicht.* Fürst rounds out his criticism with satiric warnings to the writers to abstain from such doings in the future and advises them to cultivate their own fields.

Need I point out that Goethe, Shakespeare and Molière have also been proven plagiarists? Even Rabelais is said to have borrowed from Merlino Coccajo. Indeed, certain critics, like the French novelist, Edouard Rod, go so far as to claim that it is the writer's privilege to help himself to whatever he can utilize. Regarding Gabriele d'Annunzio he states: "His plagiarism need not affect in the least our admiration for his genius; we may well compare the great writers with sponges that suck up the surrounding moisture."

But that is going too far. Later we shall examine the psychopathology of plagiarism more closely. Meanwhile I want to make clear one point. Deliberate (*i.e.,* "conscious") appropriation of another's property, whether material or artistic, is plain theft. In my opinion the writers and musicians mentioned above have carried out their plagiarisms only "unconsciously." It is an occurrence known to the psychologist as "cryptomnesia."

I hear a melody in my childhood. Apparently I have forgotten it,—the melody abides no longer in my conscious memory. One day, in composing a song, I make up the melody, which, sounding new to my consciousness, appears to me as an original creation. This process is called cryptomnesia, in contrast with the abnormal vividness of conscious memory,

which is called hypernesia. The same thing happens to the lyricist with a long forgotten poem, or to the dramatist with some plot which entirely escapes his conscious memory. How many innumerable impressions doze under the threshold of our consciousness, of which we are wholly unaware during the waking state? The dream analyses previously recorded prove this fact.

In one of his earlier psychiatric studies Dr. K. Jung[4] has closely analyzed the cryptomnesic phenomena of a spiritistic medium. And his medium spoke a foreign language which was easily traced to its memory source. Flournoy has also studied carefully a similar case. That was the well-known medium Helene Smith, who was supposed to speak the language of the Martians.

But Jung has been able to trace the remarkable operations of the unconscious also in connection with other illustrative data. He quotes a passage from Nietzsche's *Zarathustra,* which, though unimportant in itself, seems borrowed, with astonishing fidelity, from Kerner's book, *Blätter aus Prevorst.*

At that time, while Zarathustra lived on the happy isle, it came about that a ship dropped anchor at the isle where stood the smoking, smouldering mountain, and the men went ashore to shoot rabbits. But towards the noon hour, while the captain and his men were foregathered together, they saw suddenly a man drifting through the air towards them, and his voice plainly said: "It is time: it is high time!" But just when the figure was closest to them—it floated past like a shadow, in the direction of the fire mountain—they recognized, to their great consternation, that it was Zarathustra, for all, with the exception of the Captain himself, had seen him before. "Look!" exclaimed old Steuer-Hahnn. "Zarathustra is going to his mole."

Nietzsche's Werke, vol. VI, *Also Sprach Zarathustra,* p. 191, Leipzig, 1901.

The four captains and a merchant, Mr. Bell, went ashore on the strand of Mount Stromboli Island, to shoot rabbits. At three o'clock they called their men together, to go aboard the ship when, to their utter astonishment, they saw two men floating through the air rapidly towards them. One was clothed in black, the other wore grey clothes: they passed the men closely by, in great haste, and, to their extreme astonishment, the two figures descended through the burning flames into the pit of the terrible Mount Stromboli Volcano. The two men were recognized as familiar persons from London.

(*A horror-inspiring extract from the log of the good ship "Sphinx," on a Mediterranean journey in the year* 1686.)

Justus Kerner: *Blätter aus Prevorst,* vol. IV, p. 57.

"According to the information received from Frau E. Förster-Nietzsche, the writer's sister, in reply to my inquiry,

Nietzsche was keenly interested in Justus Kerner between his 12th and 15th year, while he was with his grandfather, Pastor Oehler, in Pobler, but positively not thereafter. It can hardly be possible that the writer intended to plagiarize an extract from a ship journal, and had this been the case he surely would have left out the highly commonplace and wholly irrelevant passage, "to shoot rabbits." Obviously, while engaged in a poetic description of Zarathustra's descent that forgotten impression of his youth came to surface in a half, or wholly, unconscious manner.

"This illustration shows all the peculiarities of cryptomnesia: a detail, entirely insignificant, deserving but quick forgetting, is suddenly reproduced almost with verbal accuracy, while the chief points of the story are,—we cannot say specially changed, but—newly created. The old, forgotten impressions of a similar situation loom up, as plastic detail around the individual theme, the idea of descent into the cave. Moreover, the passage in question is so senseless, the well-read youngster probably passed lightly over it without giving it any particular attention. This provides the requisite minimum of associative linking, for we could not easily conceive a greater contrast than from that old tale to Nietzsche's state of consciousness in the year 1883. If we try to visualize Nietzsche's state of mind when he wrote his *Zarathustra* and take into consideration the fact that the writer's ecstasy at the time approached, in more than one respect, the borderland of the pathological, the bobbing up of such a reminiscence seems easily conceivable. The other possibility (mentioned above), namely, the perception of something not unimportant in itself during a state of distraction, or while one's attention is but half engaged, because of lack of understanding, and its cryptomnesic reproduction is illustrated chiefly among somnambulists and mentioned in belles-lettres as a curious peculiarity of those who are about to die." [5]

What is thus discerned plainly in certain striking and particular instances must take place imperceptibily in connection with every artistic effort. What is "mine" and what is "thine"? In art such a question can never lead to a final

answer. Impressions come to us, thoughts throb within us to which we give expression; nevertheless they may not be our own. They have taken their course across and through our individuality. Every work of art is a chip of the world's structure seen through a new temperament. Rosegger once stated that he did not know his Heine well enough to express an opinion about him. Does he really know the great poet less than another? He has heard him in a thousand songs, he has found him quoted in newspapers. Every creative artist simmers in the social consciousness; his thoughts become part of the common possessions. Even if we refuse to read Heine, he presses himself upon us, we use his metaphors when speaking, we express his thoughts, he has become an integral part of the common language.[6]

What we say, what we feel, what we write, is not aboriginally our own. We feed on those who have gone before us.

The experiment ought to be made once of training an artist from his youth so that he is taught nothing but the language of his day. All inspiring precedents, strong impressions, and the trivial stimuli of daily life should be kept from him. What would his artistic outpouring be like? He would babble like the savage; he would have to possess the soul of a very great poet, indeed, to be able to compose a single good folk-song.

All culture is a cumulative growth and every artistic creation is but a new grouping of old elements. One of the most majestic palaces in Rome was built out of material from the Capitol ruins. Our artistic works, too, are built out of old Capitol remains and the greatest genius undoubtedly is the artist who is capable of reproducing in his artistic work the whole culture of his age. The great men, therefore, are the subsuming lenses, gathering the scattered rays of light and focusing them on one point: their artistic creations.

This conception disposes at one sweep of the continual talk about plagiarisms and stolen literary material as idle. Any one familiar with the mental process called cryptomnesia, as described above, will rarely be inclined to think of deliberate thefts. However, as already stated, our inclination is to shade our fellowmen's picture a little blacker than need be.

We thus absolve ourselves readily of any responsibility and it costs no struggle to throw the first stones against those sins which are not our sins.

The artist-creator is to a certain extent psychically infantile. Hence the tendency to steal persists in many an individual of this type. I shall name no names. But any one who reads attentively our daily newspapers knows of enough instances showing that writers who enjoy an enviable reputation may be guilty of stealing. I do not mean mere plagiarisms, but actual theft. In such instances the artist behaves like a child, —and most children pilfer titbits or steal. Pilfering titbits is a mild form of stealing.

Every one who understands children knows that most children show a more or less pronounced tendency to take things. The mildest form of this is the desire to indulge in titbits. Children find it most enjoyable to steal eatables even when they could secure the things without any trouble merely by asking for them. This desire may persist in adults as well. In such cases the habit amounts to a symbol,—it relates to "forbidden indulgences." What is forbidden exerts a tremendous attraction; and many peculiarities of behaviour derive their great emotional stress alone from the fact that they center on something that is "forbidden." We have seen that every person submits unwillingly to the requirements of culture, that every commandment amounts to something that is not self and is therefore conceived as opposed to self. Primal reactions impel man to take for himself whatever strikes his fancy. Obtaining permission implies recognizing the rights of another; it implies humility. The self-reliant individual reaches out for whatever he wants. And he has the lofty feeling of committing a sin, of placing himself above the limitations imposed by commandments.

The child, through stealing, as well as through lying, proves his aloofness from the environment. We shall see later that this form of impulsive behaviour has also a sexual determinant. But we are able to understand the child who steals even without that determinant. The child is closer to the plane of the primal reactions than the adult. His self-assertiveness is not limited by the inhibitions of the adult, nor is

his concept of property so sharply delineated. The world and all it contains are still his.

Wagner-Jauregg recognizes very cogently this infantile root of the impulse to steal. In his essay, *Ueber krankhafte Triebhandlungen,*[7] he states very plainly:

"We speak of *Triebhandlungen* (instinctive behaviour), when a volitional act is carried out through a single motive, which usually has its roots in a simple sensory feeling. In this sense most animal acts are illustrations of instinctive behaviour. The behaviour of children during their earlier developmental period is chiefly instinctive. In the course of mental development the motives of conduct become more complex, inasmuch as the instinctive cravings become mixed with a mass of images and feelings which, on the one hand, have the effect frequently of suppressing the instinct (consequently leading to no action), while, on the other hand, conduct assumes forms and directions deviating from the original instinctive behaviour.

"In a strictly psychologic sense we cannot, as a rule, speak of an instinct to steal, so far as man in his fuller states of development is concerned, inasmuch as usually the act of stealing involves a rather complex series of mental processes and is not motivated by a simple sensory feeling. But tracing man's spiritual development down to earliest childhood, we certainly find there a simple instinctive reaction as the first expression of the tendency to steal: The child reaches out for everything within its grasp; and the motive for this instinctive reaction is the pleasurable feeling generated by the contact with the grasped article, the gratification of the sense of touch. Education and experience play upon that instinct. They teach the child to suppress its instinct-craving under certain circumstances; on the other hand they arouse in the child certain notions of purpose and the concept of property and regulate the instinct by sublimating it into higher forms so that out of it there arise eventually forms of conduct, having no longer the least similarity with the aboriginal reaction. Indeed, by awakening the desire for possessing things and a

striving for the means of acquiring them instinct becomes the source of significant ethical traits.

"Stealing is traceable to this aboriginal instinct. *The child is a born thief by reason of its instinct.* That instinct becomes regulated in time through education and experience; *i.e.*, the instinct remains, but the acts to which it leads retain no longer the character of simple instinctive behaviour.

"In other words, these thefts, in the overwhelming majority of instances, retain no longer the character of a pure instinct; they differ from the original instinct through the fact that the perception of purpose plays now a decisive rôle. The pleasurable feeling roused by the simple act of grasping an object, by the act of taking hold of something, is no longer the motive that leads to theft, but another pleasurable feeling,—connected with the anticipated enjoyment of the stolen article.

"However, there are cases showing that the child's instinctive propensity for stealing may sometimes persist in its pure form, not only during the earlier years, but also during the adult age, where the act of stealing in itself, regardless of the value of the stolen article, generates the pleasurable sensation. Such persons we call cleptomaniacs."

What is the character of the pleasurable feeling to which Wagner-Jauregg refers? Analyses which I shall quote later will clear up this point. Certain writers have confessed almost freely the thefts they have committed during childhood. Others cover this under silence. Not every writer possesses the candor of a Jean Jacques Rousseau, who has recorded with great care and accuracy even his thefts. I want to quote two significant instances from literature: one, Gottfried Keller, well known, and the other, Hermann Hesse. The latter case, in particular, will yield significant and instructive light on the subject.

A characteristic account of childhood stealing is found in Gottfried Keller's autobiographic novel, *Der Grüne Heinrich.* Heinrich is going through his period of fib-telling. He tells a friend, who is as good a liar as himself, that he has dis-

covered a buried treasure. In order to remove all doubt, he leads the boy into the cellar, where he had previously buried a little box with rare and shiny new coins, and shows his friend some of the coins. The little box was his, the coins had been saved one by one for him by his mother. But he claims it contains also precious gifts, etc. The lie grows in the telling. A pretty girl is represented as the objective of erotic wishes. Heinrich buys her a chain and other false jewels, his friend drags him to the girl's house where he throws down his gifts, but coming out of the house he claims that he knelt before the beauty and handed her the gifts in person. His friend demands further that he throw a kiss to the girl, seated at the window; this our little hero does in his shy manner, then runs off in a hurry and catching hold of his friend, who had meanwhile gone on an errand to buy some salami (which, by the way, he threw into the river because it was spoiled), throws him to the ground and gives him a beating. The sexual symbolism, particularly of the salami, is fairly obvious, and so is also the transference from the friend to the girl. Obviously the two youths played at heterosexual dreams in order to cover up their reciprocal homosexual feeling-attitude. Even the fight is a substitute for the homosexual act. It is characteristic that the treasure actually belonged to the mother. (Treasure, symbol of love.)

Now the dam was broken. Heinrich had learned to steal. He tells us what happened further:

"On the other hand, regarding money I faced the painful prospect of having to play, at any rate, a suppressed and sparing rôle. I sat one evening in a corner, thus reflecting, when suddenly a certain thought crossed my mind; I waited for mother to leave the house and then hurried to the mantelpiece where my little treasure box was standing. I opened it half-way and stealthily took out a large coin, which was lying uppermost; the other coins shifted a little in their places, making a slight silvery sound, but in that clear tuneful metallic sound I seemed to perceive a certain force that made me shiver. Quickly I drew my prize aside, but already I found myself in a peculiar state of mind which afterwards made me shy and diffident with mother. For whereas my former deed was more the result of an external

compulsion and had not particularly roused my qualms of conscience, my present act was something voluntary and deliberate; I was doing something which, I knew, my mother would never approve; even the coin seemed to me to lose some of its beauty and lustre in the profane act of withdrawing it; but the fact that I was taking my own money, though stealthily, and was doing it to help myself out of a tight corner, saved me from the feeling of committing an outright theft; it may have been a feeling not unlike that which must have dawned upon the lost son when he went off one morning to squander his share of his father's inheritance.

"We planned a fine walk for one of the approaching Sundays, and that again was to test the tenuous planners. In my carelessness I did not consider the question where to get the necessary means, and saw no obstacle to the plan: but when the moment came for action, I again went to the sideboard, without sensing anything but the urgent need, and a sort of vague resolution that this must be the last time.

The whole Summer thus went by; the predisposing mood had long since passed, the participants turned their attention again to the orderly course of things in general. I too would have turned again temperate and careful if the course I had pursued had not led to another evil, namely, *a passionate desire to spend money freely, to be a spendthrift.* I felt every minute a craving to buy the little things dear to the heart of a child. My hand was in my pocket at all times ready to drag out coins. The things that the boys usually swapped I bought with bare cash and then I gave them away to children, or beggars, and to some apprentices who formed my retinue and profited by my delusion while it lasted. For it was a genuine delusion. It did not occur to me at all that this thing cannot go on forever; not once did I lift entirely the cover off the little box so as to survey the contents and see how much money there was left; instead, I merely shoved in my hand under the cover to take out a coin at a time, and I never thought of how much I must have squandered already. Nor did I feel afraid of being found out: at school, and in my work, I was not worse than formerly, rather better, because no ungratified wishes led me any longer to do absent-mindedly anything wrongly, and the great sense of freedom in which I indulged while spending my money showed itself also during my work in a certain promptness and resoluteness of action. In addition to that I felt a vague need of throwing off

to a certain extent the obvious evil spell which was growing upon me, by faithfully carrying out my duties."

The discovery and the pedagogically excellent conduct of the mother on the occasion are beautifully described by the writer:

"One day, while sitting at the window trying to look at the restful spots on the sunny roofs, on the hills, and in the sky, and to forget the reproaching room behind me, mother called out my name in a tone distinctly harsher than usual; I turned around and there she was standing near the table with the opened little box and two or three loose coins.

"She gave me a severe and worried look and then said: 'Look into that box.' I did so with a half gaze which for the first time in a long period disclosed to me the familiar inside appearance of the plundered box. It gaped at me reproachfully. 'Then it is true,' mother continued, 'what I have heard and what I now see confirmed with my own eyes,—that my good and comforting thought of having a good boy, a fine boy, turns out a deception?' I stood there speechless and looked down into a corner; a deep sense of unhappiness and misfortune went through me so powerfully, so overwhelmingly that it can be experienced only in a long and many-sided human life; but through that dark cloud there was discernible already a loving spark of forgiveness and surcease. My mother's frank look as she took in my actual state of mind began to lift the nightmare that had been pressing upon me theretofore; her eyes were strict but kindly, and the look in them relieved me of my pain; and in that moment I felt an inexpressible affection for my mother, who thus buoyed up my broken spirits and transmuted my despair into a happy relief. . . ."

Deep psychologic insight is disclosed also in the following well-known passage from Keller's *Frau Amrein und ihr Jüngster:*

"If he did something stupid or stole some titbits on the sly she did not treat the misdeed as a crime, but showed him in a few words the ridiculous character and the futility of his doings. If he took or did away with something that did not belong to

him, or if he indulged in one of those extravagant purchases which scare the parents so badly, she did not make a catastrophe out of it, but only put him to shame frankly and openly as a foolish, thoughtless boy. But for that she was the more strict with him if he behaved meanly or indelicately, whether in words or gesture, which but seldom happened; on the other hand, she kept him close to the Good Book and gave him such good thrashings when he needed them that he never forgot the lessons. All that was exactly the reverse of what was customary in such instances. If a child misspends some money or takes something else, parents and teachers become terribly concerned, lest the child grow up to be a thief, almost as if they themselves felt how hard it was not to become thief or rascal. What amounts to nothing more serious, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, than the momentary unexplainable thoughts and dreams of a growing child, is made the ground for terrible predictions and the talk is of nothing but prison. . . ."

Keller writes with extraordinary insight about children's stealing and with that knowledge self characteristic of a man to whom nothing human is foreign. I have frequent opportunity of observing how unwisely parents are acting, how they threaten children, instead of overlooking mistakes with understanding. I have frequently observed in the course of analyses that such threats (You will yet end with a rope around your neck! Nothing good will come of you! You will surely land in jail!) strengthen the child's sense of inferiority and rob him of the hope of changing his instinct-reactions. The child becomes resigned to his fate and gives in to his instincts. His struggle seems hopeless. Nothing helps. You are lost anyway! hopeless! You have been told so! Such predictions often act as determinants leading the child in the wrong direction.

At any rate parents should know that juvenile theft signifies merely a way out of a sexual pressure. Impulse leads the child to a deed which quiets down the impulse; thus the inner restlessness leads to theft. In the case of Gottfried Keller the sexual motive was not very transparent: the premonitory symptoms are not described so clearly as in the case of Hermann Hesse, whose novel, *Kinderseele,* is a treas-

ure for child psychology. Here the predisposition to steal is described wonderfully well. The day or the night before the deed is already heralded. But whereas Keller's thefts seem to have a motive, in the case of Hesse the theft is carried out through sheer joy in the act; it is therefore more convincing. But this pleasure in stealing is over-compensated by a series of dysphoric accompaniments (unpleasure). The act itself is preceded by a prolonged psychic aura, heralding the birth of the deed. Sometimes a certain dream precedes the deed, at other times the premonitory condition consists merely of a vague but characteristic sense of inner unrest such as we have already described in Chapter II as the expression of the impulse. The inner conflict takes place beyond the realm of ordinary consciousness. The child knows merely that something is impending.

The eleven-year-old boy returns home from school in a state of unrest. He is filled with premonitions and dread, his conscience is ill at ease, as if he were guilty of some offence. May it have been the after effect of a dream?—asks the writer. Life seems empty. He and his friend Oscar have jointly a savings box and with the money they intend to buy a pistol which was seductively exhibited in a hardware dealer's shop window. Oscar, though only a workman's son, has deposited the first coin. The friendship with Oscar, pistols, savings box,—everything points to a vague yearning for the great wide world. But on that particular day everything seems flat to that boy. He has his doubts about God and rails at Him. "Isn't God horrible, insane, stupid? Ah, and even while I indulged in these thoughts with a rebel's zest, my uneasy heart was fluttering in fear of punishment for this blasphemy."

This rebellion against God, parents and teacher, the holy trinity of authority, is something we encounter again and again. Every juvenile thief is a small reproduction of Prometheus, attempting to demolish the oppressive authority through lying and stealing. It is a striking fact that children as well as adults commit these impulsive thefts to the damage of some one in authority, the father, some favorite, the chief, the State. Stealing from the State in particular is a favorite

form of trespass (false income returns, smuggling of goods into the country, etc.).

The boy's mind is a prey to anxiety. Anxiety is the basic feeling; it is the dread of punishment, the fear of one's own conscience, the fear of the inner cravings which are perceived as forbidden and criminal.

Hesse gives us a wonderful description of the aura preceding or accompanying the cleptomaniac deed:

"A feeling of dread comes over the boy. It began with a sense of tightness in the breast reaching up to the throat and there culminated in a sense of suffocation and in nausea. Along with that a painful shyness (feeling of shame), a desire to be alone, to hide. In this state of mind, not unlike that of a criminal, he returns home and the moment he enters the hall he is certain: the devil is loose to-day, something is going to happen! The demon was skulking through the home; unknown sin gnawed at his heart; behind every wall there stood, gigantic—yet invisible, a spirit, some one in authority, a judge."

He controls his dread enough to press forward into the "father's realm": he reaches his father's study room.

"Somewhat uneasy, as usual, I turn the old-fashioned knob and slyly open the door half-way. The familiar aroma of father's study room greets me: odor of books and ink, wafted by the blue air streaming in through the half-open windows, white, clean curtains, a trace of cologne water aroma and, on the table, an apple. But the room was empty.

"With a feeling half of disappointment, half of relief, I stepped in. I softened my steps, walking on tiptoe, as we did whenever father was asleep or lying down on account of headache. And as soon as I became aware of my tiptoeing my heart began to beat fast, and the painful pressure on my chest, and the tightness in the throat, seized me with renewed strength. Fearsome and sly I kept on, step by step, no longer an innocent visitor or suppliant, but a sneak. I had already stolen into father's two-room apartment during his absence a number of times, to eavesdrop, or investigate, and twice I carried away little things.

"This thought struck me with overwhelming force, and at once I seemed to know: misfortune was now at hand, something was

going to happen, I was going to do something forbidden, something evil. No intention of running away! To be sure, I did think of it, I thought keenly, anxiously of running down the steps and back to my room, or into the garden—but I felt I would not do it,—I knew I could not. Inwardly I wished father might stir in the next room and come in to break the terrible spell that drew me on. Oh, if he only came! If he came to scold me, if need be, but if he only came, before it was too late!

"I cleared my throat to betray my presence, and, receiving no answer, I called out, lightly: 'Papa!' Everything was quiet; the many books on the wall were silent, a window pane, moved by the wind, threw a hasty sun spot across the floor. Nobody came in to save me; and, left to myself, I did not feel free to act otherwise than as led on by the demon. The feeling of being a criminal knotted my stomach and made my finger tips grow cold; my heart fluttered with dread. I had no idea, as yet, what I was about to do. I only knew it would be something evil.

"I was now at the writing table; I picked up a book and read an English title, which I did not understand. English I despised, —that was the language father spoke with mother when he did not want us to understand and also when they quarrelled. There were all sorts of things in a cup,—toothpicks, steel pens, pins. I took a couple of the steel pens and dropped them in my pocket, God knows why; I did not need them; I was by no means short of pens. I did it only in obedience to that impulse that held me vise-like in its grip so that I felt I was suffocating,—the impulse to do wrong, to damage myself, to load myself with guilt. I glanced through father's papers, and saw the beginning of a letter in which I read the words: 'We and our children, thank God, are very well,' and the rounded letters in his handwriting stared at me like eyes.

"Then, carefully, stealthily, I crept into the sleeping room. Father's iron field cot stood there, his brown house slippers underneath, a handkerchief on the table. I breathed the paternal air in that cool, cheerful room and father's image stood clearly before me, while respect and mutiny filled my heavy heart. For a few moments I hated him; and I recalled with malicious joy his bad temper when, prostrated with headaches, he would be lying down on his low cot, a wet compress over the forehead, at times sighing. I could see plainly that he, too, did not find life's path uniformly rosy, that even he, the mighty, was not unfamiliar with fear and regrets. My momentary twinge of hatred gone,

pity and compassion rose into its place. But meanwhile I had opened one of the drawers in the dresser. The laundry was laid out orderly, there was also a bottle of Cologne water of which he was very fond; I wanted to smell of it, but the bottle was as yet uncorked and the cork stuck tightly, so I put the bottle back in its place. Nearby I found a little round box with pastilles, which smelled of licorice, and I stuck a few of them in my mouth. I was disappointed and to a certain extent disenchanted, but at the same time I was glad that I found nothing more.

"I was about to give up and leave; I playfully opened another drawer, which felt not quite so heavy, even while I was thinking to put the couple of steel pens back in their place. Perhaps it was not too late to turn back and repent; perhaps I could still make good my mistake and save myself. Perhaps God's hand was, after all, stronger with me than the temptation. . . .

"But I glanced quickly through the slit in the partly opened drawer. Ah! had there been only stockings, or shirts, or old papers in that drawer. But temptation lurked there; in a twinkling the pressure that had hardly left my chest and my anxiety were back again; my hand fluttered and my heart galloped madly. In a woven basket of Indian or some other exotic pattern I saw there something extraordinarily inviting, tempting,—a whole garland of white candied figs!

"I hefted the garland of dried figs; it was tremendously heavy. Then I took two, three of the figs, tasted them, and put some more figs in my pocket. So, then, the dread and the adventure were not in vain, after all. No salvation, no peace, was any longer possible for me; at least I was not going away empty-handed. I took two or three more figs off the strand, which still seemed as heavy as ever, and again some more, and when my pockets were full and there were less than half of them left on the garland, I rearranged the figs on the string loosely so as to give it a fuller appearance. Then with sudden sheer fright I slammed the drawer back in place and ran through the two rooms, down the little stairway and into my room, where I stopped still, leaning on my little desk; my knees shook from weakness and I was struggling for breath.

The mischief was done. The theft in itself was trivial, senseless. It was carried out for the mere pleasure of stealing. Reaction does not fail to set in. The forbidden pleasure is followed by disgust; he sobers up, washes his hands, and

comes to the table a prey to remorse, the taste of figs still in his mouth. He wonders whether he has covered up his tracks upstairs!

"Now the torture was on in earnest. Gladly would I have had my hands chopped off, only to know that the figs were back in their place. I resolved to throw them away, or take them to school to give them away there. I wanted them out of the way, out of my sight.

" 'You don't look well to-day,' said my father across the table. I lowered my eyes over my plate as I felt his glance searching my face. Now he knows it. He notices everything, always. Why does he begin to torture me so soon? He may as well lead me off at once and give me the thrashing that is coming to me, so far as I care.

" 'Is something the matter with you?' I hear his voice again.

I lied; I said I had headaches.

" 'You must rest a little after dinner,' said he. 'How many school exercises have you this afternoon?'

" 'Only gymnastics.'

" 'Well, gymnastics won't hurt you. But perhaps I am a little strict. It will pass.'

"I glanced sideways. Mother said nothing but I knew she was looking at me. I forced down my soup, fought my way through with the meat and the vegetables, and asked twice for water. Nothing further happened. I was left alone. At the end, when father gave the blessing, 'Lord, we thank thee, for Thou art merciful and Thy mercy lasteth forevermore,' the simple, holy, trusting words cut like acid as did the presence of those who sat at the table; my folded hands were a lie, my humble demeanor blasphemy.

"When I got up, mother stroked back my hair and passed her hand over my brow to find out whether I had fever. How bitter all that was to me!

"Back in my room I stood still in front of my book rack. The morning did not deceive me, all the signs came true. It was an unfortunate day, the most miserable day I had ever gone through. Worse no man could stand. If anything worse came into one's life, there was nothing left but suicide. One must take poison, that would be best, or hanging oneself might be right. It were better to die than live on. Everything is so false and so bad, anyway. Absorbed in thought I thus stood still while I took the

stolen figs from my pockets, absent-mindedly munching them, one after another, without being aware of what I was doing.

"Our little savings box fell under my eye; it was standing on one end of the rack, under the books. It was a plain cigar box, which I nailed more securely; in the cover I made a slit with my pocket knife, for the coins to be dropped in. The hole was rough and uneven, there were many splinters on its edges. Even that much I could not do well. I had comrades who made up such a box with great patience and care so that it looked as if it had gone through a planing mill. But I always rushed through everything and never did a thing right. As with my woodwork, so with my handwriting, and with my drawings, and with my butterfly collection, and with everything. I was hopeless. And now, here I was, and I had again stolen, more boldly than ever. The steel pens were still in my pocket. What for? Why did I take them—had to take them? Why did one do things without wanting?

"In the cigar box there rattled a single coin—the one Oscar Weber had dropped in. Nothing had been added since. That savings box idea was also one of my undertakings. It was no use; everything went wrong; I got stuck at the beginning in whatever I undertook. To the devil with the foolish box! I don't want to have anything to do with it any more.

"The time between the noon meal and the beginning of the afternoon school period in such days as this hung heavy and was always hard for me to pass away. On good days, on days when peace, wisdom, and loveliness prevailed, it was an enjoyable period and I looked forward to it; either I read some Indian story in my room or I ran immediately after lunch back to school where I always found a number of my fun-loving comrades and we played, shouting and amusing ourselves to our heart's content until the bell rang and called us back to the almost forgotten realm of reality. But on days like this,—with whom could I play, and how was I to stifle the devils in my breast? I saw disaster coming, if not to-day, another time, perhaps soon. My fate was bound to overtake me in full. Only a little more, a tiny little more of this dread, and suffering, and hopelessness, and it will be too much; then,—the end of everything! One day, perhaps some such day as this, I will go to the devil altogether, through spite and anger; on account of the unbearable, senseless character of this life, I will yet do something terrible, something decisive, final; something that shall put an end to all this dread,

and all this torture, once for all. I was uncertain as to what that would be: but on a number of previous occasions there had flitted already through my mind various fantasies and pictures, fancies of crimes through which I was to avenge myself against the whole world and at the same time destroy myself. Sometimes I had fancies of burning up our house; tremendous flames shot out in the night's gloom, houses and streets were caught in the conflagration, the whole town blazed gigantically against the dark sky. At other times the crime on which my fantasy dwelt was a dark deed of revenge against father, murder, cruel slaying. As for myself, I shall behave like that criminal. . . ."

He had once watched a criminal who was led, handcuffed, to the Court, followed by a throng. The man, with his courageous, defiant and self-conscious demeanor, had made a tremendous impression on the boy. He, too, wanted to walk calmly to the scaffold and, like that criminal, gaze down upon the multitude with scornful silence.

"And when I am executed, and dead, and standing before Him in heaven, I shall by no means bow or humble myself. Oh, no, even though all the angels surround Him and even though He be the embodiment of all that is holy and majestic. Let Him damn me, let Him throw me into the ever-burning pit. I shall not apologize, I shall not humble myself, I shall neither ask Him for forgiveness, nor repent. Should He question me: Have you done thus and so, my answer would be: Indeed, I have, and I have done worse than that, too, and, what is more, it was right that I did all these things while I had a chance, and if I could, I would do them over and over. I have slain and I have burned down homes, because it pleased me to do these things and because I wanted to scorn and anger Thee. Yes, for I hate Thee, I now spit at Thy feet, oh, God! It has pleased Thee to torture me. Thou hast set adults over us, children, to make a mess of our life."

The painful tension must end. It becomes unbearable. As with Keller, the episode ends in a rough-and-tumble street fight. The evil friend must pay the score. The roused aggressiveness seeks an objective and seizes upon the nearest person available; in that connection vague sexual excitation and antagonism are fused together.

The significance of fighting as a source of sexual pleasure is hardly appreciated by our child psychologists. One may get an inkling of it watching little boys scuffle with servant girls or with their sisters, jumping on them, embracing them, etc. In the analysis of a homosexual I have found that the rough and tumble playing was a source of sexual pleasure. It furnished the subject the only opportunity of coming into close contact with a male body. The (intended) sexual aggression turns into an apparently asexual play. Love becomes transmuted into animosity. On such occasions the whole dammed-up hatred and the inhibited impulsive energy are released. Rough-and-tumble fighting is an impulsive act. Assaulters are usually homosexuals, who are continually bent on reasserting their manliness; at the same time they deliberately seek the opportunity of clashing with bodies of their own sex. Boys show this tendency much more clearly. Whenever they love one another they are certain to break out in a fight which also tests out their mutual physical relationship.

"As we came near Metzger street in our rough-and-tumble fighting, a couple of persons stopped to watch us. We pummelled each other in the abdomen and in the face and kicked at one another with our heels. For the nonce I forgot everything; I was in the right,—no longer a criminal,—the joy of battle intoxicated me, and, though Weber was the stronger, I was swifter, more careful, more agile and keener. We became enraged and struck at each other with fury. When he tore open my shirt collar with a desperate tug, I felt in my ardor a stream of cool air wafting across my heated skin.

"While we fought, striking, tearing, kicking, circling and strangling, we kept up our verbal combat at the same time, trying to insult, or even annihilate, one another with words that grew more expressive, more foolish and venomous, more far-fetched and fantastic, the longer we kept it up. In that too I was the more vicious, the more venomous, the more skillful of the two. If he called out 'dog,' I retorted with 'mad dog.' If he called me 'scoundrel,' I called him 'Satan.' We were bleeding without feeling any wound and at the same time we dealt out imprecations and curses, and each of us called for knives to stick into the

other's ribs; we cursed one another's name, ancestry, and father." [8]

The end of the episode, its solution and the artistic sublimation of this experience should be read in the original. I know no other book that portrays in so skilful a manner the roots of cleptomania.

Let us summarize our conclusions. The child exhibits an irresistible instinct of pugnacity (*Bemächtigungstrieb*). It regards the world and all it contains as his possession. He is rebellious that others should have more than he. He perceives his weakness as a humiliation and rebels against the oppression by a "manly" deed, thus proving to himself that he is a whole man [9] (Adler's male protest). The vague predisposition to homosexuality, the attraction felt towards a friend, the interest in the father, or in the teacher, turns into hatred. The subject assumes an attitude of open rebellion against all authority and scorns every commandment as an encroachment. Disobedience heightens his self-regard. Punishments or harsh words only strengthen the child's contrariness, a feeling-attitude which may be corrected only through love and proper educational insight.

The vague sexual urge leads to an overt act. The sexual impulse craves the proof that the subject is actually grown up and no longer a child. The criminal act is always carried out in a state of high excitation, being associated with an emotional tension during which the logical processes of the mind are in abeyance and the usual inhibitions no longer in force. The stolen articles are often secondary. The impulsive act and not the stolen article is the true objective. Incidentally the stolen object heightens the sense of gratification. The money is spent on trifles which increase the self-regarding sentiment. In the case of Hesse it was a pistol. The symbolism of the stolen object is the theme of our next chapter.

VI

THE SEXUAL ROOTS OF CLEPTOMANIA

> Perhaps every pleasure whatsoever has its deepest roots in the robbing of our fellow man, regardless whether one robs him of his *pucelage*, his *réputation sociale*, his property, his life or anything else. For the sense of gratification lends to self its deepest coloring. And the self does not tolerate another's possessions.
>
> MARQUIS DE SADE.

We have seen that the inclination to steal is very strong in the child and we assume that a remnant of this inclination lies dormant in every human being. Civilization, through training, and partly by threats of punishment, endeavors to check the cleptomaniac tendency, eventually sublimating it. What determines whether an individual should develop his cleptomaniacal tendency further and become a thief or whether he wholly overcomes that tendency or—to take the third possibility into account—gives expression to that tendency in a parapathiac state of mind?

The motive for stealing in the case of the habitual thief is the acquisition of money by the shortest path and without labor. There are but three ways of acquiring material possessions: by inheritance, as a free gift, or by earning it through some socially useful labor. The thief avoids labor. According to my professional observations this avoidance of work in itself is a morbid propensity and it is due largely to the inclination to indulge unduly in day dreaming. Unfortunately I have no analytic experience with habitual thiefs of the criminal type. But I assume that every criminal, except victims of degeneracy or of psychopathic inferiority, is an educational problem and a product of parapathy. Future research will bring this out more clearly.

The act of stealing brings no joy to the thief. The stolen object does. The joy engendered by the deed stands in direct relationship to the value of the stolen article. The cleptomaniac, on the other hand, steals for the sake of stealing.

He craves the excitation of carrying out the outlawed deed.

The thief proceeds with calm deliberation. He weighs the chances, appraises the possible gain, and may ruminate over the plan for months before proceeding to the deed. The true thief cannot afford to be emotional. He needs to be quiet, careful. He must remain cool.

The cleptomaniac at work is in the midst of an emotional spree. He is in a peculiar dreamy state of mind, not unlike sleep walking. He is restless, tortured by feelings of anxiety, he feels that something is about to happen as Hesse so clearly expressed it, he needs an explosion (Gross), he must get rid of that emotional tension by doing something. He stands either under the influence of an impulse which holds momentary sway over him or of a continuous impulse of the same character. The cleptomaniac's theft is an impulsive deed; the thief's action is also instinct-behaviour but it stands under the control of the intellect. In the cleptomaniac's case the intellect is overshadowed, in the case of the thief the intellect stands in the service of the instinctive propensity. The cleptomaniac, too, may figure out the chances of success in advance, he may sometimes proceed with great deliberation. But the act is always carried out in a dreamy state of mind which precludes any judgment. He resembles the typical alcoholic, or perhaps one under slight influence of drink. Some measure of judgment is possible, but it is shadowy, inhibited. The emotional agitation (*Affektrausch*) amounts to an intoxication. The higher intellectual processes are suspended altogether, or reduced to a minimum, while the emotion is supreme. The consequences and disadvantages, the danger and possible unpleasantnesses, are not considered. The world with its proscriptions, its laws and punishments, sinks beyond the pale of consciousness and the wish or craving to act out the overpowering, overwhelming, solitary impulse alone holds sway.

The cleptomaniac, like the child, shows a heightened affectivity and predisposition to impulsive acts.

Only through a knowledge of the mental life of the child can we understand cleptomania. I shall not pass any judgment upon the relevance of the theory of monomania, espe-

cially since, as we shall see later, there are no isolated monomanias. But there can be no doubt that certain impulsive acts seem to center always around the same aim. There are habitual fighters, there is dipsomania, pyromania, cleptomania, to mention but a few of the best known forms of impulsive behaviour. (The impulsive acts of sexual character, *i.e.,* the compulsions plainly sexual, I pass over for the present.) But it is an open question whether any impulsive acts are other than sexual. I mean that in every instance a connection with sexuality is traceable. Many of the older writers, belonging to the pre-analytic period, have pointed out that women yield to the cleptomaniac tendency mostly during the menstrual period, or while pregnant. August Wimmer (*De la cleptomanie au point de vue med. leg.,* Anales de Psych. No. 3, 1921), regards cleptomania a pregnancy "pic," likewise Weinberg. We know that the female organism is sexualized during menstruation as well as during pregnancy. In that state the sexual impulse may be yielded to more readily. Wagner-Jauregg (*loc. cit.*) also emphasizes that among women cleptomania breaks out more frequently at the time of menstruation and during the gravid state. Laqueur, who is chiefly concerned with the store cleptomaniacs, also points out the organic background of the tendency, and in many cases he considers it an actual sexual toxicosis. He arrives at the following conclusions:

1. Store thefts are very common, and the evil deserves public attention inasmuch as children, sometimes on their own initiative and again at the instigation of adults, are also among the offenders.

2. It is the duty of the police authorities to watch carefully and protect the stores against these offenders; the open display of goods without any compulsion to buy is a strong temptation for persons of weak will. This custom should be restricted so far as possible.

3. Whether the lack of self-control, displayed especially by women in the presence of tempting goods, is morbid, *i.e.,* a compulsion which limits or cancels the subject responsibility, is for the medical expert to determine. It may be due to mental disorder, inborn or acquired feeble-mindedness, in-

cipient paresis, epilepsy, degeneration, advanced hysteria, or neurasthenia. Relatively healthy-minded women may pass through occasional periods of giddiness during menstruation, in the course of pregnancy or at the climacteric (change of life) when they may commit thefts, and such acts must be considered morbid.

4. It is for physicians to determine accurately whether in the case of subjects suffering from slight neurasthenia or hysteria, previously healthy, who trespass against property the offence is slight, or whether complex motives rooted more deeply in their character and in the environment are responsible for their thefts, which are usually carried out with considerable deliberation. (*Der Warenhausdiebstahl.* Karl Marbold, Halle a. S., 1907.)

Duboisson [1] has devoted a monograph to an accurate description of this form of store cleptomania. According to his account the theft is carried out in a state of abstraction, an important fact in the psychology of all impulsive acts. The following is a case:

Case 32. Miss H. . . . declares that her trouble dates back to her 15th year. Following a terrible disappointment (her mother refused consent for her to marry a certain young man) her health, theretofore fairly satisfactory, was thoroughly shattered. Her menstrual flow, she was in the midst of her catamenial period, suddenly stopped and did not return for months; an eczematous outbreak also appeared on her skin; she began to suffer from headaches and thereafter the headaches accompanied her menstrual flow regularly.

Four years ago—on the occasion of another unpleasant family affair—the headaches, chief concern and chief worry of her life, returned not only with each menstruation but in the intervals as well, and became gradually more intense as well as more frequent. The headaches came on suddenly; the pain began at the back of the head and spread over the temples. The headache was very severe from the beginning and brought the patient to such a state of depression that she was aware of nothing but her trouble and was apathetic towards her surroundings. In that state of mind she was unable to gather her thoughts enough to settle down to do the least work, much less to read or write. At the height of

her paroxysms of pain she was entirely absent-minded and knew neither what she was saying nor what she was doing. These crises—for they are veritable crises—usually last several days and then little by little disappear altogether.

Although I did not have the opportunity of witnessing the symptoms and sufferings described by Miss H., I do not doubt their genuineness for a moment. In the first place nothing is more genuine than the picture that she describes of these sufferings, which so many women endure and many others have endured before her, and have described in similar words; moreover, there are reasons why her trouble should be genuine.

Miss H., in fact, is one of those susceptible persons who break down on encountering the least moral difficulty in their path. She is not without a certain hereditary predisposition; her mother died of brain stroke, her father is a nervous man, subject to fits of anger and violence. She herself was nervous and excitable from her earliest childhood; at ten years of age she went through typhus, and that left her more irritable than ever. Besides that, she matured very early (at 12 years), and her passing through adolescence was not without its difficulties. I could not be surprised in the least, therefore, at the neurotic state into which she emerged as the result of the moral shock caused by the breaking up of her marriage plans.

Since then she is a patient—suffering physically as well as morally. We have learned something about the character of her headaches, but these spells are but a prominent feature of her trouble. In addition to these crises she always complains of one trouble or another; if it is not her back, it is her stomach, if it is not her stomach, it is her joints. Her appetite is also gone; and no drug, no dietary prescription, is able to overcome the habitual loss of her appetite; she suffers also from an equally stubborn sleeplessness. If she does occasionally fall asleep, her sleep is restless, disturbed by strange dreams and extraordinarily painful emotions. She imagines that she is falling into an abyss, or that she must exert tremendous efforts to get over some stumblingblock. She lost considerable weight during the past few years.

Such is the appearance of the woman who was caught last June in a department store (the Louvre, at Paris) with various stolen articles in her possession, including a roll of silk, a piece of embroidery, gloves, etc.

Miss H. explained that she came to Paris last June to consult Dr. N., whom she had already previously consulted a number of times on account of her state of health. According to her pressing assertion, she suffered at the time such severe headaches that her thoughts seemed to turn into chaos, as she herself expressed it. For ten days she had not left her hotel room, because she did not feel capable of taking a step, and during that time she hardly took any nourishment (one egg and a bit of tapioca soup daily). On this meager diet she lost ground fast, and finally, at her physician's advice, she tried to go out a little. On her first venture out of doors she had no luck; on her way she suddenly felt ill and found it necessary to take refuge in a drugstore. Several days passed after that. The time approached when she had to go back to Clermont, where her father was already expecting her return; before going back she wanted to attend to a few errands. Therefore, on the 17th of June, she went to the Louvre; there she first selected a few articles and paid for them; but she tarried for a time in the store and "her head began to whirl." Then she tried to leave; while passing through the last aisle in the store she was no longer aware of what she was doing and in that state she took the embroidery and the silk found in her possession.

The accused woman maintains that she came to herself only after she had gone into the open air, and only then did she realize what she had done. Her first thought was to return the stolen articles to their place, but she did not dare do so.

How, then, did it happen that four days later, on the 21st of June, she again went to that store? She herself recognizes that this second visit to the store was an imprudent act on her part. After knowing to what action her state of physical and mental paralysis had led her, she should have refrained, of course, from going there again. But she had not completed her shopping and the day of her departure was drawing nigh. Moreover, the occurrence four days previously, she felt, had put her on her guard, and she thought she could exercise proper self-control.

Besides, she thought she had grown somewhat stronger and she figured that if she went to the store early, before the big crowds came along, she would not run the risk of losing her senses as she did last time. So she went to the Louvre around ten o'clock and attended to her shopping. But this time she again felt her mind swaying, and when she resolved to leave the store it was too late. She already lacked the power to withstand the cravings which were stirring within her. "At that moment," she declares, "I felt myself oppressed as by a nightmare. My brain whirled, so to speak, without order, and my thoughts were in a turmoil, so that I was unable to make them out. I had lost the sense of reality, I knew no longer where I was, I felt a terrible dread, and drops of perspiration broke out over my forehead."

A superficial analysis of this case—psychoanalysis, of course, is out of the question—impresses us, first of all, with the fact that Miss H. committed the theft while away from home. We know what a journey to Paris, the city of endless possibilities, the modern Babel, means to a provincial Frenchwoman.[2] She made the journey, obviously, with the secret aim or fantasy of meeting Romance. The headaches are already a sign of severe repression. She does not want to know the real motive that drove her to Paris. She is unmarried, and probably lacks gratification. She is perhaps *virgo intacta.* A marriage project holds out for her the promise of gratifying her cravings through conjugal life. But the project fails and that inaugurates her neuropathic condition (headaches). She lives in a dream world. In that state of mind she enters the store. She herself admits that her thoughts were a blank. She is driven by an impulse. But she is unable to understand the nature of the impulse driving her. That leads to a switching of the impulse and—the theft is committed. Her dreams are significant. She falls into a deep abyss (falls into sin), she has to overcome tremendous difficulties (the inhibitions of morality, fear of consequences, etc.), possible nausea. (She has no appetite and has lost weight.)

Such transposition of the impulses and symbolization of real life is possible only during dreamy and allied states of consciousness.

Another patient under Duboisson's care committed the thefts while in an epileptic state of abstraction (psycholepsy). Formerly these dreamy states of abstraction were considered equivalents of epilepsy. But the percentage of epileptics among the cleptomaniacs is markedly small; so insignificant, in fact, that it may be overlooked.

Among the victims of mental abstraction, Leppmann finds many maniacs and hypomaniacs, degenerates, juvenile psychopaths, as well as hystericals and epileptics, the latter during their dreamy phase or in the excited state. But he found only one case apparently belonging to the last category, a 32-year-old woman, the wife of a clerk who probably came from an epileptic mother and suffered regularly at the menstrual period from fainting spells during which she lost consciousness and bit her tongue and cheeks. After the spells she was restless, excitable, very active and coarse in her attitude towards her environment. She remembers nothing of these episodes, and does not recall an attempt at suicide she made once while in that excited state. The spell lasts two or three days; it is followed by a marked fatigue, requiring rest in bed. During her excitation in the midst of one of these episodes she took a few articles of trivial value from a store. She was willing to confess; she showed signs of beginning Basedow's disease; intelligence clear, no moral defects, memory well preserved regarding the details of her act. On Leppmann's expert testimony she was discharged.

Leppmann, like Duboisson, has found that the store cleptomaniacs are not always innately pathological subjects inclined to this impulse alone, but that they often belong to another category of women. Usually they are female neurasthenics around the age of 30, suffering from chronic nervous exhaustion, women who have gone through many pregnancies, or diseases, and who are anemic and who suffer from pressure over the head, congestions and other vaso-motor disturbances, tremor of the limbs, palpitation, etc. They manifest depressions, irritability and absent-mindedness, dislike of work. All give the same excuse: "In the crowd, in the midst of the glittering lights, they lost their head and did not quite know what they were doing."

Leppmann assumes that the stigmata of nervous exhaustion have a decisive influence upon the behaviour of such subjects; their exhaustion renders their inhibitions against store temptations too weak, and may be responsible for sudden, irrepressible acts.

Mendel tries to prove that most of his store cleptomaniacs were imbeciles, paralytics or epileptics, an assumption that is not at all corroborated by my professional experience.

Before going more deeply into the psychology of cleptomania I want to place here on record my earlier experiences. I have already indicated them in the *Zeitschrift f. Sexualwissenschaft* (Oct., 1910) with a short contribution entitled, *The Sexual Roots of Cleptomania.* First I reproduce the essay slightly enlarged but otherwise unchanged.

The problem of cleptomania has already given physicians a great deal of concern. Of course in many cases the determination: theft or cleptomania, crime or disease, is rather difficult. The diagnosis of cleptomania was made whenever a motive for the deed was lacking and an irresistible compulsion could be traced.

It was particularly striking that wealthy women, or at least women in comfortable circumstances, were found guilty of stealing from the large department stores. Only recently Duboisson has described extensively this form of monomania as "magasinitis." Previously Bontemps (*Du vol dans les grands magasins,* Lyon), Lasegue (*Le vol aux étalages*) and Letulle (*Voleuses honêttes,* Gaz. med. de Paris, 1887, No. 90), recorded a series of interesting cases, nearly all disclosing practically the same mental mechanism. The women confess having been impelled by an irresistible compulsion to appropriate the first article on which they could lay their hands. Subsequently some of them display complete amnesia (lack of awareness) for the deed; others are tremendously ashamed and regret the act; many of them do not touch the stolen object afterwards.

Very interesting is the choice of articles. These are mostly trivial: a piece of embroidery, gloves, a memorandum booklet,

pencils, etc. Some cases disclose a certain superficial motivation. A well-to-do woman whose child is ill steals a doll. That may be a little more intelligible than the Countess who stole lace (Letulle). Here is what she declares: *"Il m'est impossible de dire ce qui s'est passé en moi; la tentation a été plus forte que moi. Je ne sais pas ce qui s'est produit. Mais je pris cet objet et je l'ai caché."* ["I am unable to explain what was going on within me; the temptation was stronger than I. How it happened I do not know. But I took and hid that article."]

Many women steal toys for children, especially dolls, a fact on which we shall dwell later. The larceny of such children's toys as dolls clearly discloses an infantile trait. I must also emphasize again that all these larcenies are committed during a state of mental abstraction. For the time all distinction between fantasy and reality disappears from the field of awareness. The cleptomaniac women are addicted to day-dreaming. Children yield most readily to the temptation.

It is the temptation to commit a sin. *As some of my analyses have shown, all these cleptomaniac deeds are traceable to ungratified sexuality.* These women struggle with the temptation. They are continually at war with their cravings. They yearn for their "adequate form of gratification"; they are often in search of a childhood impression which they desire to live over again. They are ready to indulge in what is forbidden. But they lack the power. The larceny is a symbolic act for them. It is always a matter of doing something forbidden, of taking something that does not belong to them. Even the stolen articles have their hidden symbolic meaning, as we know well through our dream analyses. The countess, for instance, steals a symbolic *Spitze*, a pencil, or a cigarette holder, *i.e.*, a penis. In other cases the article stolen is something shiny—an ornament—such as children usually like to wear.

This discovery of the sexual roots of cleptomania I was on the point of announcing elsewhere when Freud called my attention to Otto Gross's excellent work, *Das Freud'sche*

Ideogenitätsmoment und seine Bedeutung im manisch-depressiven Irresein Kraepelins (Leipzig, F. C. Vogel, 1907).

That work contains a very careful analysis of a case of cleptomania, the subject being a sufferer from manic depressive insanity.

Case 33. The patient is a young girl belonging to a healthy family; her hereditary history is negative; at seven years of age she met with a head injury, later she developed fainting spells and periodic depressions, alternating with periods of excitation. Subsequently she was tortured by tremendous cleptomaniac compulsions: "In that state I could not let a thing *lie in its place.* I felt an irrational craving to *steal anything.* No particular object attracted me; I was tempted to steal anything; I had no peace until I would take it."

For the past four years the woman has maintained relations with an impotent man ("she could not let a thing lie"). When he finally achieved potency and she became pregnant, her cleptomaniac impulses cleared away. (It was no longer necessary for her to take *etwas "Fremdes"*—something "not her own"). Some of her confessor's questions had particularly roused her; he asked her, for example, whether she herself took the male membrum in hand to guide its insertion, and similar questions.

She stole very many articles of various kinds: stockings, furs, gloves, pocket books, arm bands, ring, umbrella, etc. Any one familiar with psychoanalysis recognizes at a glance that these articles have a high emotional value as symbols. Pocket books, ring, arm band, furs, stockings, gloves, are articles having in common the feature that something is stuck into them. The umbrella is a universal penis symbol because opening the umbrella is a reminder of erection.

In the course of his psychoanalysis of this case Gross at once recognized the sexual basis of the cleptomania. The patient craved to "do something forbidden" or, expressing the matter more plainly, "secretly take hold of something." (In this connection, compare the question, during the confessional, whether she "took hold of the penis.") Gross relevantly observes that the source of the cleptomania stands plainly revealed: "secretly to take hold of something," is a motive common to both,—the sexual wish and the tendency to steal;

this associative connection is responsible for the shifting of the affect-energy from the sexual motive, which consciousness cannot tolerate at all, to the act of stealing which, in thought at least is, characteristically enough, more easily tolerated. Once this shifting of the affect becomes contextually fixed the tendency to steal persists as the "symbol" for the craving after sexual gratification and eventually it assumes the whole affective value, absorbing the whole impulse energy which belongs to sexuality. And this displaced affect determines the morbid compulsion.

In his profound study, *On Psychopathic Inferiority*,[3] Gross again reverts to cleptomania. Therein he states:

"Let us choose the most common and most typical form of cleptomania, the store larcenies committed by women of the better class and which are characterized by the fact that the ordinary motives for larceny are either absent or wholly disproportionate to the risk incurred; furthermore the deeds are committed usually under the control of an irresistible impulse which asserts itself more or less suddenly and is accompanied by a certain change in the state of consciousness. We shall attempt to explain this peculiar impulse in the terms of Freud's researches. The impulse involves a definite content and we may arrive at that by reducing the content of the morbid impulse down to its abstract, universal terms. The fundamental motive may be formulated, approximately, as follows: *'taking secretly something forbidden.'* As a matter of fact, this broad motive plays a tremendous rôle in the soul of woman, especially of the woman belonging to the better classes,—not, of course, with regard to property, but in the realm of the erotic. It is in that connection that the pathogenic mechanism begins to operate. . . ."

Gross overlooks entirely the infantile root of this disorder. I, too, had overlooked it in my first essay on the subject.[4] Also the relationship between the dreamy state and the instinctive reaction was not brought out, and the character of cleptomania as a form of sexual infantilism remained unrecognized.

Now we are in a position to give a more succinct account

of the mental process involved. The act stands for a "repressed" sexual wish expressed in the form of a symbol, or of a symbolic deed. Every compulsion upon the psychic realm originates in repression.

The relationship between larceny and abnormal sexual life has already been pointed out by earlier observers. The fact pressed itself to their attention. Larcenies on account of fetichistic motives have been described very frequently. Zippe (Wiener Med. Wochenschrift, 1879, No. 23) reports the case of a baker's apprentice who masturbated excessively since his 19th year, and who was in the habit of stealing handkerchiefs. Between 80 and 90 handkerchiefs were found in his possession. The symbolic significance of this was probably the fact that the handkerchief was kept in the pocket and used for wiping off the seminal fluid.

Krafft-Ebing, in his *Psychopathia Sexualis* (13th edition), gives a whole series of pertinent cases. It makes a strange collection: a workman who, since his 14th year, steals *shoes* (obs. 79); a shoemaker who steals night-caps, garters, and women's underwear (obs. 108); a man stealing aprons, his dreams largely preoccupied with aprons (obs. 111); a merchant who steals leather gloves (obs. 127); a day laborer who stole nearly 100 ladies' handkerchiefs (obs. 235); also a servant addicted to the same habit (obs. 236).

Such larcenies disclose their sexual etiology on the surface. The stolen article has its value as a sexual fetich, which is nothing else than a sexual symbol, fixed through some special circumstances. Kersten (Arch. f. Kriminal-Anthropol., 1906, Vol. XXV) gives the clinical history of a workman (quarryman) who stole a woman's dress and after putting it on had intercourse with his wife. He was unable to have intercourse unless he first put on a petticoat.[5]

But women sometimes display another, an opposite determinant. They often put aside the stolen article and do not dare touch it. Ladame has reported such a case (*Observations de soi-disant Cleptomanie d'un Cas d'une Psychasthenique,* Korrespondenzbl. f. Schweizer Aerzte, 1902, p. 102). A castrated woman, a widow, suffered from anxiety neurosis (feeling of exhaustion, sleeplessness, etc.). Great dread, just

before committing a larceny, followed each time by tremendous regrets. She did not dare touch the stolen objects afterwards. She acted as if it involved the touching of the genitalia.

I now place on record a few original observations of genuine cleptomania. These are not true fetichists, but parapathiacs carrying out a symbolic (forbidden) act merely on account of their ungratified sexuality.

Case 34. A woman, æt. 45, in the climacteric, very attractive and well preserved, chaperones her four daughters to a ball. Just before leaving the house she meets with an unpleasant accident. Her husband absent-mindedly burned a hole in her petticoat with his cigar. She scolds him for it.

She then goes to the ball and there, around midnight, a woman accuses her of stealing a costly embroidered wrap. She claims she found the wrap; but a few witnesses deny that. The matter is peacefully adjusted.[6]

Shortly after this incident she lapses into a severe depression during which her mind is seriously tortured by a certain reproach. The reason for the reproach she explains as follows: "I feel badly because I did not give my daughter away in marriage long before this time. The apparent justification for this self-reproach lies in the fact that four years previously her youngest daughter had a chance to marry a very wealthy man; but the mother refused to grant her consent on the ground that the girl was too young.

Thus far everything seemed logical enough. But back of the self-reproach there lurked another motive which was brought plainly to light only through the analysis. Her husband has been completely impotent for the past ten years. She has always been a passionate woman and very receptive. She did not lack admirers but did not have the courage to sin. She is very pious and regards marriage as sacred.

On the day when she committed the larceny she had been under tremendous sexual excitement, as usual, when menstruating. The lit cigar which burned a hole in her dress reminded her of the times when her husband was still young and fiery. (*Cp.* Krafft-Ebing, Obs. 35: a merchant, 29 years of age, who induced orgasm in himself by burning with the tip of his cigarette the clothes of the women who passed by.)

She manifested considerable resistance against the analysis. In such cases I resort to the device fully described in my work, *Nervous Anxiety States and Their Treatment.*[7] I ask her to react by giving me the first words that happen to come to her mind.

She gives the following words: *"Cigar—candle—candy store—rebirth—bootjack—street car—stone—lamp—flowers—box—violin—artist."*

Next I request her to form a sentence around each of these words. The following sentences are formed and I append to each the psychologic interpretation, leaving out the intermediary material (as too detailed).

The cigar is out. Her husband's impotence.

The candle is burnt out. Ibid.

In the candy store one buys sweets: she is fond of delicacies, and would gladly secure forbidden sexual enjoyments. *Geschäft,* store, symbol for vagina.

I should be glad to experience a rebirth: She explains this sentence with the statement that if she were again young she would be wiser this time.[8]

The bootjack is an abominable tool: Her husband uses a bootjack.

I like to ride on the street car (electric); the electric has two compartments: Two husbands, but that would be a crime, for which she might be arrested.

The criminals are sent to Stein: (Stein, a prison near Vienna).

I like to pluck flowers.

No one looks at an "old box."

I like to hear violins.

The player must be an artist.

And now I find out that the last man who had paid particular attention to her was a violinist. This led to a little flirting but she stopped short of any regrettable developments.

Another symptom which arose during her depression deserves particular mention. She thought she was getting poor and became thrifty. That was only in part true. Also, she spoke of starting "a new business," to earn money. This wish, too, has its hidden sexual meaning. She wanted to

exploit her beauty for the purpose of earning money. That is the typical prostitution fantasy, frequently found among parapathiac women. Thus all the symptoms clear up easily through the discovery of the subterranean, suppressed libido trends. The larceny was a crime which met with lesser psychic resistance. It stood for the symbolic representation of falling into sin and at the same time she preserved her sexual purity.[9]

Two factors are significant in this case: at the time of committing the larceny the patient was menstruating; and shortly thereafter she fell into a severe depression. The cleptomaniac act is often preceded by depression, as Janet has already pointed out. Some of Janet's cases will be quoted in our next chapter.

The depression is the reaction to an unfulfillable sexual aim. (*"Die Depression ist die Tugend, die darüber weint, dass sie nicht das Laster ist."*—"Depression is virtue deploring that it is not vice.") We must bear in mind that normal heterosexual longing is not the only determinant leading to cleptomania. In many cases its background is furnished by the fixed sexual ideal, some childhood episode craving to be lived over; in short, it is a matter of *"the adequate sexual gratification"*—a point which I did not sufficiently stress in the first draft of my contribution on this subject. The homosexual tendencies also lead to impulsive acts, and often betray themselves under the form of severe depressions.

Knowledge of sexual symbolism furnishes the key to the understanding of cleptomania, perhaps of all monomanias. Before proceeding with my own cases I want to analyze a few observations which we owe to other investigators.

Case 35. Didier (*Kleptomanie und Hypnotherapie,* Halle a S., 1896) writes about a young man who was a fine, diligent scholar up to his 15th year. Then the boy suddenly grew morose, apathetic, unable to study. (Such change usually takes place whenever the sexual cravings grow irresistible and no outlet is available for them.) The boy committed several larcenies. He had already stolen in his 4th year (the period of the first infantile sexual awakening). He broke open his principal's desk drawer. Complete cure through hypnotherapy. Didier, rele-

vantly enough, traces the cleptomania to a background of hysteria. We owe to Freud the correct understanding of these hysterical manifestations. We know already the relationship of these symptoms to the unconscious mental life. They are hysterical symbolic acts. The breaking open of the drawer was the symbolic representation of a sexual deed.

Case 36. Another observation by Laségue. (*Le vol aux étalages.* Arch. générales de Médecine, 1880). A woman, 25 years of age, goes into a store to buy gloves and an umbrella. She steals a necktie and a bottle of perfume. For a number of years she lived apart from her husband and is abstinent. She shows the typical symptoms of anxiety neurosis with hysterical infusion. She suffers from "sweet fainting" attacks, choking spells, and episodes of dread. Sometimes she has cramps in her throat which are so severe that she is unable to swallow food. She describes her spells as follows: *Ma tête se brouille; j'ai un peu l'esprit, qui n'est pas clair, la tête se charge, le cœur se bat, les idées se confondent; il me reste pendant quelques jours de l'étonnement et de la fatigue, puis tout se remet.*" (My head is burning; my mind is not clear, my head feels heavy, my heart beats fast, my mind is confused; for a few days I am dazed and tired out, then gradually everything recedes.)

Her defence is that she wanted to exchange her umbrella and meanwhile she had gone to look for a ring which she thought she had lost. This is a symbolic representation of the wish to be rid of her husband, who was a rough individual and a drinker, and to buy a new ring, *i.e.,* secure another man (umbrella) for herself. The gloves are a symbolic representation of the condom ("Love glove," its English colloquial name).

Case 37. Mrs. X., 36 years of age, lives almost continually an abstinent existence on account of her husband's frequent absences from home. For the past few years she suffered from curious nightly spells. A deep unrest comes over her, and she grows very excitable. Spells of *pavor nocturnus* (nocturnal frights). She jumps out of bed, opens and shuts the doors, shouts, runs as if pursued,—falls asleep, if at all, only towards morning. For the past two years she suffers from dizziness.

(The meaning of this symptom, and of the shutting of doors, is explained at length in my work, *Nervous Anxiety States and their Treatment* (3rd ed.) She is caught in a store stealing a number of trivial articles, including two *Spitzen* (pieces of embroidery), and a pair of gloves, also a little note book. The booklet [10] distinctly discloses a prostitution trend.

Case 38. A 26-year-old woman, unmarried, and living abstinently, steals some pencils in a store. She is absent-minded, unable to do any work. Her only statement is that her father was too strict with her. This girl was symbolically searching for a phallus (pencil).

Placzek traces the sexual root of cleptomania in the following case:

Case 39. The 29-year-old daughter of a factory owner, with a positive hereditary history, distinguished herself since early childhood by her lively fantasy. She played for hours with the objects that took her fancy. Later, in school, she proves a liar; tells her friends, and writes them, of things that never took place: of Summer resorts, and prominent hotels in which she had never been; of prominent persons whom she had never met; of wonderful dinners, giving most minute details, which were never given. She tells her mother about a wonderful holiday evening she spent with a friend, describing minutely every detail of the occasion, when as a matter of fact she had been at home and alone that evening. Her sister one day received from her condolences on the heroic death of her gallant young man, when she was not even engaged. From a dentist, whom she had engaged at another distant place, her mother received the bills for services rendered to Fräulein von ——, with the correct address. On a journey the daughter makes the acquaintance of Freiherr von O., an army officer, who is apparently interested in her. Shortly thereafter he falls on the battlefield. One day when Miss X. was in B., she tells her mother with great particularity how she was met by the officer's parents and how they entertained her. She tells about the four sons of the family lost in the war, describes how the old man suffered a stroke, so that she was constantly taking care of him, and describes a journey to the son's grave. Afterwards everything she told proves mere fabrication. This talented woman of better standing, and in

comfortable circumstances, goes repeatedly through jewelers' shops under the name of Countess B., steals various articles, sells them, and with the proceeds buys trivial things. These deeds she carries out impulsively, remembers them very well afterwards, but is helpless, knowing only that she "felt like a Countess."

Careful examination disclosed psychopathic degeneration with intellectual and moral defect and serious hysteria developed upon that background. Even the physical stigmata of hysteria are present. And the probable cause of the hysterical transformation? The repression of sexuality, the latter endeavoring to express itself in the various compulsive and instinctive reactions, as a substitute.

This conclusion was surprisingly corroborated when the patient, while awaiting a verdict, shortly after the offence, carried out another, similar larceny. (*Das Geschlechtsleben der Hysterischen,* 2 Auflage, Bonn, 1922, A. Marcus & Webers Verlag, p. 85.)

Most of these cases of cleptomania, like all parapathiacs, show strong homosexual components. This homosexual trait is particularly striking in the following case reported by Dr. Chlumsky (*Vierteljahrsschr. f. gerichtl. Medizin,* 1892, Vol. IV. *Diebstahl bei erworbenem Schwachsinn*).

Case 40. A servant girl, suffering from strong excitation during her menses, sleeps with her mistress in one room. She begs the mistress to allow her to sleep alone in the hall; the room, she claimed, was too warm for her. In the night she fell out of bed twice on account of exciting dreams. From the mistress's wardrobe she stole a *Spieldose* (a music box), and played it clandestinely. (Obvious homosexual wish to play with the woman's genitalia.) Her coats, jackets and blouses she stretched on an unused bed belonging to the mistress. She is forgetful, absentminded, always immersed in day dreams. One night she abstracted the key from under the woman's pillow and opened a drawer. She broke a window pane and told afterwards that a couple of men had been inside and had tried to strangle her.

Case 41. During the last few weeks the newspapers of Vienna related the strange story of a wealthy woman who stole a

number of towels at a bath house and was taken to court. She was caught in the act of hiding one of the towels in her stocking. Other stolen towels were found in searching her home. Each one had a hole where the identification mark should be. The manner and place of hiding the stolen article discloses the sexual etiology of this monomania.

In a similar case I have traced the fact that the woman had gone through an operation for intestinal rupture. (*Geflicktes Loch,* torn hole.)

The following two observations we owe to Dr. Oskar Pfister:[11]

Case 42. A 17-year-old apprentice feels a tremendous compulsion to steal a bicycle tire from the store although he has no bicycle and his theft would be easily traced. After considerable inner struggle he yields to the temptation. He steals the article, plays with it for a while, greatly excited, and then presents it indifferently to a friend. He is discharged. He is overwhelmed with self-reproaches; because he carried out the misdeed against his better judgment and also because he caught his father in something unspeakable, he imagines that he is a born criminal. Other emotional difficulties set in, sleeplessness interfered with the attainment of calm and, for a time, he was not a little despondent. The theft against his will repressed the boy's masturbation and served as a symbolic phantom to express his hidden evil cravings.

Case 43. The female counterpart of the above-mentioned male symbol roused another of my pupils. In broad daylight, in front of a butcher's window, this 18-year-old boy unscrewed from a bicycle the clamp into which the air pump is adjusted, unmindful of the great chances he risked of being caught in the act. The boy, who belonged to a prominent family in comfortable circumstances, was actually caught. Shortly before that he had tried to watch his mother in the bathroom.

Distinctly unique for its self-evident clarity is Försterling's case (*Genese einer Sexuellen Abnormität bei einem Falle von Stehltrieb, Allg. Zeitschrift f. Psychiatrie,* Vol. LXIV, p. 935):

CASE 44. A 46-year-old seamstress, single, after 10 years of prison life, stole several articles, a *Wurst,* a teakettle, a bottle of liquor, and a box of sardines. She was a pious woman, but helpless about her thefts. She explained that it was a hereditary trait, because her mother stole while carrying her. She was a victim of those "sweet fainting" spells which I have described in my *Nervous Anxiety States* as the equivalent of anxiety attacks. A sudden pleasant weakness would come over her,—it was a blessed experience, an inexpressibly sweet feeling. It made her turn white. She had various compulsive mannerisms, for instance, opening and shutting the doors. (Symbolic representation of coitus.)

The observation is particularly interesting because this woman distinctly experienced great libido during the act of stealing. On certain days she stole from many stores without experiencing that feeling of relief and satisfaction which eventually culminated in a sense of complete gratification; on such occasions she rushed from store to store and kept on stealing, until the acquisition of some particular article brought on the yearned gratification.

She thus displays the typical manifestations of anxiety neurosis following sexual abstinence; anxiety, heaviness over the chest, perspiration. She also implored God to keep her from stealing; but nothing helped. Stealing induced in her the same full orgasm as normal intercourse.

Even as a child she found great zest in stealing. She experienced orgasm for the first time while her mother beat her over the nates in punishment. For a long time thereafter her fantasy was preoccupied with this experience. Her own account of her feelings preceding the cleptomaniac act reads like a lover's description of sexual aggression: one day she felt very badly, a strange uneasiness around her heart, she found no peace anywhere, waves of heat came over her head, also a sense of tightness around her throat. "I felt as if my end was near!" She could but weep a great deal, and was unable to speak out her heart; she could hardly say a word. This state of feelings persisted until the following day; she was unable to sleep and prayed zealously. Next morning her condition grew worse so that it drove her out of the

house. Then nothing could prevent it any longer: she had to steal. Her state of mind was one of anxious expectation, not unlike that preceding sexual gratification. Freud very appropriately would call it fore-pleasure. Once she was caught in the act and beaten. The blows induced orgasm in her. After that incident she experienced gratification whenever she was caught. The experience of being caught, that mixed feeling of dread and oppression, awakens in her the keenest sexual pleasure. She dreams of normal coitus as well as of her larcenies, with orgasm.

The fundamental feature of this cleptomania is the pronounced masochism. Obviously, one of the motives of her cleptomania is the unconscious wish to be beaten by the mother. Certain misdeeds on the part of children lead to punishment. That the punishment may be a source of pleasure is a fact frequently corroborated by the professional experience of the analysts. Often patients, both male and female, after listening to my severe lecturing, declare: "You do not know how much good your strict words have done me! You are rightly severe with me." It is a well-known fact that physicians who are strict with their patients are more popular than the easy-going ones. Cleptomania is also a round-about way of reaching out for punishment. This feature is strongly brought out in Zingerle's case referred to below.

Cleptomania bears certain relations to masochism. That is the reason why certain parapathiacs confess thefts and even murders of which they are not guilty, an occurrence that would otherwise remain unintelligible. These individuals are impelled to act thus by the desire to suffer punishment. Everybody knows that certain unruly children provoke punishments because such experiences are a source of pleasure to them. Paternal anger sometimes acts as a sexual stimulant to children.

Case 45. Zingerle (*Jahrb. f. Psych, u. Neurol.*, 1900) reports the following interesting case:

The wife of a clerk, 21 years of age, is brought to Court on account of habitual larceny. Even as a child she stole money

from her parents. She was anesthetic in conjugal relations (this is very often the case in infantilism). Her larcenies, since her marriage, amounted to 200 in number. She suffers from various anxiety symptoms and fixed ideas. She is particularly attracted by objects made of brown leather (brown shoes), and umbrellas (black color); at home she stole money for church offerings; at school she took steel pens to throw into the water closet.

Her pleasure she finds in the act of stealing, not in keeping the stolen article. During her larcenies she experiences a distinct pleasurable feeling around her genitalia. When an article catches her eye, she goes into the store and says things which she does not remember afterwards (dreamy state!). All she craves is to take hold of the desired article. Once the article is in her possession, she retires to the first fine house; there she examines the object and while so doing she experiences strong sexual excitation with profuse secretion. Thereafter she feels exhausted so that she must go home and lie in bed. If she does not succeed in carrying out the desired larceny she at least steals something from her husband. At the time of menstruation the craving to steal is strongest. She dislikes an article after it is stolen; the sight of it rouses disgust in her. She finds gratification in taking, not in possessing things; and articles secured without fear or danger bring her no satisfaction.

If her husband becomes angry or mistreats her, she is plunged thereby into high sexual ecstasy (father-Imago!). Only after her husband began scolding her and swearing ungratefully at her did she realize that what she needed was a strong man to fight for his love. Her libido thus awoke and she was no longer frigid during her husband's sexual embrace. She became sexually very avid and wanted sexual intercourse several times daily. At the clinic where she was brought a number of times, she behaved like a child: stubborn, curious, talkative; she read her husband's love letters to other patients and was extremely absent-minded. With the awakening of her libido during sexual intercourse and the consequent disappearance of her sexual anesthesia her larcenies ceased.

Zingerle emphasizes also her tendency to merge into dreamy

states. "She goes easily into abnormal states of mind resembling hypnotic sleep (by staring steadily at an object while highly excited)."

This staring at shiny objects is an infantile reminiscence. Children are quieted when their attention is attracted by a watch or some other shiny article. Perhaps hypnosis induced by such means depends on an infantile reversion. When she looks in the shop windows she stares likewise at the articles which she desires to purloin, thus rousing her sexual excitation to the highest pitch; in that state she says things she does not remember afterwards. She goes through a similar state of mind during her sexual ecstasy accompanying coitus.

Sadism also has its bearings on cleptomania. Many cleptomaniacs are pleased that their larcenies cause pain to some love objective of theirs. (Chapter X contains an extended analysis of such a cleptomaniac.) Sadistic motives lead either to the theft of precious objects, on which the owner's heart is set, or to the purloining of worthless articles which have only an emotional value for the owner. The relations between sadism and cleptomania are brought out in the following passages culled from the writings of Marquis de Sade by Dr. Anton Missriegler:

Cleptomaniac Types in Marquis de Sade

Madame Desroches, going to Justine's room, opens the cabinet during the latter's absence, and steals the petty possessions, intoxicated with the pleasing thought that she will thus have the girl entirely at her mercy. *Justine* I, 20.

D'Esterval, owner of a lonely hut, robs his visitors and tells them beforehand in what bestial manner he proposes to slay them. *Justine* III, 100.

Old Verneuil's form of sexual indulgence is to pay rich women and to rob the poor women. *Justine* III, 290.

At Lyons Justine comes across a woman beggar who steals her purse. *Justine* IV, 100.

The Dubois woman endeavors to prevail upon Justine to rob a certain young man. *Justine* IV.

The prison warden at Lyons allows Justine to make good her escape after she first committed a theft at his command. *Justine* IV, 340.

At the brothel, Juliette has a little friend, the 16-year-old whore, Fatime, who "specializes" in robbing the customers. She has also her cadet, Dorval, a famous thief, who is informed by his spies of the arrival of all strangers to Paris. His sexual gratification consists of secretly looking on while the victims are robbed; that brings him to a high pitch of excitation. He is already the owner of 30 houses. Once Juliette and Fatime had to get Scheffner and Conrad, a couple of German fellows, drunk, rob them, and throw them out, naked, on a dark alley. Dorval even formulated a philosophical justification for robbery, which he calls the "pierre angulaire de la société." Force was the first cause of robbery, the strong always rob the weak. It is nature's way. Now all robbery is carried out *juridiquement,* in ways that are legal. The court steals because the administration of justice is costly, even though justice is said to have no price. The priest or minister who sets himself up as a middleman between man and the Creator does the same; also the merchants; also the rulers with their taxes. It is done everywhere, as he specifically points out; in France, under Louis XIV, the people paid 750 millions yearly. Only 250 millions of it reached the State treasury; the other 500 millions were stolen. *Juliette* I, 193.

Noirceuil is delighted at the thought of having robbed Juliette's father of all his fortune, although he had as good an opportunity of doubling it. *Juliette* I, 315.

Juliette steals from the decrepit Mondor 60,000 francs, but upon her return to Noirceuil's house she, in turn, is robbed by the latter. *Juliette* I, 290.

She also robs Dendemar of a large sum during an orgy. *Juliette,* I, 344.

Minister Saint-Fond was a grand style thief; for instance, he said: "The statesman who does not let the Country pay for his fun is a fool. . . . If I thought that gold is flowing through men's veins, I would bleed them one after another so as to drink their blood." *Juliette* II, 37.

Cheating at games whereby Juliette and Sbrigani steal enormous sums from the nobility at Turin, gives her as much pleasurable excitation as stealing. *Juliette* IV, 20.

Juliette robs Minotti, the man-eating monster, of his treasures. *Juliette* IV, 17.

Juliette on meeting the Pope, in the great gallery, for sexual purposes, robs him. *Juliette* V, 1 ffl.

Brisa-Testa, the highwayman, finds stealing and robbing more enticing than mere monetary gain. *Juliette* V, 206.

Juliette, before throwing Olympia's clothes after her into the mouth of the Vesuvius crater, takes off all her jewels. *Juliette,* VI, 36.

Queen Caroline of Naples concludes the following agreement with Juliette: "I shall steal from my husband all his valuables to give to the one who will furnish me with the necessary poison to dispatch him to the other world." When Juliette has the treasures in hand she denounces the queen and flees with the money. *Juliette* VI.

Cordelli, the merchant, is poisoned and his fabulous possessions are stolen by Juliette and Durand. *Juliette* VI, 140.

Zanetti is plainly a victim of cleptomania and takes greatest pleasure in stealing. *Juliette* VI, 156.

In addition to that there are swarms of robbers and thieves among de Sade's secondary characters.

Case 46. An interesting case of cleptomania has been reported by Dr. O. Juliusburger before the Psychiatric Society of Berlin. A woman, 22 years of age, suffered from an irresistible urge to steal jewels, precious stones, and rings. She was brought to Court for larceny. After yielding to a man who promised to give her a diamond ring she robbed him. As a child she was already obsessed by the desire to wear ornaments. That impulse had a remarkable infantile root. At five years of age she was seduced by a woman who wore long gold earrings and rings on her fingers. At six years of age a workingman enticed her by showing her his watch and handled her genitalia. "As far back as I can recall," the patient confesses, "I have always felt sexual excitation whenever relatives promised me jewels of stone, or gold, and I have always had the same feeling on looking at these objects in jewelers' windows; I also liked the feel of money. I always changed large into small coins in order to have a handful of money; my desire was to possess, not to spend, the money; the feel of the money in my hand roused me sensually. As a child I was fond of taking to bed with me any stones, gold, or jewels in my possession."

Juliusburger treated the patient psychoanalytically, as he calls it, by Bezzola's method (Jour. f. Psych. u. Neurol., Vol. VIII, 1907). As a matter of accurate record I must mention here that this method has been fully described by Freud in his *Studies of Hysteria.* The recall of the episodes when she appropriated jewels, it turned out, induced "veritable sexual passion." The account of this interesting case has appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitschrift f. Psychiatrie* (Vol. LXIV, p. 1002).

All these cases show us strongly sexed, ungratified, women who lack either the courage or the opportunity of gratifying their sexual urge. The theft stands for the forbidden deed which they feel impelled to carry out. There is a transposition of the affects from the sexual to the criminal realm.

The very common thefts by children are explainable in the same remarkable way. As I have already stated, very many children are addicted to the habit of stealing. All the cases which have come to my attention were children who had been sexually roused at a very early age and who had prematurely developed forbidden cravings. Unfortunately the sexual life of the child is a theme but very little known. Physicians and educators need proper information on this subject. During the earliest years the child's sexual excitation manifests itself in the sudden development of shame, blushing, stammering, *pavor nocturnus,* various forms of anxiety, vomiting, diarrhœa, tongue sucking, facial tics, bed wetting, fits of anger, sleeplessness, endless questioning, moodiness, and in an irritability, or restlessness, which may lead to choreatic tics.

Older children, around the age of puberty, grow distracted, unable to concentrate their mind, inattentive at home or school, moody, and lag behind in their school work. Often they avoid company, become shy and blush easily.

During that stage the condition leads here and there to symptomatic acts which are then thought to indicate wrong character traits. Many a boy expelled from high school for theft may have acted through unconscious sexual motives and

is thus branded a hopeless character. Boys may be led into the path of crime by such harsh judgments. Others, more fortunate in the treatment they receive, grow to display in later life a very keen sense of justice. Virtue is sometimes generated only through overcompensating a repressed undesirable trait. It is high time that educators and physicians pay greater attention to these manifestations of infantile sexuality. (Interesting observations on this point may be found in my work, *Nervous Anxiety States,* Chapter 15, *The Anxiety Neurosis of Children;* also in the chapters on *Sexual Life of the Child* and *Mental Life of the Child* in my work entitled, *Psycho-Sexual Infantilism.*)

Case 47. A painter under my treatment for anxiety hysteria, a man of high intellectual and social standing, has committed thefts three times in his life. The first time he stole a gold watch from a servant girl at home, sold it, and he squandered the proceeds in one day. The analysis showed that this boy had been brought up unwisely by his parents. For years he not only watched his parents in the sexual act but has even found it possible to watch them carry out various paraphilias, such as *cunnilingus*. One evening he saw his father kiss the servant girl. He was 12 years at the time, and already inordinately addicted to the masturbation habit. Having noticed the relationship between the two, he did not fail to observe also that his father sought every chance of being alone with the pretty girl. One evening, while the two were locked up in his father's room, he searched the girl's trunk, found there the gold watch, and at once ran off with it. There were a number of motives back of this deed. He was furious, and jealous of the girl,—and he took possession of her watch which, again, was but a symbol of her genitalia. This symbol is very commonly met in dreams; the form of the watch obviously furnishes the associative link.[12]

The girl was greatly distressed when she discovered the theft. Her distress caused him regrets; but at the same time he experienced a sadistic joy at the thought that he was resourceful enough to make her feel his power, and to cause her to suffer.

As a grown up man he visited a married friend of whose wife he was tremendously fond. On leaving he saw a sea shell in the hall. Immediately he took it and left in a hurry. At home he gazed at it for hours, touched it all over and finally he gave it to

a young girl on the street. The shell bears the same symbolic meaning as watch and box, the third symbolic article which he appropriated. Under similar circumstances he once stole an opera glass, because the cover of it attracted him very much. The lady, whose husband was his pupil, had wonderful "peepers" (*"Guckerln!"*).

The stealing of watches discloses such a pronouncedly morbid monomaniac trait I am surprised that psychiatrists have not discovered the obvious relationships long ago.

Thus Sommer (*Diagnostik der Geistesschwachheiten,* Urban & Schwarzenberg, Wien, 1901) reports an interesting case of "general mild feeble-mindedness," a boy who since childhood showed a marked weakness for watches. The patient was addicted to various compulsions. One of them brought him into conflict with the law: the stealing of watches. All his thoughts centered on watches, which he loved to take in hand, touch all over, hold to the ear, etc.[18]

Case 48. A third case of cleptomania, of my own observation, I shall describe here very briefly: The patient is an artist, a man of high standing, prominent in philanthropic work. Already as a child he stole repeatedly a number of worthless articles, being led by an irresistible impulse: from a merchant he stole a cake of soap bearing a pretty woman's picture on the wrapper; from a woman who called to visit his mother, a glove; from his father's pocket, some money which he forthwith gave away to a boy; from his sister's library, books which he sold; from a baker's window, a cake which he gave away to a beggar.

These thefts occurred between his sixth and seventh year. Then there followed a period of great piety. He regretted his sins, resolved to be a good and true man and, excepting a few erotic escapades, he succeeded in living up to that resolution.

He backslid once very seriously and that is what brought him to me for treatment. He became acquainted with a servant girl, and fell passionately in love with her. But he had gone through such bitter experiences that he did not dare indulge his instincts. Moreover, he had promised his wife never again to be untrue to her. He made an appointment with the girl for Sunday. He was to meet her at a certain place in the afternoon and go on an outing with her. He fought within himself for

a long time and finally he resolved to give up the appointment and instead go to his wife who was at the Country place. Immediately he went to the station. No one happened to be at the ticket seller's window. But a little purse was lying there. An irresistible impulse came over him. He grabbed the purse and quickly hid it in his pocket. Then he hurried to the wash room. There he emptied the contents into his pocket. A note showed that the stolen purse belonged to a woman of the servant girl class. He threw the purse away.

Then he returned to the waiting room with his mind in a dream-like state. There he saw a servant girl looking around and talking to a watchman. It did not affect him at all. . . .

Next day he regretted the incident, felt terribly depressed over it and wanted to make good. He read all the papers, and even inserted an advertisement in several newspapers. It was all in vain. He could not trace the servant girl. That experience ushered in his severe depression.

Need I trace this occurrence from its symbolic form back again to his repressed wishes and thoughts? I believe the meaning is plain to all readers.

Particularly interesting are the partial, or thwarted theft impulsions. The chief feature of stealing, as Otto Gross has shown, is the "taking hold of"; the hand acting out its rôle as the organ of acquisition. But often the impulse is arrested midway and leads only to a touching of the desired object. Patients who suffer from the impulsion of touching things (*folie de toucher*) are relatively common. They touch everything. This desire is a primal reaction. There are persons unable to give up this evil habit. Therefore museums and exhibitions frequently display the warning: "Touching any of the articles is forbidden!" This impulsion, as a rule, has a sexual basis; it is traceable to the impulse to touch another's genitalia or (in the masturbator's case) one's own. Occasionally the impulse is to take things into the mouth, *i.e.*, to handle objects precisely as little children do.

Instead of stealing the impulse may lead to inordinate buying (oniomania). The following excellent analysis by one of my assistants, Hilda Milko, yields a deep insight into the psychogenesis of this *"forme fruste"* of cleptomania. This

clinical history at the same time constitutes an important contribution to the psychogenesis of a functional sex disorder in woman (dyspareunia). It discloses a mass of dreams and educational errors, such as we seldom have the opportunity of observing in this form.

Case 49. Mrs. A. M., 23 years of age, married three years, complains of a disorder involving her capacity to achieve the orgasm. Sexual intercourse always rouses her very much but, although her husband is potent, she remains ungratified, being unable to attain orgasm. That renders her very unhappy; she thinks of nothing but how she might attain orgasm and why she does not. She always hoped that after the birth of a child the much desired feeling would set in; but that hope, too, turned into disappointment. For the past year she has been a mother but there has been no change.

Life seems joyless to her without the orgasm. She takes no interest in anything. For the past weeks she has been weeping continually. She also suffers from headaches. Hers is a happy marriage; she loves her husband very dearly; nobody understands her as well as he. Nevertheless they have had a number of quarrels recently.

She has been seized by a veritable buying mania; she buys everything she sees, without in the least needing the things. These purchases have reached such proportions that her husband, who is usually very considerate, rightfully reproached her. She herself struggles against this abnormal buying mania, but in vain. She would like to be freed of this trouble; besides that she has brought a horrible habit into her married life. She touches every object that lies around in the room and whenever possible, opens the articles having a cover. She is ashamed of this habit because it betokens undue curiosity. Her husband has often begged her to give up this habit; but in vain,—she cannot help touching everything.

During the first sitting she tells me, tearfully, the traumatic experience of her youth. As a girl of 14 she went to the Country for a week to visit relatives. One night she awoke frightened to find her uncle (her father's married brother) lying by her side in the bed. She claims she was entirely confused, and that she could not understand how he came to be lying with her or what he wanted of her. She insists that she remembers nothing of what happened before she awoke. Indeed, she would like to

be hypnotized in order to find that out because a certain vague suspicion is torturing her.

For several nights thereafter her uncle again tried to get at her but she was afraid and locked herself in. She was wholly ignorant, having been brought up at a convent until she was 18 years of age. Moreover, she was extremely pious and tremendously fond of the convent life. Mysticism appealed to her. She was a Protestant, but her parents lived at a Country place where there were no good common schools, therefore Protestant girls also went to the convent school. This led to a great conflict because her mother, who clung to Protestantism, did not at all approve the girl's respect for the Catholic faith. Her sister, two years older, was also brought up at the convent but managed to keep herself inwardly free from all religious piety.

The experience with the uncle stretched like a shadow across her life. It was a horrible contrast to her demure upbringing. Her joyful disposition was broken up by it. She thought she was bad; the trauma increased her feeling of inferiority.

After returning from the convent her home life was very unhappy. The mother kept her at a distance from all young men. She thought it was useless to allow her young daughter to become acquainted with young men. "If a desirable prospect should appear a chance will be found for her to meet the prospective candidate for her hand," was what she said when her daughter longed for society. She became acquainted with her husband accidentally, during a journey. It was her first love affair. She wanted to get married because she felt herself oppressed and misunderstood in the parental home. The man was charmed by her childish nature, and her bubbling temperament, which sometimes came to the surface. To him she could open her heart; she felt she was understood, at last.

Before the engagement she told the young man the whole episode concerning her uncle. He was honorable enough to have faith in her and to draw no further inferences from her confession. On the wedding night it turned out that she was no longer virgin. Her uncle had actually abused her. She knew very well that sexual intercourse had occurred, but she was bent on repressing the painful incident and she suppressed it so long that she was apparently unaware any longer of what had really taken place that night. Presently it came to light that this strange uncle had done everything with her. True, she did not permit intercourse again, but he managed to get hold of her during the

day time. He kissed her passionately, excited her manually, and allayed her hesitation to come into his room by saying that he was merely playing with her as with a child. (Presumably he had played sexual games with her already when she was a child but she recalls nothing.) She enjoyed his refined endearments, but was afraid every moment of being discovered by somebody. She knew that her uncle was doing forbidden things with her and was wondering why he was not satisfied to do these things to his wife. She was passionately fond of this uncle, even afterwards; he wrote to her while she was at the convent, innocent letters, of course. Only after she grew a little older did she realize how abominably her uncle had mistreated her. After that she claims she hated him and that she wished him all sorts of evil.

It was also his fault that she did not become a nun, for she would have had to confess that sinful episode,—something she could not bring herself to do. She would have gladly remained at the convent, the sisters were so kind to her, among them she felt safe. She had made up her mind never to marry. Indeed, she tells me that she thinks it is sinful for a woman to be roused by a man's embrace. She cannot as yet break altogether away from the religious precepts in which she has been brought up. It turned out in the end that although all her yearning was centered on the lack of orgasm, in reality she is afraid of the indulgence because an inner voice warns her against it. After my explanation the doubt still keeps looming up that perhaps it would be against the church teachings for her to attain gratification.

Asked about masturbation she admits that she often indulges in the habit. She had masturbated already as a very small child but had given it up through fear of punishment. As a girl of 13 the rolling of the waves while sea bathing roused pleasurable sensations in her. After that she could masturbate only with the aid of water. She would get sexually roused by sitting on a plank across the bath tub. Her orgasm she attains by the aid of showers. That is the form of masturbation which she practices at the present time.

During urination she has slight pleasurable feelings and often she holds back the urine for that reason. Sometimes she even wets the bed. She shows a marked bladder and anal eroticism. Many of her dreams center on abortion. She cannot sit down for any great length of time on account of pain in the parts. The

pain is sometimes so acute that she feels like crying out. Her anus is a strongly erogenous zone. The original pleasant feeling is turned into pain.

She also shows other traits of psychosexual infantilism. For instance, she buys new toys for her child for the reason that later the prices will be higher. Meanwhile she plays with the things. Her chief enjoyment she derives from building toy towns and castles.

She is not at all pleased that her husband fails to lay out for her the things she must do. He should keep her to certain tasks, she should cultivate foreign languages, etc. She lacks initiative. Her life dribbles away in day dreaming. At night she falls asleep pressing the shirt hem between her legs. "She must have something between her legs." This, obviously, is a memory trace leading back to her infantile swaddling-clothes experience.

As a child she suffered from peculiar itching which extended over the whole body. Occasionally this trouble sets in to this day. She had it for the first time at 5 years of age, when she took her doll with her to bed. The itching suggests sexual excitation, and is traceable to the fantasy of sleeping with some one in bed.

She is much worried because she often experiences orgasm in her dreams, but not during actual sexual intercourse. She dreams of lying in bed with her sister, of being tenderly demonstrative, of kissing her on the breasts; then orgasm sets in. She is passionately attached to the sister and hangs around her constantly. At the same time that sister very skilfully exploits her feeling of inferiority to her own advantage.

She is a devoted slave to the family. She clings to her parents with great love. But, as we shall see, her attitude towards them is bipolar. Love and hatred alternate in her breast. She cannot decide the least thing without first consulting her mother and sister. With them she talks over everything, every stitch of clothing is bought with their advice. If she ever bought a hat, or something like that, alone, or only with her husband's advice, the article would surely not meet with the family's approval; then, of course, she could not enjoy it.

She meets nobody, the family is always together. Her household affairs, the bringing up of her child, everything, was in her mother's hands. She is now less independent, if possible, than she was as a girl. She gives in to her family on everything, although sometimes there are differences. For one thing, her husband is not appreciated at his true worth, and that worries her a great

deal. During the beginning of their married life things were bad; the mother reproached him because she looked sad and her mother assumed that he was mistreating her daughter. Married life disappointed her. She had pictured things differently altogether, and had greedily anticipated the joys of marital relations. She was particularly disappointed when she saw that her husband was hairy; she thought a man's body was as clear and smooth as a woman's. She half-compelled herself, against her will, to accept the situation. But what she really yearned for was her sister's smooth body. Like many other women who are sexually ungratified, she found that her husband exhales an unpleasant mouth odor. (Sign of inner resistance!) One misstep she cannot forgive him. During the bridal night, which to her was a disappointment, he reproached her for being unskillful. That reproach she considered unfair and it embittered her. How was she to have experience when she had never had intercourse! Her confession had influenced him, and his inner displeasure broke out in that manner. Unconsciously he harbored the thought that in view of her "past" she ought to prove herself more skillful. His words now often come to her during the sexual embrace. We note that she wants to punish him for his unadroit remark which was so much out of place; therefore she refuses to feel gratified.

He was also often downright unfair during the beginning of their married life; he reproached her about many things and tried to teach her.

After her mother's talk with him, mentioned above, his attitude towards her changed entirely. He is now extremely tender with her, and submits patiently to her moods. But her family is suspicious of him; they try to make her see that he does not love her as much as appearances indicate, that he married her for financial reasons, etc. They think that he is not sufficiently attentive to her, and point out how differently her sister's husband behaves, at the same time praising the latter's business sagacity. All these accusations she considers unfair; they lead to controversies; a trace of their talk lingers in her soul. She asks herself: may not her family be right after all? A voice within her takes her husband's part. The critical attitude of her family renders her extremely uneasy; whenever any of the members of her family are at her home she is on guard, lest they find something again to reproach her husband for, or perhaps he may not show himself sufficiently cordial, etc. Her emotions play ducks and drakes

with her. She loves her husband and he understands her so well. Indeed, she must acknowledge that he is more kind to her even than her parents are. Although she dearly loves her parents, she is also vaguely embittered against them; particularly against the mother, who, she thinks, has not brought her up properly because she lacks the capacity to understand a child's mind. At the same time she is to this day very reticent about her views. There are things which she could not tell even her husband, because she is too ashamed; for instance, a certain childhood experience from which she suffers to this day. As a three-year-old child her mother caught her while a five-year-old boy playmate tried to abuse her sexually. That caused considerable trouble. The little sinner was brought to face her father, who punished her roundly. In addition to that she was deprived of her favorite fruit, which father had just brought home. The memory of that occurrence has remained indelibly stencilled on her mind. Thus the first sexual aggression became apparently linked with painful punishment and the withdrawal of an expected pleasure.

She admits that the memory of that occurrence had often loomed up in her mind during the sexual embrace. Indeed, she would feel actually ashamed if she experienced gratification during the sexual embrace and her mother found it out. On that memorable occasion her mother made out that she was a hopelessly depraved child. For years after that her mother threw up to her the occurrence on all occasions. One had to be particularly on guard with a child that turns out depraved at so tender an age. She herself thought that she was unlike other children. She asks me whether what she had done was really so very bad. This childhood experience, along with that other experience, was what had prevented her from taking the veil. The foundation for her inferiority feeling was thus laid. She was very adroit at inventing all sorts of incredible stories which she herself finally believed. Her mother made her lie because she sometimes did not believe her even when she told the truth. She was even punished once, although she was innocent. She then resolved always to lie, because she was not believed anyway. She was extremely fond of sweets and stuck into her mouth anything that seemed eatable. For that reason she customarily suffered from indigestion. She also showed light cleptomaniac traits, for instance, always stealing her father's notebooks and pencils. She was stubborn, often through jealousy, because her older sister

was the mother's favorite, and was always held up to her as a model.

Indeed, she knows that if her married life is not happy it is actually her parents' fault, her mother's in particular. She indulges in all sorts of fantasies how things might be if she were unmarried and still at her parents' home. She is faithless; at heart she does not endure the marital ties; therefore she regrets her marriage. She accepted her husband out of spite; her parents did not want to consider the marriage at all. But she declared: "I shall marry either this man or nobody!" She thinks that perhaps it was not right for her to choose without the family consent, especially as even her sister was against the match. Now she apparently strives to make up by redoubled obedience for her past stubbornness. She now buys everything only with the family's approval, because once her choice, really her husband's, failed to meet with their approval.

She is displeased because her brother-in-law is the family's favorite. Why he, and not her husband? Many of her fantasies center around her brother-in-law with herself as his wife. She assumes she might have been happier with him. He is not at all handsome, her husband is much more manly appearing. The longing for the brother-in-law is roused by a homosexual flame because she is in love with her sister. She always wanted to sleep in bed with her. The prospect of losing her sister had caused her spells of depression.

Her candor towards her husband borders on cruelty. For instance, he knows that she day-dreams about her brother-in-law. More than that, she tells him also that she would like to try out other men,—perhaps she could attain orgasm. After an adventure into freedom she could always come back to him, she thinks he would be waiting for her. She has pronounced prostitution fancies; envies the prostitutes for their varietism, pictures their life as something majestic, and would like to visit a brothel. She thinks that she would have surely become a prostitute had she not been brought up so strictly. Her better self suffers on account of this predisposition. She is, in fact, a curious admixture of refinement and coarseness. For instance, she is very intelligent, immensely well read, fond of old French literature, familiar even with the writings of some of our modern philosophers. At the same time she buys daily a newspaper in order to follow the installments of a certain "yellow" novel.

If the character and cultural standing of a person may be judged by the dreams, one would not surmise from a survey of her dreams that she is a person of high cultural attainments. Her dreams are extremely simple, very transparent, speaking the language of almost unbridled instinct. The following dream may serve as an illustration:

We lose our way. We meet an old woman and I ask her to put us up for the night. She takes us to a large room containing several beds. It is her daughter's home. The daughter is just beginning to dress up. A man stands near her. I ask whether he is her husband. The old woman answers: "Oh, no, my daughter has another man every hour." The man, leaning on the window sill, says to another man, who has just come in: "So, it is not your turn until after I go downstairs." The second man grows impatient, he comes up to each one of us and asks: "May I take you?" I am very much afraid he will come up also to me, but I cannot leave. He comes up to me. I weep and pointing to my wedding ring I ask him if can't he see that I am married and a decent woman!

We turn to her buying propensities which had lately grown into a regular mania. Although she belongs to a wealthy family and lives in very comfortable circumstances she is generally very economical. She spends little on her clothes. But she squanders a great deal of money on unnecessary, worthless trifles. For instance, she goes to town and standing before a store the thought suddenly comes to her that she must buy this or that article. Or something in the shop window takes her fancy and she must have it at once. She has no use for the articles, but an impulsion drives her to buy them. Thus every time she goes to town she spends considerable money. This has already led repeatedly to quarrels with her husband, who is otherwise very considerate, and she has made solemn resolutions to curb herself, but every time she yields again to the temptation of buying things. She indulges in another very costly habit. She reads only books she owns, and consequently she buys books all the time. She rummages the second-hand book stores for old, rare copies. She enjoys the books only when nicely bound;

unbound copies she would not have around her and are promptly sent to the binders'. Her buying mania and her passion for books have brought her into unpleasant situations, for although she is wealthy her endless and unforeseen purchases sometimes find her short of ready money. She has bills to pay; instead of doing so she spends the money, then she receives dunning letters from the creditors and she is afraid to tell her husband; often she does not and is at a loss how to extricate herself out of her money difficulties. Her spontaneous purchases put her in a pleasant mood. She enjoys the articles at the moment of buying them, but after that she throws them aside.

Her buying mania is traceable to the desire for change, it is reducible to her yearning after other men. She goes to the love mart, so to speak, and buys other men for herself. She is not really after love, she does not consider herself capable of feeling true love. She is enticed merely by the adventures of love. She would like to choose a sweetheart, and if he should not suit her, or if he should leave her, very well, she would find another. She does not take at all into consideration the world of reality wherein the relations are entirely different and a woman who ventures risks all sorts of dangers, including the chances of infection. Her yearning for superficial adventures shows itself in the purchase of worthless articles, inasmuch as the act of buying alone is the chief incentive.

She would like to entice strange men; that is the supreme craving of her existence, and she finds it uncommonly hard to have to give this up on account of her married state. For that reason, too, she does not enjoy wearing smart clothes; she is the type of woman who dresses for other men. She does not find it particularly exciting to appeal merely to her own husband.

The books she buys, too, stand for men. The hard binding is disclosed by the analysis to represent a phallic symbol. But the passion for books is doubly determined; it is also traceable to her wish to have her "pass-book," like a prostitute. She well understands the meaning of these impulsive acts. But her prostitution fantasies being deeply rooted are

not easily dislodged. She shrinks from the realization that reality must sober her up, that her fantasies are not to be realized. She continually reverts back to her fantasies. She admits that all day long she lives in her dreams and accomplishes nothing. She likes best handwork, that permits one wonderfully to indulge in day dreams. She is unable to concentrate her thoughts, avoids any mental strain, and has no patience to carry out any work. She cannot even take care of her child, it makes her nervous and she becomes impatient with him. Then, in her anger, she could strike the child, and she has felt at times like choking him. There are days when she is on edge, ready to strike any one. She has a sadistic predisposition and frequently indulges in fancies of that character. Her conduct with her husband, whose good disposition she often deliberately tries, discloses her sadism.

Returning to her oniomania: here we see the relationship between masturbation and cleptomania, since the woman, as already mentioned, displayed cleptomaniac tendencies during her childhood. The buying mania is merely a repressed, a milder form of cleptomania, the desired object merely being paid for. It is of particular significance that as a child the patient stole things specially from her father, specifically pencils. As the analysis of her dream material disclosed, she is fixed on the father. She is unwilling to acknowledge this fact. On the contrary, of late she has behaved rudely towards him on the ground that the father usually finds small faults with her husband. Indeed, he has even hinted to her that he would not be against a separation. I explain to her that this is but jealousy on her father's part, inasmuch as he probably also stands in a morbid emotional relationship towards her. She describes to me some terrible quarrels between them and her father, lately. He could not bear to see her take her husband's part and flew in a terrible rage. He scolded her husband in a very coarse manner. Then he was taken aback because she flew at him. He said he would never forget her conduct. He did not expect such ingratitude from her. He had always said that she was his favorite daughter.

Finally she admits that until her 16th year she was deeply in love with her father, and that she had made up her mind

never to marry so as to be always with him. She never thought of her mother in that connection, obviously in her mind the mother was out of the way. Then a change occurred in her emotions and she became more attached to the mother. Her unconscious death wish against the mother had generated in her a pronounced sense of guilt. Her emotional feeling-attitude towards her mother, therefore, is bipolar to this day. She is anxious to please her; on the other hand she regards her as the cause of her marital unhappiness.

She also pities her mother, who was not treated right by the father and that is also a reason why she is now on her mother's side. She thinks she knows that her father is untrue to his marital ties and that he maintains a clandestine relationship. That particularly rouses her ire; she believes a man of his age ought not to do such a thing.

She, a married, devoted wife, who, at the same time, in her fantasy, at least, is a most faithless creature, and unhappy because she cannot have other men, wants to deny to her father the privilege of sexual indulgence. "He can have all the fun he wants with his wife," she says. On the other hand she knows that her mother has lost all charm for him after she underwent a complete hysterectomy.

Indeed, she intends to talk to him; she is not going to tolerate such conduct; he must think of his grown-up children. At first she vehemently protests against the idea that her moral indignation is due merely to jealousy. It is noteworthy that she can never converse with her father, she never did it even when their relations were favorable. In his presence she always feels shy, uneasy and can think of nothing to talk about.

Her prostitution fancies are also linked to her feeling-attitude towards her father. If she were a prostitute, her father might be among the brothel visitors and sexual intercourse with him would be possible.

Her attitude towards her family is disclosed in part by the following dream:

I pass by a few women of the lower class and I overhear the word "orgasm"; an elderly woman steps forth and says: "That

cannot be orgasm, it is only something like it." I am with mother and with Hedi (my sister). We come to a strange room. Frau Milko sits there huddled in a corner on the floor. A strange girl talks about analysis and says that she must go to a nerve specialist. I advise her to go to Dr. Stekel. She thinks she knows somebody who is better. Frau Milko says she will gladly accompany her, although as Dr. Stekel's assistant she ought not to do it. We all escort the girl to her doctor. There we find that the patients are cured by torture. The procedure is public. The physician is a great man and I see he is my father. My husband is his assistant. Children are also present and they are tortured. I am filled with dread and fear. Papa first tries it out on my husband and tears out his hair. My husband's facial expression is distorted by the pain, at the same time he bows with a smile before papa, as if grateful. The exhibition ends. Thus far mother was present, suddenly she is at home. We take the street car home; Papa, too, and we are tremendously afraid of him. He stands outside, to get off, because he says he cannot go home as yet. He was still busy (it was already five o'clock in the morning). We feel like swearing at him, but we wait till he gets off, so that he should not guess from our facial expression that we are talking about him. Then we swear and growl because he does not come home and leaves mother alone so long. Mother actually waits in front of the house and asks at once, where is father? We say he was still busy. Mother retorts: "Oh, yes, *er muss noch etwas verladen.* (He has to transfer something!)." I rush ahead into the house and find my brother in my sleeping room. I am glad that he is ready at last to confess. I stroll up to him to kiss and pat him; whereupon he confesses to me that he has come for my sake; he cannot get me out of his mind; he must possess me once more. I defend myself and while so doing I touch incidentally his membrum. He cries out, I must not touch him, or I will drive him mad. He kisses me on the lips so passionately that I must return the kiss. I feel his tongue in my mouth. Just then my husband comes in. I throw myself at him, embrace him, and beg him to save me. My husband wants to possess me ahead of my brother, seeing that we belong to one another. "Give it up, you better show your *membrum* to Anna, she won't like it, because it is so red. Look, mine is all white!" I look at both; my brother's was much smaller than my husband's.

She is dissatisfied with my treatment; she comes once a week. I point out to her, from time to time, the facts disclosed by the analysis. She admits that she comes to my office with the fantasy that the occasion may lead to some demonstration of tenderness, and every time she leaves the office disappointed and ungratified. In the dream she goes to a doctor who knows better how to treat patients. It is her father. In the dream she utilizes her infantile sexual theory which represents intercourse between the parents as a struggle, from which the male comes out the stronger. Her father emasculates her husband (tears out his hair!) thus making him resemble her sister. Finally the brother appears as a younger version of the father. At this stage of the analysis she cannot recall that her brother played any rôle whatsoever in her life. It is noteworthy that all these persons appear to her during a coitus dream, as is indicated at the very beginning, by the reference to "orgasm."

Interesting also is the fact that she chose a husband who stands in contrast with her father as exactly the opposite type of man. Her husband is highly cultured, a man of artistic taste, and of a rather effeminate disposition. Her father is rough, a self-made man, interested only in his business, and brutal with his wife and children. Through differentiation from the father she chose a man of culture.

Her husband is very unhappy over the fact that she does not attain consummation during their sexual embrace, although, curiously enough, his own orgasm is not affected thereby. On the contrary, his sexual gratification is very intense. He loves her more and more, and he is obviously keen to induce orgasm in her. He is very much charmed by her, and believes that everybody cannot help falling in love with his wife. Nevertheless he does not appear to be clear about his emotions. His patience, too, will come to an end, if she keeps on tormenting him. Some of his remarks already show that he is beginning to feel inwardly uneasy. But he represses such thoughts. He has been suffering from severe headaches for some time. When she scolds him he becomes unusually depressed. Although he cannot conceive living without her,

he has referred to a possible separation. He loves her and would like to see her happy.

She is often in terrible distress because she sees no way out of her difficulties. Consciously she rejects the possibility of a divorce.

She is frightfully jealous, even about her husband's past. She wants to know everything about his youthful days and presses him with questions about his past sexual experiences. She plagues him until he gives in to her but thereafter she becomes depressed. She is jealous of his former sweethearts and at the same time she envies him and would like to have been in his place. She is interested only in adventuresses. Her husband's stories rouse her sexually; they kindle her homosexuality.

She rebels against the existing order of society wherein man is granted greater freedom than woman. She rebels against nature because woman's organism is so built that woman cannot express her whole existence without mental or physical damage.

According to her account, her husband not only carries out normal intercourse but attempts to induce complete summation of enjoyment for her by various other methods. She gets very highly excited, thinks every moment she is about to have orgasm, but nothing happens. She envies him when she sees how much gratification he gets out of it and every time she breaks out in tears because she cannot enjoy the same feeling. She complains that she always thinks of her uncle during the sexual embrace, that whenever her husband indulges in any tendernesses with her, she seems to recall that her uncle had done the same thing to her.

She would prefer to have intercourse fully dressed, and not in bed, with the fancy that some one is about to catch her at it. Her fantasy always conjures up the possibility of being surprised while having intercourse, and she also likes to imagine that some one is looking on.

All that shows plainly that she still thinks of her uncle and not at all reproachfully. Obviously she is unable to forget him; it seems that she must have enjoyed immensely the intimacy of the man for whom her mind is thus yearning.

He roused her and made her a woman. Then, too, we must not forget that he represents the father, standing for a younger edition of the latter. It is very hard to make her understand that she does not want to forget the uncle and that therefore she cannot, perhaps does not want, to experience orgasm during her husband's sexual embrace.

She had a characteristic dream:

My husband wants to have intercourse with me, uncle goes through the room and, smiling scornfully, says: "Don't let yourselves be disturbed!"

She dreams frequently of being disturbed during coitus; either the mother, or the girl servant, usually her child, comes in at the critical moment. That represents her early life; we shall yet see to what an extent her past interferes with her sex enjoyment.

She tells me that during coitus a certain notion comes to her mind. She would like to fall off, that would surely bring on the orgasm. At first this fantasy seemed puzzling to me. The analysis of a dream [14] brought to light the following facts: When she was 4 years of age, her 15-year-old brother and a boy comrade played sexually with her. She slid down a plank in the garden and every time she reached the bottom the boys took turns tickling her on the sexual parts. She confesses she would like to reëxperience that pleasure. She cannot understand why she should have had such a feeling only once in her life.

Other experiences, previously suppressed, in which her brother figured, come to her mind at this juncture. At the beginning of the analysis she had not even mentioned the existence of this brother, and for some time afterwards claimed that she had no occasion to think of him.

She was 6 years of age when the brother enticed her into his room and tried to make sexual use of her. It could not be done, besides he was afraid of being discovered. He dismissed her with the remark: "You are yet too small!" a remark she did not understand, and it puzzled her. Another time, she was then older, her parents had gone to the theatre, the 17-year-old brother took her and the other sister with

him to the parental twin beds and carried out manipulations on their sexual parts. Her pluralism dates from that occurrence; therefore she wants an onlooker during coitus and on her part would also like to watch other couples in the act.

She was bound to become parapathic as a child on account of the precocious awakening of her sexual life, rich in traumatic incidents, coupled with her mother's foolish manner of bringing her up. Her mother surrounded the most natural things with a veil of mystery, and explained a few sexual matters to her only when her sister married. She was already 18 years of age at the time. Meanwhile she learned some things through reading books. This mother, who thought it unnecessary to explain things, after her daughter left the convent, dragged her along to cabarets and bars, because she did not want to go only with the father. Our patient was very unhappy over that because she was still very pious at the time. It brought her face to face with a terrible conflict. Every time on returning from such an excursion she prayed for hours that God forgive her sins. Often, in repentance, she slept on the bare floor with a single sheet under her. She struggles with her piety to this day, although I have already exposed to her the ridiculous character of her false piety. She preserves all her convent prayer books and holy images. I demand that she get rid of all that, if she wants to be through with her past. These mementoes are supposed to remind her of the beautiful convent life, as a matter of fact they serve as reminders of the time when she passed through her experience with the uncle. She tries always to convince me that since we talked the matter out she is no longer oppressed by her former piety.

But I insist that she must have taken some kind of a vow which prevents her from enjoying fully her marital relations. The following dream corroborates my suspicion.

I am about to have intercourse with my husband when my child walks out of an enclosure (chamber pot). I cannot understand how it got in.

Asked to give the associations to her dream, the following occurrence comes to her mind: shortly after her return from

the convent her mother one night rushed into her room because she had heard a suspicious noise. Her sister had dropped her rosary on the floor. She quickly hid it under the pillow, but her mother saw it, took away the rosary, also her sister's, and in her anger dropped them both into the chamber pot. She was beside herself over this profanation and next morning she burned the rosary.

In the dream the child stands for the rosary which represents her youth and, specifically, her convent period. A certain recollection disturbs her enjoyment. Then, suddenly, while talking, the following memory comes to her: shortly after the episode with the uncle which shook her up so badly, she swore never to yield to any man. This oath had a double determinant. On the one hand during her piety she considered any form of sexual enjoyment sinful and wanted to expatiate for her one fall into sin by this act of complete renunciation. On the other hand the oath was to prevent her from enjoying another man's embrace, she was to remain true to her uncle and bask in the sweet memory. She was conscious only of the religious motive of her oath.

She kept her oath; although she married she never truly gave herself to her husband. She does not know the joy of yielding. That oath laid the foundation for the failure of her orgasm. It is one of the chief roots of her inability to enjoy fully the love life.

The patient complains to me that she cannot get rid of the habit of touching everything within her reach. It is very unpleasant: when she is invited to a house, she goes up and down the room, touching every article which happens to be standing or lying around, and tries to open anything that has a cover. It looks so terribly bad and she is sometimes stared at with astonishment. But she cannot help it; she must obey the impulse.

This touch impulsion is also a compulsive trait and the symbol for a primal reaction. She harbors the wish of unbuttoning every man's trousers to look at his genitals. That explanation she is most decidedly able to corroborate. She knows that she actually harbors such thoughts.

If we take into consideration that the patient has gone

through some very stormy traumatic episodes and that she has passed her childhood and youth very largely in the convent atmosphere, where she counted among the proudest and most pious acquisitions, we need not be surprised at her serious illness. Ascetic tendencies and burning prostitution fancies glow in her soul, side by side. After her marriage there arose also the serious conflict between family and husband. Although an attempt was made to bring some influence to bear upon her mother, and to explain to her that her daughter's health depended a great deal on her attitude, she showed no understanding of the situation. She did not do a thing towards prevailing upon the other members of the family to assume a friendlier attitude towards the patient's husband. They were jealous of each other, and could not bear to see the young woman no longer devote her attention exclusively to them.

Among the various determinants responsible for her trouble, we must not lose sight of her feeling-attitude of contrariness towards her husband. His thoughtless reproach during the bridal night, on account of her alleged lack of skill, led to serious consequences.

Of deeper significance for her subsequent behaviour during coitus was the fact that her first sexual experience as a child ended in punishment and the withholding of another favorite indulgence. Her sexuality became thus intimately linked with something forbidden and with unpleasant feelings.

The patient's homosexuality complicates her disorder. She prefers lying in bed with a woman, herself playing the rôle of a man. Often she dreams of deflorating virgins.

The subject is fixed on the family so strongly that she cannot overcome this handicap at close range; therefore she wants to go off and live as far away from the family as possible. She begs her husband to seek a position in another country. As matters stand this request is not unreasonable on her part.

After an analysis of three months' duration the patient leaves, feeling entirely well. She has become very lively, *lebensfreudig*, and intends to enjoy reality; her dreaming propensity she curbs, realizing the waste of idle dreaming. She

is well on the way of turning from a child wife into a full-fledged human being, and to become a useful mother to her child. Her marriage relations have vastly improved; she appreciates that a separation would be a most unfortunate step for her, and wants to be happy with her husband who, after all, loves her very dearly. She avoids quarrelling with him. Her love will also awaken for him when she deliberately gives up her prostitution fantasies. Now and then she enjoys complete orgasm, much to their mutual happiness. She was never a frigid woman, and differing from women of that type because she was always keen for the enjoyment of sex. Obviously she must have also experienced orgasm; but her fore-pleasure was so great that it obscured the end-pleasure. Moreover, she was looking for another enjoyment, such as she experienced during masturbation, and during her intimacies with the uncle and brother.

She was also very much relieved by a talk she had with her husband, during which she related to him her experience with the brother as well as the incident about the little boy. She was happy that she no longer harbored any secrets from him, and happy that he did not scorn her for it, but only sympathized with her because she had suffered so much on that account.

Her desire to buy things, except for an occasional mild outbreak of the old mania, is reduced to normal proportions. She cannot adjust herself properly to her family, with reference to them she seems unable to find her proper psychic balance. The mania of touching things has disappeared altogether.

After a few months I received from her a very optimistic letter. They managed to get away, after all. Her husband accepted a position in a foreign country. They are both very happy. She is extraordinarily in love with her husband, and is now convinced that a better man she could not find. Finally her craving is also stilled. She has experienced the bliss of complete yielding; she now always enjoys sexual intercourse as never before and always to the point of complete pleasure consummation.

Let us sum up this interesting analysis: the patient wants

to bring on at all costs the orgasm she once felt as a child. One might assume that being disappointed in her husband's embrace she would give up intercourse. On the contrary! She craves eagerly sexual intercourse. Once her husband, who was carrying out sexual intercourse with her every night, suffered from headache. He wanted to go to sleep. (That was his way of getting rid of the headaches!) She asked him to wake her up in the night. Her one thought was always: will I have orgasm this time? But for various reasons which we have seen through the analysis this was not possible. She experiences a fairly intense fore-pleasure, perhaps also orgasm, but if so, she does not regard the latter experience as complete because it does not seem to correspond to her highly roused expectations.

She is altogether a child-woman, filled and dominated by infantile fantasies. What she seeks is the past pleasures. The games with the brother, the experience with the uncle, and perhaps also some other, earlier experiences with her father,—these are incidents firmly fixed through innumerable fantasies.

She wants to live over again the past. She runs after the old, long since past orgasm, she revives it through her masturbation fancies, she wants to go through that experience again, at all costs.

She might have become a cleptomaniac as easily as some of my other patients with a similar life history. But the religious training in the convent had a tremendous influence upon her soul and did not permit her to go to the length of actually committing a wrong. In her fantasy she becomes a prostitute and commits every crime; in the realm of reality she can express her instinctive cravings only through symptomatic acts. She buys things, imagining that she secures bargains, and that she is getting the best of a deal (perhaps that she has cheated the bookseller). With the purchase of old books she links the fantasy of acquiring again something from her past of which she had been deprived. Inasmuch as that is but a symbolic act, the gratification can only be transient. The book, after all, is neither her brother, nor

her uncle. It is merely a book, no matter how precious it might be. The impulse is only temporarily gratified. It breaks out again, for the original craving is not satiated.

Therefore, in the analysis of cleptomaniacs it is not enough to discover the symbolic meaning of the stolen article. The act in itself has its significant symbolic value; it stands for some other act which is part of the subject's past and it amounts to a game; it is a compulsive repetition.

The oniomaniac is distinguished from the cleptomaniac by the fact that he pays (for the article he craves!) He expiates for the pleasure of acquisition by the loss of money. Paying is an act which expresses the tendencies characteristic also of the cleptomaniac, who often is unable to hold on to the stolen article and who may be a charitable person. We shall refer to that peculiarity again later. The oniomaniac wants to get rid of his money. For him money is a symbol of love. He gets and he gives love. He substitutes a reciprocal love for an old, long since forgotten love. He pays with current value for something that has no currency any longer. He parts with reality for the sake of fantasies.

All these fantasies are so constructed that they represent the impossible as possible. Our patient turns into a prostitute, and thus she may get in touch with her father, brother, and uncle. These fantasies are strengthened by the fact that her father keeps a sweetheart and is a man of the world, the brother, a flighty minded individual, has been thrown out of the house, and carries on all sorts of adventures, and—as to the uncle, no one knows his true character any better than this girl from a decent home who at 14 years of age was coerced into becoming his sweetheart. A prostitute is paid for her love. Therefore she spends so much money that she must always ask for more, thus maintaining the fiction of being paid.

The other impulses, the tactile craving, and the tendency to open everything and look in, typical infantile feeling-attitudes, are easily understood. They fit into the picture.

We see once more that there is no such thing as a mono-

mania. What we find always are impulses which assume various particular forms.

The following case shows a combination of noctambulism (sleep walking) and cleptomania; the case is of psychoanalytic interest also in other regards.

Case 50. Hermann G., 19 years of age, is unable to work, has spells during which he loses consciousness, and suffers from acute attacks of anxiety. The trouble developed gradually since he was 13 years of age until it has reached the present acute degree. The onset was insidious. He began to be absent-minded at school, brought home poor marks, lost weight, felt often depressed, and showed slight beginnings of anxiety. Two years ago, on August 10, he had the first spell, which scared him, as well as his family, very badly. He has been repeatedly under the treatment of neurologists, has also been treated psychotherapeutically, by the Dubois method, at a sanitarium, but in spite of everything his trouble grew progressively worse.

He is a victim of pantophobia. He cannot go out of doors alone; he is afraid of catching cold; he cannot eat any hard food, especially meat; he avoids going near the windows, he might be overcome by an impulse to throw himself out; he is afraid of the least excitement, it might bring on brain fever, and avoids going to lectures; he is afraid of mental overstrain, and is unable to study; he carries on a heroic struggle against masturbation, which had been recommended to him by the sanitarium physician, because he is afraid it will injure him. Above all, he dreads the spells, lest he die of heart failure during one of them. According to his account, there is no dread with which he is unacquainted. Although he does not indulge in sexual intercourse with women he suffers from syphilidophobia (morbid fear of syphilitic infection). He might get infected passing by a street woman! At the same time he is afraid of possible poison in the food. The air, too, is full of dangerous microbes! Therefore he often holds his breath.

On account of his fear of excitement the analysis proceeds at a slow pace. He wants to talk only about indifferent matters. Dreams he finds very unpleasant. He does not believe in them. He depreciates all men who have accomplished something. He is very proud, and suffers terribly because in spite of his rare talents he is in a rut and has achieved nothing. He sits all day in his room, talking to his parents, or his brothers and sisters.

He comes from a good family. Parents and the other children are wholly normal. He knows no reason for his parapathy. He believes he suffers from excess of sexuality. He has sexualized the whole world. There were times when he read all the pornographic books he could lay his hands on. Now there is nothing which he cannot visualize in sexual terms. A head is the glans penis, a screw driver a phallus, a shoe the vagina, riding means having intercourse. This symbolization is not deliberate. He fights against it. It is not his choice to see everything in sexual terms. He may read a philosophic work or study a foreign language. It is useless. The same pictures loom up again and again. Masturbation yields him no relief. On the contrary! After an onanistic indulgence he feels impelled to repeat the masturbation act and he trembles with the fear that if he gave in to his feelings he would masturbate inordinately.

He is afraid also of his impulses. He cannot tolerate a knife near him (he might stick it into one of his sisters!). He does not want to stay alone in his room (he might do something to himself!). He cannot be only with one other person in the room (something might happen!). He does not go out (he might speak to a girl and meet rebuff or he might assault some one!). He always dreads his impulses, which he cannot explain to himself.

The spells are the central point in his parapathy. For the last few months he has been free of these spells. But he is all the time dreading their return. That is why he does not dare go out alone. What would he do if the dreaded spell should come over him?

Among his other troublesome symptoms may be mentioned the headaches and occasional nausea. There were times when he vomited after every meal. Now he feels nauseated after a hearty meal, or whenever he eats meat. His headaches start in the morning; they are at times so severe as to seem past endurance. The usual remedies bring no relief.

His trouble grew worse after consulting professors W. and M. Both warned him against the evil consequences of masturbation and predicted that the trouble would grow incurable if he did not give up the "bad" habit. An attempt to relieve his cravings through intercourse with a prostitute proved futile on account of his fear of infection.

Analysis discloses, in the first place, a strong attachment to the whole family. Each member of the family is a sexual objective to him. In his fantasies he is preoccupied as much with his brothers as with his sisters. His dreams reveal the well-known Œdipus complex with grotesque clarity. Maternal body fantasies are also admitted.

After a short time it becomes plain that he brings on his lighter spells by means of aërophagy (swallowing of air!). He pumps into himself all the air he can, then holds his breath. This leads to remarkable spells of confused consciousness. He is distracted, and stares, wide-eyed, vacantly, in front of him. He does not know what goes through his mind.

A dream leads us into a significant path:

I am at the theatre. The Beautiful Helen is represented. Before the play begins, I see a sort of a store in the foyer. I buy a number of trifles. My mother says to me: "What are all those things you have again bought?" I buy also a rubber band which begins to burn in my hands. I stamp it under my foot. Then I hurry into the theatre. They are singing the aria: *It is but a dream* . . . Then I see that the beautiful Helen is entirely naked. She lies down in bed. I go through the theatre, like in a hypnotic dream, towards her. A broad stairway over which a couple of curtains are hanging leads to her. In front of the curtains there are various bushy palms. I come close to her bed and—awake with a pollution.

This dream becomes comprehensible when we learn that one of his sisters is called Helen. She was married; shortly after her marriage she separated from her husband, and now lives with her parents. The various purchases in the dream are repetitions of a compulsive act, from which he suffers since his trouble began. He always buys things and then gives them away to his brothers and sisters. His mother has scolded him repeatedly for this oniomania. He also has the habit of touching everything in the stores; he takes the articles in hand and then puts them back.

The "rubber" recalls a relevant incident which comes to light only after two months of analysis. He had a younger sister who died of brain fever six years ago. For the relief

of her terrible headaches she had a rubber ice bag. He was always at odds with that sister. When she fell ill he wished her dead. Indeed, the day before she died he went to the theatre. After she passed away he had the feeling that he was responsible for her death; in fact, his first feeling about it was one of satisfaction. (*Schadenfreude!*) He had always been extremely jealous of that sister. His parapathy turns out to be an identification with the sister. He imitates her sufferings. It was said that she had caught cold; he was afraid of catching cold. During the last days of her illness she could take no food, and was fed through a tube; he could eat no food. Towards the end her breathing became labored and he imitates this difficulty also by swallowing air and withholding his breath. She died on a Monday; every Monday is for him a day of torture. All his symptoms are aggravated on that day. During the last days she vomited. He suffers from nausea and vomiting on the corresponding days of the year.

His topophobia and his syphilidophobia lead to a very surprising explanation. The fact was once mentioned in his presence that his sister had been enticed once into the bushes by a gang of soldiers while she strolled through the Prater. He thinks she was infected with syphilis. The occurrence is never mentioned in the house, but he overheard some talk once about brain syphilis. Now he is afraid he might be accosted on the street and become infected. He cannot go to the Prater.

The most important revelation is the fact that his sister was buried on July 10. He remained at home on that day and was particularly happy. An old aunt reproached him for his heartless conduct and said: "God will yet punish you for your cold-blooded behaviour!" Four years later, on August 10, he had his first serious attack.

But the dream refers also to an incident involving his older sister, Helen. At this juncture he admits that as a child he had often crawled to her bed and to his mother's. During the last few years he found in the morning some of his sister's undergarments in his bed and he did not understand how they happened to be there. Nor could he give any account

of how he happened to find in his bed his mother's wrapper and his brother's drawers. Then his brother told him that he was a sleep walker. He was horrified at the thought that he might wander at night to his mother or sister and carry out a sexual assault on them. Every night thereafter he tied himself to the bed with his suspenders. But he did not think that this was enough. He bought ropes to tie himself to the bed more securely. The manner in which he tied himself to his bed is significant. He tied a knot on the handle of the sleeping couch. Another knot he passed through the button hole in his drawers. This act expresses, among other things, his fixation on the family. For the past couple of years he has slept well only when he thus tied himself down.

Towards the end of the course of treatment, during the third month, he confessed to me for the first time that he had repeatedly stolen books from stores. He went to the stores intending to buy books. He is an enthusiastic bibliophile, specially fond of older editions. Large stacks of books would be placed before him and, as he was well known, he was allowed to browse leisurely among them. On such occasions he would stealthily put a little book into his pocket. As compensation for the theft he would then buy a lot of worthless books, paying for them a higher price. He has also stolen stamps from friends as well as in stores. He has sometimes taken money from his sister's purse, although there was no need for him to do so, and from his brother he took preferably pencils and stamps.

After the identification with the deceased sister was discovered and his hidden self-reproaches were ferreted out, the subject's morbid dread disappeared. He can now go out unattended. He visits the Prater, without any feelings of anxiety, his spells have left him. But he is still afraid of his sleep walking and shows other remnants of his old parapathic disorder. These symptoms disappeared only after a certain day-dream fantasy of his was brought into consciousness, namely, that he has assaulted and infected his sister. He harbored a regret that he was not the one who seduced her. This incident he dreams of and repeats again and again during his mental lapses.

In the course of the analysis he became aware of his feeling-attitude towards his parents and other members of the family. He was afraid of poisoned food. He often exchanged his plate with his brother. This fear was due to his criminal fantasies which, in turn, were proven to have their roots in his jealousy and greed. He wanted to have the love of his parents to himself alone and to be their only heir. He had to expatiate for these evil thoughts. He struggled bitterly against thoughts of suicide: he wanted to throw himself out of the window, take poison, or shoot himself through the head.

The amnesia (forgetfulness) under which he covered his childhood years is practically cleared up. But only towards the end of the fourth month did a certain dream bring to light a new fact. The dream was as follows:

Great riot at the Prater. The police are riding down the crowd. I am not a participant but I want to look on. I feel as if I were drunk and, stumbling along, I fall down and get soiled. Next I am in my father's place of business. I know I am about to do something that is wrong. My conscience troubles me. I cut 5 meters off a roll of goods. Perhaps it was only 3 meters. Then I wake up with dread and palpitation.

His father, a cloth manufacturer, owns a large warehouse. He has sometimes cut off small pieces from a roll to play with and usually has given these pieces away to his playmates. Once a clerk, suspected of having damaged a roll of goods, was discharged for it. He kept still at the time and that troubles him to this day. The numbers 5 and 3 bring to his mind a significant occurrence. He was 5 years of age at the time, his deceased sister 3 years of age. They played "store" with small remnants, which father always brought them. In the course of the game they touched each other's genitalia. He tried to crawl on top of his sister, but she cried out and he was forced to desist.

This infantile root explains his oniomania and his guilty conscience toward his sister. She was the little sister who died afterwards. He was the first one to awaken her sexuality. Perhaps she would not have yielded later to temptation had he not roused in her so prematurely the desire.

With the oniomania and the craving to touch things he repeated this most important incident of his early life. His cleptomaniac impulses are also explainable by that. The first book he stole was a rare edition of Faust. His deceased sister's name was Gretel (Margaret).

All parapathiac symptoms cleared up rapidly after this explanation. He can study once more, is a diligent student, and intends, after passing his examination, to study medicine and become a psychoanalyst.

This case shows a close resemblance to the last previous one. We find here oniomania, compulsive touching of things, and mild cleptomania. But the case is further complicated by somnambulic states and a tendency to suicide, although this tendency is strongly fought against and asserts itself only now and then. The last dream contains a reference to the traumatic incident involving the sister combined with a state of mental abstraction.

This case, too, shows the pressure of an infantile incident which craves repetition. The death of the sister and the tragic circumstances of her illness explain the severity of the parapathy which was, in the first place, the expression of a guilty conscience. The morbid impulses seek an outlet. First they exhaust themselves in symptomatic attacks. That explains a remarkable fact which the patient relates to us. After these attacks involving loss of consciousness he always feels better for a few weeks. Finally the impulses turn inward and against his own self. The thought of suicide grows progressively stronger, threatening to overwhelm him.

The introverted impulse is shown also in cleptomania. There are patients who steal from themselves. They misplace certain things, or lose them, they hide things in a state of semi-consciousness, only to search feverishly afterwards, and may accuse others of theft. Such incidents, to be found in the clinical history of many parapathiac women, seemed unexplainable heretofore. Only if we take into consideration the parapathiacs' tendency to show off (*Schauspielernatur*) and bear in mind that these patients are capable of keeping up endlessly a double rôle, can we arrive at an understanding of these self-robberies; these acts show the same mental

mechanism as the anonymous letters full of imprecations and insults which parapathiac women send to themselves or to their husbands ("poison pen" writers). They betray an extensive mental dissociation.

The last patient traces his cleptomaniac impulse back to a childhood game. They played judge and executioner. Five slips were drawn. Judge, complainant, executioner, thief, and innocence. The judge asked the complainant to produce the thief. If the complainant drew the slip marked innocence, he was punished, otherwise the one drawing the thief slip received the punishment. Our patient was often beaten by his brothers and sisters because he was usually the unlucky one to draw the thief slip and he was always regarded as the thief. But he still carries on this game. In his parapathiac disorder he was judge, executioner, complainant, thief and innocent at the same time. He played all the rôles, the executioner's best of all. He condemned himself to the most severe punishments. An ambitious student, he could study no longer. A fiery eroticist, he could not love. He stood in the midst of life's stream but did not dare reach out his hand to quench his thirst. He did not dare actually to turn thief and to take for himself what fate denied him. He robbed himself of success and of enjoyment, he withheld from himself the understanding of his trouble. He turned blind, and failed to see the connections which were actually too obvious to escape attention.

NOTES TO VOLUME ONE

CHAPTER I

[1] *Triebe und Triebschicksale. Vierte Sammlung der Beiträge zur Neurosenlehre.* Hugo Heller, Wien, 1918.

[2] *Die Hoffnungslosigkeit aller Psychologie.* Verlag Marhold, Halle a. S., 1907.

[3] A conception formulated first by Schopenhauer in his *Metaphysik der Geschlechtsliebe.*

[4] I cannot accept Freud's view when he sets up the self-instinct as apart from the sexual instinct, thus following the suggestion of Gross, who distinguishes between instincts of first and second order. I consider every craving part of self-instinct and to separate the self and sex instincts seems to me an artifact. Every instinct is naturally also self-instinct.

[5] The term *hypnoidal* state we owe to Kretschmer.

[6] Unconscious kiss reflex.

[7] Of course, when I use briefly the term instinct, as I do for the sake of convenience, I mean the forms under which the instincts manifest themselves.

CHAPTER II

[1] These are by their very nature the two mainsprings of the life urge, of the craving for euphoria: the continual yearning for newer, higher forms of gratification while holding on to the old. (Nietzsche's law of the "eternal return of sameness," or the conservatism of the gratification urge: "Every euphoric state craves eternity, a deep, deep eternity.")

[2] *Was im Grunde der Seele ruht.* IV. Aufl., Paul Knepler, Wien. Transl.: *Depths of the Soul,* Moffat, Yard Co., pubs., New York.

[3] *Zur Psychopathologie des Landstreichers. Eine klinische Studie.* Joh. Ambros. Barth, Leipzig, 1906.

[4] Heilbronner records his experiences, *Ueber Fugue und Fuguezustände,* in the *Jahrb. f. Psychiatrie* (vol. XXIII, 1903). Based on a wealth of observations he arrives at the following conclusions: 1. Of those who suffer from fugue states, excluding the paralogies, only one-fifth show distinct signs of epilepsy. 2. The wandering mania of epileptics and non-epileptics show no essential differences. 3. Hystericals are more numerous among these sufferers than epileptics. 4. Therefore the fugues should not be considered the equivalents of epilepsy. 5. Fugues are reactions of psychopathic personalities against dysphoric conditions. The author points out also the relationship of this condition to dipsomania. An exhaustive bibliography is included in this work.

[5] Chapter XX: *The Mental Treatment of Epilepsy.*

[6] *A Case of Compulsive Migration,* Psyche and Eros, vol. II, No. 5, 1921.

[7] We may conceive the permanent impulse as the sum of impulse discharges, approximately like the motor which is driven by a rapid succession of minute gas explosions.

[8] *Psychoanalysis and Medicine,* Mediz. Klinik, 1922, Nos. 11 and 12.

[9] In certain cases there is a striking combination of the identification with Christ and the wandering mania, such as we have seen already in the Morel case. Among the wanderers there are many prophets who preach

the Word of God, founders of new religions, reformers, etc. Sometimes the condition is combined with sadism, which, of course, is given a religious turn. As an illustration I may mention the Sect of "Wanderers," described by August Löwenstimm (Gross' *Archiv,* vol. I, p. 228 passim): Around 1840 there arose in the Jaroslav District, Russia, the Sect known as the wanderers. The wanderers have no priests and teach the doctrine that Anti-Christ reigns on earth. Therefore living in towns and villages is sinful. The government and church officials are serving the Anti-Christ. For practical reasons they distinguish two classes of believers: 1. The true Christians, who wander all the time. They recognize no authority over them and are made up to a large extent of riff-raff. 2. The Christians maintaining a home; these do not give up their contact with town life; but it is their duty to care for the true Christians. Various rumors are current with regard to their alleged burial customs. The dead disappear without a trace. They are "on the pilgrimage." The wanderers kill off their dying members, especially the stay-at-home, because he has had an easier life on earth. The dying man's body is cleansed and dressed in white. He is stretched in the corner of the room where holy images hang on the wall. Then one of the believers puts a pillow on the helpless man's face and sits on it, thus putting an end to the poor man's plight. This form of murder is called the red death by the people because the pillow, like the hangman's shirt, is red. These Sectarians were mentioned in literature for the first time in 1883, especially the Kovaloff case, a peasant family of believers, who in order to escape the census taker, had themselves walled in, *i.e.,* entombed alive.

[10] *Disorders of the Instincts and the Emotions,* vol. III.

[11] Sometimes the dream inciting to a crime may date back several years. Naecke (Gross' Arch., vol. XIV, p. 363) reports the case of an Armenian who killed his 7-months-old baby boy on the church steps. It was the fulfillment of a vow made to God in a dream, during a severe illness, two years before. The man got well, the boy was born, and seven months later, in a dream, God reminded him of the promise. His prayer to be released of the vow was refused, therefore he killed the child.

[12] *Cp.* my monograph, *The Will to Sleep,* Bergmann, Wiesbaden.

[13] *Ueber Nachtwandeln und Mondsucht. Eine medizinisch-literarische Studie.* Authorized translation: Mental and Nervous Disease Monograph Series, N. Y.

[14] *Loc. cit.,* pp. 169-179.

[15] Sadger gives a good survey of sleep walking, as described in literature, with accurate indication of sources. He mentions the autobiography of Friedrich Burdach, the famous anatomist and physiologist; Ganghofer's *Lebenslauf eines Optimisten;* Tieck's novel, *Der Mondsüchtige; Abelõ,* by Sophus Michaelis; *Jörn Uhl,* by Frenssen; *Maria,* by Otto Ludwig; the same author's *Buschnovelle;* Kleist's *Prinz von Homburg;* Anzengruber's *Das Sühnkind,* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* which is given an extensive analysis.

[16] In Sophus Michaelis's *Abelõ,* a novel, the heroine hates the knight and shows him no favors. Nevertheless she finds her way to his bed at night. After complete sexual intercourse with him, having spent many nights in his arms while in a somnambulic state, she lets him go. During the dream state her hatred is transposed into the positive feeling of sympathy, the sex struggle is abolished and she is once more a wife in the full sense of the term.

[17] Obvious incestuous feeling-attitude in both instances (author's note).

[18] *Heimweh und Selbstmord,* Hildeshausen, 1835. Quoted by Jaspers.

[19] *Un cas d'impulsion sportive ou ludomanie.* Journ. de med. de Bordeaux, 1896.

[20] Karl Ponitz, *Psychologie und Psychopathologie der Fahnenflucht im Kriege.* Gross' *Arch.*, vol. LXVIII. *Vid.* also Fritz Byloff, *Ueber den Beweggrund der Fahnenflucht* (Desertion). Ztschr. f. Neurol. u. Psych., 1916.

[21] *Internat. Ztschrf. f. Psychoanalyse,* vol. IV, 1918.

[22] Tausk, *Diagnostische Erörterungen auf Grund der sogenannten Kriegspsychosen,* W m W., 1916. *Vid.* also Dr. Oskar Voltär (*Ueber den Bewusstseinzustand während der Fugue.* Jahrb. f. Psychol. u. Neurol., vol. XXVII, No. 1, 1906), who points out that dysphoria precedes the fugue. The dysphoria is sometimes coextensive with a feeling of loneliness. He records the interesting case of a pyromaniac, who stood in a peculiar relationship to his sister. We shall refer to this case in our discussion of pyromania. Another writer who points out that dysphoric states precede dromomanic acts is Dr. Stephan Rosenthal (*Eine Verstimmung mit Wandertrieb und Beziehungswahn.* Jahrb. f. Psych. u. Neurol., vol. XXXII, No. 3, 1911). He describes a patient who ran to his brother a number of times. Though both authors mention the relations of these patients to their family, neither fully recognizes the significance of this determinant.

CHAPTER III

[1] The great hero who holds himself out as a man of strong will who can subject all others to his will power, and a man who can read the thoughts of others, betrays here, for the first time, his inner weakness. He is a serious parapathiac, afraid of appearing ridiculous. I call attention also to his anxious inquiries about the husband and to his endeavours to keep everything as secret as possible. Obviously he, too, is fixed on his mother, or her double, which explains his functional impotence. Among the impotents and persons of weak will power,—pronounced hypobuliacs in Kretchmer's sense,—we find very many hypnotists and pschotherapeutists, persons who are anxious to influence, educate, or heal others. They have one supreme aim: to impress their personality on others. In the present instance, that was not difficult. Dora, fascinated by his telepathic gifts, saw in him a higher type of being,—some one to whom she must unconditionally surrender.

[2] Psychic betrayal: She recognizes the animal nature in him at once.

[3] He finds Dora a very wonderful woman, which is, neither physically, nor mentally, true of her. But this statement is enough to gratify her vanity and to inflate her self-love to paroxysmal heights. She is now compared to Nora. We shall see later that, accepting this identification, she acts out the rôle during her hysterical delirium. She begins to feel that she is a Nora, that she is misunderstood,—a woman who has found, at last, the man who truly appreciates her. Now she feels she is understood. As in an analysis, she transfers her emotions,—in this instance, to the painter. He becomes her ideal,—brother, father and lover. She finds her God. She finds, at last, the man who appreciates her at her worth,—the man who understands her. She is no longer alone. Her days of wandering are over. He, the great man, the man of strong will, the famous painter, has entered her life. Thus far her love affairs were but petty episodes. The true adventure of her life is just beginning.

[4] His sadism becomes gradually more obvious. She is a docile child, he the strict father. Above all, she must not laugh. He thus betrays his great fear of woman, a fear which he tries to hide under the cover of his cynicism and his pose of severity.

[5] The hero trembles. . . .

[6] This is by no means true. He interests him, therefore he finds him interesting.

[7] First he entices her into breach of marital faithfulness, then he rouses the voice of her conscience.

[8] Of course, she did not look up into the air, but gazed at the sky. She feels herself compelled to sin,—it is an instance of "pleasure without guilt." God sees her and will forgive her.

[9] His sadism grows. He began with compliments; now he shows himself as brutal and cynical as possible. He plays a little at "Wedekind."

[10] The hero trembles at the thought of her husband, who makes truly a sorry figure.

[11] The first news about her sick mother and from her brother. She is apparently indifferent.

[12] Contrast in the behaviour towards the mother: He, the dutiful son,—she, the frivolous daughter!

[13] We note that this heroic deed inspires the painter.

[14] One of the few provocations which make her discern something unworthy in him. Obviously she could not get over the fact that the physician had abandoned her on account of her lack of money.

[15] Not true. The "hero" is afraid of the little dog.

[16] Her uneasy conscience begins to assert itself.

[17] He avoids a direct answer. If he should advise her to wire home, he may lose his erotic plaything.

[18] The poor husband, who plays the most tragic rôle in this droll comedy, is a hand fetishist. Consequently he is jealous only when another man kisses, or admires, his wife's hand. He would forgive sexual intercourse more easily than he could overlook a hand kiss.

[19] The painter accentuates this poor woman's inner conflict. He tries to go on the excursion with her alone. She waits for Mrs. M., and meanwhile she writes to her brother, *i.e.*, she thinks of her sick mother. Previously she had met also his father (I have omitted this passage), an incident which reminded her of her own father. All these details are significant. He invades this conflict, making it more difficult for her to write. But that only rouses her stubbornness; and the little incident marks the beginning of her eventual flight from him. The brother, after all, was the stronger attraction.

[20] A tell-tale symptom marking the beginning of her resistance.

[21] Second falsehood, marking the reaction of contrariness.

[22] The "hero!"

[23] Unconscious irony. He, good-natured! His immeasurable conceit is displayed in the question.

[24] She recognizes that he is an abnormal being.

[25] Symptomatic manifestation of her inner resistance and of the voice of her conscience. For similar instances, *vid.*, Stekel, *The Nervous Stomach.*

[26] Betrays his particular delicacy. He does not act as the instinct prompts him, to a certain extent he fulfills a duty.

[27] Conventional lie.

[28] She was completely anesthetic.

[29] Regret over the whole incident! Thought of husband, brother, mother, God!

[30] He tortures her deliberately,—to test his powers.

[31] A pronounced Narcissist, he imagines that all the women fall in love with him. Obviously he ensnares all his victims as he ensnared Dora. He begins with flattery ("you seem to be a wonderful woman!"), then he has recourse to waking suggestions, commanding them to fall in love with him, analyzes them, in order to bring about an emotional transference, and, in the end, is very happy because all the women like him. Once a

woman gets into his clutches, it pleases him to test his powers on her and to show his scorn of the sex.

[32] While attesting his personal beauty, she hears an inner voice denying it; she compares him with the donkey in the Midsummer Night's Dream. She comes upon a deep truth: love,—even imaginary love,—is blind.

[33] He does not want to be betrayed by any woman. He is afraid of women!

[34] Sexual aversion transferred to food! Moreover, in her choice of the food, she differentiates herself completely from him, although he, obviously, expects her to choose the things that he orders.

[35] But not in bed . . . it should be added.

[36] He courts the dog's love, though he fears the dog.

[37] The hero takes good care to insure himself against reproaches.

[38] The incident which follows is to be taken only in a symbolic sense, when we know that such parapathiac persons always confound reality and symbol. The frontier becomes for her the border of that which is permissible, and the limit of her daring. She wants to venture beyond her strength, *i.e.*, to advance beyond the range of her personality. Certain inner inhibitions of a religious nature forbid her to overreach. She wants to break these fetters. She has experienced no orgasm. He wants to awaken her senses. He has not yet succeeded. Her senses are not yet roused beyond the limits. Now she wants to go beyond the barrier with him in order to attain gratification, in spite of her inner moral inhibitions. This is not merely a whim. It is a symbolic expression of her conflict,—a parallel, an oracle: If I step over this frontier, I will succeed also in overstepping successfully the moral barrier.

[39] Death wishes.

[40] It is the same thing to her.

[41] Careful probing about possible danger ahead.

[42] Significant in view of the "Nora" identification.

[43] Symbolic act. She wanted to throw away the chain which binds her to sensuality.

[44] Growing resistance.

[45] Noticing her interest in everything pertaining to prostitution, he dwelt on that theme. She heard the silent reproach: You are not better! For he had seen her naked and she had shown herself to him deliberately on the following morning.

[46] He is a typical voyeur. The infantile root is here disclosed. He is a psycho-sexual infantilist and behaves like a child. The whole episode gives the impression of a couple of children playing.

[47] He holds himself out, contrasting himself with his mother.

[48] Bladder (urinary) sexuality. *Vid.*, Stekel, *Psychosexual Infantilism, The Infantile Emotional Disorders of Adults.*

[49] Her better self protests against the humiliation.

[50] Meaning: she must not expect true love, which is what she really yearns after.

[51] She deceives herself!

[52] Symbolic purification.

[53] Does not agree with her Midsummer Night's Dream fantasy.

[54] Fear of being reproached by his mother.

[55] The servant girl, of course, is also in love with him.

[56] Symbolic purification after kissing and fellatio.

[57] Jealousy.

[58] The first hallucination sets in at this juncture. Her evil conscience requires a cleansing. Her husband's dream reminds her of the painter's telepathic powers. Did her husband suspect something of her previous day's adventure and dream about it? She tried to benumb her mind with laughter. She had not slept for two nights and had eaten almost nothing.

Her frigidity made her unhappy. Where it should run hot it ran cold. The stove assumed human shape. It was bewitched. The whole bath hissed at her as if to say, "You will remain filthy! No bath can help you!" She gave her own interpretation to the hallucination: "He," the all-powerful, the great man, had forbidden her to bathe. At the same time his light-heartedness enraged her. He could laugh and joke with other women, and allowed himself to be called away as if nothing had happened. She felt the need of confessing. Hence, she called out to her husband that they had "crossed the barrier!"

Her paralogy sets in with this hallucination. After this her hallucinations follow one another in rapid succession and she goes through all the subsequent experiences in a dazed state of mind.

[59] She wants to be "pure"; he defiles her.

[60] Obvious symbolic action, disclosing her mental state (psychic betrayal).

[61] Bipolar tendency: she wants to remain as she was, after all! What was the use of cleanliness? She could never get rid of filth.

[62] Rationalization during the delirium.

[63] He thinks of other conquests and rouses her jealousy.

[64] Her resistance grows.

[65] Substitution.

[66] Her subjective feeling of disgust prevents her from taking food.

[67] Because she surmises the symbolic significance of the act, she does not want his parents to know about it. She thinks of her mother in that connection.

[68] A conversation symptom—somatization (bodily jargon): She has burned her hand. One should not play with fire!

[69] Obvious symbolism.

[70] She reproaches herself on account of her mother: 1. She has neglected to write her at length. 2. While her mother was ill she started a love affair. 3. Her mother is the representative of the moral imperative. What would the mother say, if she suspected how her daughter behaved?

The boiling and sizzling stove symbolized the mother who had often admonished her: Do not play with fire! Be a decent woman!

[71] The pressing voice of her conscience!

[72] Influence of jealousy.

[73] She betrays the weakness of her will and ascribes to him the responsibility for her fickleness.

[74] He always assumes the attitude of the "cynic."

[75] She has, at last, recovered her own will.

[76] The cause of her moral reaction was the old gentleman who reminded her of the excursion. She ascribes her revulsion to telepathic influence, emanating from the painter. But it was merely her mental preoccupation with the painter and her fear that the old gentleman might begin to talk about the excursion and she might thus be led into betraying the fact that she had been alone with the painter.

[77] This is the second time that she forgets the key to her door and has to go for it. The significance of this act may be explained as follows: Her key belongs to her husband. She has forgotten herself. This makes clear the subsequent occurrence about the marriage ring. She also makes her first confession to her husband when she ascribes her troubles to the excursion. Every time she runs from "him," she forgets the key to her husband's room—she seems unable to get back to her husband.

[78] Transposition of affect. She feels herself unworthy of her husband.

[79] She seeks her mother.

[80] Hallucination or conversion symptom?

[81] A counter-force draws her in another (moral) direction.

[82] Play on words or betrayal?
[83] Symbol of purity.
[84] He seeks a mother-Imago.
[85] She does not want to accept anything from him any more. She turns to deeds of charity and distributes alms to poor children (penitential acts).
[86] Memory of the fellatio.
[87] She lies. She perceives yesterday's experiences also as swinish.
[88] He is a dog to her (bipolar feeling-attitude).
[89] This conduct becomes plain when we look upon money as a symbol for love.
[90] Discloses her religious determinants.
[91] The voyeur, who had asked her deliberately to undress before him, suddenly assumes a moral attitude.
[92] He does not observe her moral reaction and remains a brutal cynic.
[93] Symbolic representation of her adventure. She imagined that she had imbibed long drafts from the cup of love. As a matter of fact she had not enjoyed a swallow of it.
[94] She assumes the rôle of Nora, who had a stormy reckoning with her husband. But she feels relieved because she had revealed the truth to her husband. The chief question is: Did this coward, who was always afraid of being discovered and most anxious to avoid any scandal, really ask her to tell *everything,* or is this a hallucination on her part? This important question will be answered at the conclusion of the record. At any rate she acts as if he had asked her to do so,—as if this were a great love affair! In this hallucination she goes through the great adventure of her life.
[95] Hallucination.
[96] We know that she is jealous of this girl.
[97] The blue ribbon ties her to the painter. She wants to flee to him, but returns to her husband.
[98] Her husband, in his helplessness, makes a pathetic figure; obviously he is still a child, in spite of his age. He faces the situation helplessly, concerned only about his health and afraid to lose his wife who had become a thorough mother substitute for him.
[99] She wants to keep away from the "animal"; at the same time she obeys it.
[100] Self-accusation, in order to deepen her self-abasement.
[101] We note that she does not ask too high a price for Mr. N.!
[102] Obviously, "much more" is meant. Her manuscript contains this error; she thus discloses that she loves her husband more than the painter.
[103] Of course, that is not true. Her fantasy paints a great and all-consuming love in order that she may justify her conduct to herself and thus allay her conscience. The subsequent developments disclose that her mother and her brother mean much more to her than the painter.
[104] The psychoanalyst who had treated her husband.
[105] Meanwhile she had received a letter from her mother. At any rate she reproaches herself for having taken little account of the earlier reports of her mother's illness. At this juncture begins the flight home. Long before that she had advised her husband to go back to his mother. In her predicament she flees to the woman to whom she looks for protection and advice. But this inner voice, which calls her away from the painter, she conceives as if it were a wish.
[106] This woman's longing for a strong man who shall be her leader, lover and protector, becomes intelligible when we picture to ourselves, by way of contrast, her pathetic husband, who, as we know, is but a helpless child. From a psychologic standpoint, the husband's conduct is extraordinarily interesting. He is ready to forgive her everything, if

he can thereby insure his peace of mind and good care. But he cannot give up his card playing. He is a skilful card player and in that connection able to prove his superiority. His other passion is music, which he cultivates as a dilettante, but not without talent. He is not so blind as his wife thinks. He does not want to see, because he is glad when she does not reproach him for his impotence. He does not oppose her flight; he allows her own whim to prevail, and obeys her as a child obeys its mother.

[107] Note the repetition and the emphasis!

[108] She cannot mix black and white—the contrary tendencies of her soul do not fuse.

[109] It is striking how many times she runs up and down the stairs instead of using the elevator. She does not know where she belongs. She always forgets something. (The moral instruction she received from her mother!) She is confused and seeks orientation. At the same time she is well aware of her confused state of mind and knows that she is posing. This quasi-awareness is very characteristic of the parapathic states of mental confusion.

[110] She lets herself be led by the "animal" nature and in every chance occurrence she seeks an oracle.

[111] She is not a lady; she is a whore!

[112] The patient gives a wonderful description of the unrest which torments her. She is torn asunder. She has broken away from the painter, whose influence threatened to overwhelm her, and runs to her mother. But she struggles under the influence of contrary (bipolar) tendencies. She is pulled back and she is drawn forward. Consequently she misses all trains to Vienna, in spite of her exertions. She compares her state of mind very fittingly with the feeling of inhibition in dreams when we want to run but our feet are heavy as if paralyzed! This state arises also through inner conflict. Two contrary impulses battle to control her mind.

[113] Nora!

[114] She sees her whole family. She projects her subjective images to the surrounding world.

[115] The physician whom she truly loved.

[116] This is the third time that she has forgotten a key.

[117] Representation of her divided mind.

[118] Her memory was clear to this point. Now there follows a period submerged under complete amnesia. She found herself suddenly at the railroad station in B., spoke irrationally, behaved very suspiciously and was taken to the hospital. She gives us an impressive account of her gradual return to consciousness. Her flight was over. Her psychic conflict had stretched beyond the limits of her endurance. Her moral conscience drove her to her mother, love apparently chained her to the painter, but in reality held her to her husband, whom she loved after her manner and to whom she felt herself tied and indebted. She felt the tug of the fetters (the blue ribbon), but she did not know to whom they really tied her. (Recollection of *Traum durch die Dämmerung,* one of her favorite songs.)

[119] She seems to think always of "him." She uses "him" to rid herself of him!

[120] She cancels her excursion with the painter.

[121] Recollection of the mother's enemas. Symbolic cleansing.

[122] She had worn those clothes on the memorable excursion.

[123] Reference to her husband.

[124] The eye as symbol for the vagina. She must stay there until her inflammation is over (until she is through with her menstruation).

[125] Recollection of the painter's phallus.

[126] Symbolic purification—dissolution of the conflict.

[127] She goes again through an experience.
[128] She cannot recall any longer the painter's face!
[129] She recognizes a part of the truth—particularly her mental conflict.
[130] A false memory. He had told her the contrary!
[131] He becomes considerate when it is too late.

CHAPTER IV

[1] "That is precisely the trouble: The man in trouble is also in liquor." (Busch.)

[2] *Vid.* Chapter on *Homosexuality and Alcohol;* also Chapter on *Jealousy,* which contains a number of important points bearing on this theme, in author's *Bi-Sexual Love* and *The Homosexual Neurosis,* Badger, Gorham Press, Boston, pubs., both translated by Dr. James S. Van Teslaar.

[3] In *David Copperfield,* Dickens has described in masterly fashion the figure of an inebriate Notary who after his wife's death becomes emotionally fixed on his daughter.

[4] For that reason the danger of inebriety is greater in the rural regions. The tipsy rural practitioner, or intellectual of any calling compelled to live in the country, is a well known type.

[5] Note the characteristic ending of Leuthold's drink song: *Und bei den Pausanenstössen—die eitel Wind,—lasst uns lachen der Grossen,—die kleine sind:* "And at the sound of the high praises,—empty wind,—let us laugh at the Great,—who are really petty." This tendency to belittle is shared by many alcoholics who thus compensate their failure by benumbing their self-consciousness. Self-consciousness (the feeling of personality) is enhanced most readily by belittling one's rivals, those who have achieved something worth while. Unfortunately this tendency to depreciate others plays a great rôle not only in alcoholism, but it shows itself also in the scientific circles. Mental workers, especially artists, are prone to overestimate their own works and underestimate their rival's achievements. But, as is well known, artisans, too, show a like disposition. For instance, the tailor who looks at a customer's new suit and exclaims: "Who made this alleged coat for you?" only to find out that the coat in question was tailored in one of his own shops, is a familiar character in comedy.

[6] An excellent illustration showing that even small doses of alcohol are enough to release homosexual and criminal trends is Birnbaum's account of Oehlenschläger: "In those days and through later years I had a wonderful dream, a sort of nightmare. I dreamed I was lying in my bed, which was true; I saw plainly my sleeping room again, though it was dark. Next I perceived a robber advancing towards me with a dagger in his hand. Full of dread I rose very carefully so as to crawl out of bed, advance behind his back and tear the knife out of his hand. The moment my foot touched the floor, I woke up and found myself standing and trembling in my bare feet. Years afterwards, when I abandoned my customary brandy nightcap and in the Summer time diluted my wine with water, the thieves disappeared from my dreams." (Birnbaum, *Psychopathologische Dokumente,* pp. 18-19.)

[7] An anecdote illustrates pithily the drinker's mental struggle and his defeat. A peasant addicted to the habit promised his parish priest most earnestly to give up drink. "Put yourself under the protection of the good spirit; do not allow the evil spirit to mislead you!" the well-meaning priest urged him. The peasant passed by a tempting inn. Within him the good spirit and the evil spirit were having a terrible fight over the possession of his soul. "Oh, well," reflected the peasant, "let them fight it out and settle it between themselves. Meanwhile I'll be going in." The

story discloses a deep truth. Most parapathiacs behave like this peasant. They imagine that they can preserve a spectator's attitude towards the struggle which is going on within them and fail because they are unwilling to take sides.

[8] *Selbstbekenntnisse und Fremdzeugnisse aus dem seelischen Grenzlande.* Berlin, Verlag von Julius Springer Verlag, Berlin, 1920.

[9] Archiv f. Psychiatrie, vol. XXIX, p. 933.

[10] Magister Leukhardt, *Sein Leben und seine Schicksale, von ihm selbst beschrieben.* Martin Mörickes Verlag, München, 1911.

[11] Juliusburger, *Zur Psychologie des Alkoholismus.* Ztrbl. f. Psychoanalyse, vol. III, 1913.

[12] Ferenczi, *Alkohol und Neurosen,* Jahrb. f. Psychoanalyt. Forsch., vol. III.—Bleuler, *Alkohol und Neurosen. Ibid.*

[13] *Ein psychologischer Beitrag zur Frage des Alkoholismus.* Ztrbl. f. Psychoanalyse, vol. III, 1913.

[14] *Nervöser Charakter; Disposition zur Trunksucht und Erziehung.* (In: *Heilen und Bilden.* Verlag Ernst Reinhardt, München, 1914.

[15] One of the physicians I have treated, a highly intelligent man, was addicted to opium. He, too, broke into a medicine closet to steal opium. When I asked him for the reason he answered: "I cannot get along or be a decent man without the opium. I should have turned into a criminal long ago but for the drug." The opium served to narcotize his sadistic impulses.

[16] *Ueber Zwei ungewöhnliche Fälle von Parasexualität* (Two Unusual Cases of Parasexuality). Ztschr. f. d. ges. Neurol. u. Psychol., vol. LXIV, 1921.

[17] A very excellent description of the morphin fiend may be found in Robert Hichens's *Felix,* a novel; also in Klara Blüthgen's *Träumelinchen.* The opium habit and its consequences are traced in Claude Farrère's well known novel, *Opium,* while the drunkard is described in masterly fashion in Zola's *L'Assommoir.* De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater* is a classic.

CHAPTER V

[1] I once borrowed a nicely bound copy of Darwin's *Expression of the Emotions.* I am usually very prompt in returning books. But this particular book remained five years on my library shelves, although the owner had repeatedly asked me for it and I visited him often. Every time I forgot to take the book along. Once I wrote down a memorandum: "Return Darwin's book," and put the note on my desk. But the note got shoved off in a corner and it was months even after that before I finally returned the book to its owner.

[2] *Dreams and Creative Imagination. A Comparative Study of the Unconscious Motives of Artists, Neurotics and Criminals.* Translated by Dr. James S. Van Teslaar. To be published.

[3] That, too, is traceable to a primordial reaction, back to the period when every stranger was a potential enemy and mistrust was a justifiable defence measure.

[4] *Zur Psychologie und Pathologie sogennanter okkulter Phänomene.* Oswald Mütze, Leipzig, 1902.

[5] Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe.* Vol. III, p. 230. Renlam edition.

[6] Peter Altenberg told me once in the course of a private conversation that he had not yet read Nietzsche, and that he did not intend to do so. Various persons have already told him many of his statements are identical with, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, similar to, some of Nietzsche's *Aphorisms.* So long as he did not read Nietzsche, he could calmly main-

tain that the thoughts were his own, they came to his mind without the inspiration of foreign sources.

But must Altenberg have read Nietzsche? Of course, he is original, he does not need to dip into foreign sources. But is it at all possible for him nowadays to escape Nietzsche? Does he not read Nietzsche in the modern novel, in the modern poems, in the current dramas? Haven't many of Nietzsche's thoughts become already common property? I do not mean merely the slogans, almost threadbare, about the "overman" and the "blond beast." I refer specially to his noble thoughts contained in his *Fröhliche Wissenschaft* and in his *Zarathustra.*

[7] Wiener klin, Wochenschr., No. 11, 1917.

[8] Hermann Hesse, *Klingsors letzter Somner. Erzählung.* S. Fischer Verlag, Berlin, 1920.

[9] To the girl child, too, the male is the symbol of strength and activity. Every crime is, in Adler's sense, a "manly" deed, *i.e.,* an act through which the subject tests and proves his own manliness.

CHAPTER VI

[1] *Les voleuses de Grand Magasin.* Paris, 1902.

[2] An excellent story by Catulle Mendès relates the experiences of a plain country woman while in Paris. She saved for years in order to be able to take the journey to the great city. On entering an art store she finds there a famous author who admires longingly a certain article but returns it back in its place, apparently because the price is beyond his means. She steps up and offers the article to the artist, begging him to accept it as an admirer's humble offering. He accepts the gift. She has her wish. Her desire for adventure is fulfilled. He takes her to his house and they spend the night together. Then he takes leave of her. Seriously disillusioned she throws herself into the Seine.

[3] *Wilhelm Braumüller,* Wien u. Leipzig, 1909.

[4] *Die sexuelle Wurzel der Kleptomanie.* Ztschr. f. Sexualwissenschaft, 1908, No. 10. Leipzig, Georg H. Wigands Verlag.

[5] We shall return to this theme again in our account of fetichism, and in that connection we will give an interesting case of cleptomania due to fetichistic trends. Bloch, too, emphasizes the sexual roots of cleptomania in his standard work, quoting Lichtenberg's well known statement that the sexual instinct leads readily to crime; furthermore, he approves the proposed sterilization of criminals. He also recognizes the fact that thefts are particularly apt to be indulged in by women during pregnancy or during menstruation, as well as during the onset of the climacterium (change of life) when the libido undergoes a physiologic stimulation.

Bloch calls attention to a case in which cleptomania appears to be associated with zöophilia. A 13-year-old girl steals only horses and harnesses in use.

[6] To be taken as a substitute theft. She chaperons her daughters to the ball where there was obvious danger that one or the other might be "set afire" and be taken from her.

[7] I no longer use this device.

[8] On the whole, a rather typical thought among the older women, who usually declare: If I regret anything it is that I have been over-cautious and so little daring.

[9] Sadger accepts these earlier conclusions to which I had arrived and enlarges them. In his *Lehre von den Geschlechtsverirrungen* (English version: *Sex Perversions* and *The Theory of Sex Perversions,* 2 vols., to be published soon), he states: "Another point seems worthy of emphasis. That all these female fetichists are also cleptomaniac is more than

mere coincidence. Psychologic research has shown us that every article stolen by the cleptomaniacs is a substitute for the penis; specifically represents either the membrum of which they have been deprived in their earliest childhood—they have come into the world castrated—or, in certain other cases, the father's, much longed-for, membrum. . . . As among the male perverts the fetich is regularly a substitute for the exposed female genitalia, so is the fetich among these women an equivalent for the penis they seek."

How one-sided this conception is will be seen later. The problem of cleptomania is more complicated than this author is aware. The connection between homosexuality and fetichism already shows plainly that the penis is not sought always and exclusively by female patients. It is not merely a question of the symbolic gratification of sex in some way, but of an *adequate* form of gratification. We meet the masturbator who takes something, the heterosexual woman who sticks something in, the homosexual woman who steals, for instance, a *Spieldose* (a feminine genital symbol) from her woman friend, the masochist, for whom the dread and the punishment are the strongest incentives to steal, the sadist who enjoys the damage he causes others and with a richer accumulation of psychoanalytic data we shall probably find that any of the parapathias may lead to cleptomania. Should we assume, therefore, that the castration complex plays the chief rôle in every parapathy? Would that not be *reductio ad absurdum?*

[10] Taking a "book," means joining the ranks of prostitution. The open book, the blank book, etc., have a different symbolic connotation.

[11] Dr. Oskar Pfister, *The Psychoanalytic Method.* Moffat, Yard & Co., N. Y.

[12] The sound association *"Uhr—Hur"* meaning *"watch"* (or *"time"*) and *"Prostitute"* (*whore*), respectively, also plays a certain rôle. Plainly the girl is upbraided.

[13] An interesting mania for time pieces is described by Ludwig Finkh, the physician and writer, in his work, *Rapunzel,* obviously an autobiographic work. (Stuttgart und Leipzig, 1909.)

[14] The dream is as follows: I am in the bathroom with my younger sister. I say to her: "That is good!" I sit down on a narrow plank and I have an orgasm which lasts a long time. Afterwards I feel sorry that I did this in my sister's presence.

END OF VOLUME ONE

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